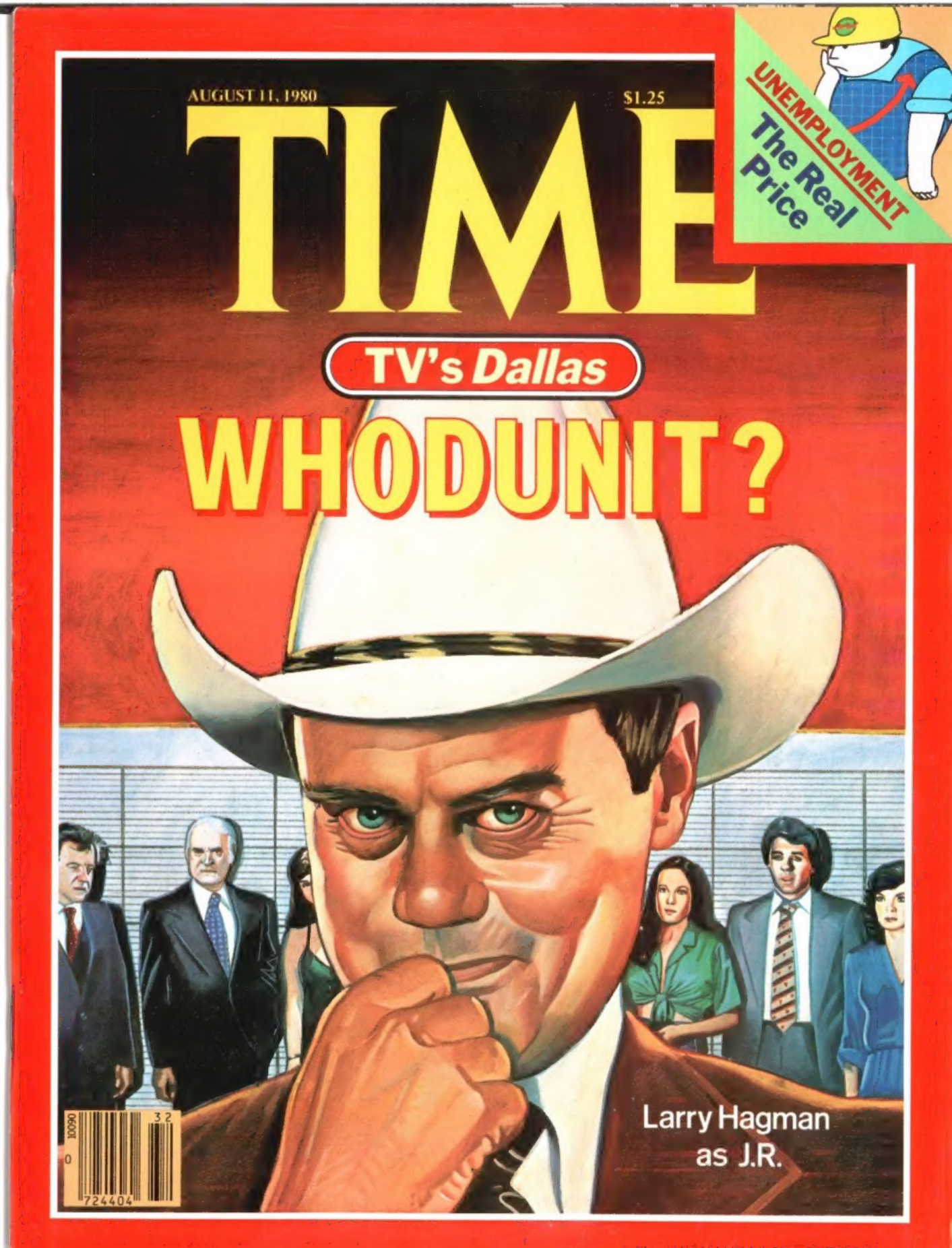
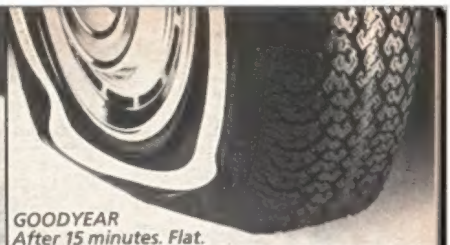

AUGUST 11, 1980
$1.25
TIME
UNEMPLOYMENT
The Real Price
TV's Dallas
WHODUNIT?
Larry Hagman as J.R.

©1980 B&W T Co.
Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method;
100's, 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80.
Lighten up!
Share today's light Belair!
Only one low 'tar' tastes Belair fresh.
BELAIR
LIGHT MENTHOL · LOW TAR
Kings & 100's
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Competitive drilling test with 3/16" drill bit puncturing Royal Seal.


GOODYEAR
After 15 minutes. Flat.

GOODRICH
After 15 minutes. Flat.

MICHELIN
After 15 minutes. Flat.

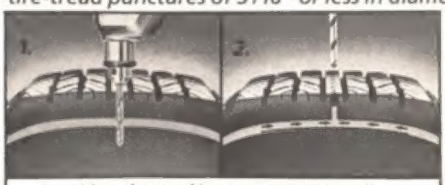
UNIROYAL
No air loss.

Testing was supervised by an independent testing laboratory.

UNIROYAL FLATTENS THE COMPETITION.

Why would we drill a hole in 4 leading brand-name tires? For one very good reason: to prove that all steel-belted radials are not alike. To prove that Uniroyal's Royal Seal is the one that won't leave you flat.

We drilled a 3/16-inch hole in each tire. The results: Goodyear, Goodrich, and Michelin were flattened. Uniroyal wasn't. That's because inside the Royal Seal is a rubber sealant compound that effectively seals 90% of tire-tread punctures of 3/16" or less in diameter, the size of most tread punctures. Without jeopardizing the tread, the balance or the uniformity of the tire. So you can drive for the full life of the tire.



When the tread is punctured, Uniroyal's special sealant automatically surrounds the puncturing object. As the object is withdrawn, the sealant fills the gap, preventing the air's escape.

This is great news if you don't like stopping on busy highways or lonely back roads. With Royal Seal, chances are you won't get one of the approximately 53 million flat tires that happen in America yearly.

When you're looking for the right tire, remember the test that proved Uniroyal best. When you compare us for quality and compare us for price...you'll buy the tire that won't leave you flat. Royal Seal.

UNIROYAL

WHEN YOU COMPARE, YOU WANT UNIROYAL THERE.

For a free brochure on the Royal Seal tire, please send your name and address to: Advertising Dept., Uniroyal, Inc., 1230 Ave. of Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020.

The Royal Seal is available at Cadillac, Chevrolet and Uniroyal dealers.

AUGUST 11, 1980 Vol. 116 No. 6 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Even before reporting began for this week's cover story on television's whodunit hit *Dallas*, two TIME staff members knew the show intimately. Correspondent James Willwerth prepared for his interviews with *Dallas* producers, writers and actors—including Larry Hagman, who plays Star Villain J.R. Ewing—by sitting through hours of screenings. "I attempted to list which of the seven deadly sins, Ten Commandments and miscellaneous Freudian nightmares were depicted," says Willwerth, "but I bogged down after anger, envy, lust, avarice, adultery, coveting thy neighbor's wife and worshiping false idols." Associate Editor Richard Corliss, who wrote the cover story, pored over the last *Dallas* episode, the one in which J.R. is shot, but confesses: "I still don't know who did it." Even after spending many hours watching video cassettes of old *Dallas* episodes, Corliss found it hard to keep track of the members of *Dallas*' teeming and steaming cast. "I kept asking myself, 'Who are all these people?' " he says. "I finally constructed a Ewing family tree to keep track of the relationships, romantic involvements and business deals. It really helped." We thought it would help readers too; Corliss's family tree accompanies the cover story.

JOHN ZIMMERMAN

Willwerth with Larry Hagman in Dallas

Moscow Bureau Chief Bruce Nelan reports that TIME's coverage of the Olympics has gone smoothly. Almost. George Plimpton, author and professional Walter Mitty, was dispatched to Moscow to write a tourist's-eye view of the host city and the Games. Writes Plimpton: "It was deemed prudent for me to maintain my cover as a tourist. TIME Sport Writer B.J. Phillips, in Moscow and accredited to cover the Games, was to be my mail drop. She said she would not be hard to spot. She had broken an ankle three days before leaving the U.S., and was creeping around Moscow on two canes, one wood, one steel. We were supposed to meet secretly in Pushkin Square, where I would palm my copy to her. The day of our rendezvous I looked at my handwritten report (it was thought wise to leave my portable typewriter at home) and found it indecipherable even to my own eyes. I telephoned the TIME office on Kutuzovsky Prospekt and, with a handkerchief over the mouthpiece, asked if I could come over and type my story up before going off to Pushkin Square. Alas, B.J. was at the office, so I handed the typed copy to her there. Too bad. I felt I had let the side down. I liked all the mumbo-jumbo stuff, but my handwriting betrayed me."

John a. Meyer

Index

Cover: Illustration by Julian Allen.

60
Cover: Suspense and sex have made *Dallas* TV's top dramatic show, with 300 million fans all asking, "Who shot J.R.?" No one is telling—certainly not Larry Hagman, who is living it up as J.R., the man you love to hate. *See* TELEVISION.

14
Nation: Tumbling polls and new revelations about Brother Billy shake President Carter's hold on the nomination. ▶ Kennedy and Anderson give a new twist to the race. ▶ Reagan discloses his 1979 taxable income.

44
Economy & Business: Unemployment has now reached 8.2 million, but for some people, being out of work is no longer the calamity it once was. ▶ A Wisconsin city braces for the worst. ▶ The selling of the Pan Am Building.

30
World
Risky provocations as the U.N. votes for a Palestinian state and Israel responds with a defiant vote on Jerusalem. ▶ The Shah of Iran is buried in Cairo. ▶ Visit to an Israeli prison for Palestinians. ▶ In China, Mao's image takes a battering and farm life remains harsh. ▶ Terror strikes in a Bologna station.

9
American Scene
In The Bronx, a ghetto-grown middleweight boxer survives these mean streets to take a shot at the big time.

67
Music
"A Schoenberg Evening" at the Santa Fe Opera has heavy harmonic weather, but moving moments and stylish comedy too.

24
Olympics
As the Moscow Olympiad sprints and leaps to a finish, the Eastern bloc dominates, but a few dogged Westerners shine.

68
Books
Nature and Culture illuminates 19th century American landscapes. ▶ *A Soldier's Embrace* illuminates today's South Africa.

53
Living
In a new book, a publicist gives his entertaining, erudite, sometimes eccentric list of America's best goods and services.

75
Medicine
By ingenious cross-breeding, researchers create a cellular minifactory that makes a key weapon in the human immune system.

55
Theater
For Linda Ronstadt and company, it's a merry romp in Central Park with two gentlemen named Gilbert and Sullivan.

76
Sexes
Two psychologists raise sharp new questions about the validity of Masters and Johnson's research. ▶ *Cosmo* girls tell all.

58
Law
An immunity deal backfires for an ex-policeman who testified on a beating. ▶ A prosecutor's delay may free a murderer.

4 Letters
52 People
54 Education
55 Press
75 Milestones

TIME (ISSN 0040-781X) is published weekly at the subscription price of $31 per year, by Time Inc., 3435 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; J. Winston Fowlkes, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 116 No. 6. © 1980 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. TIME and the red border on the cover are registered trademarks of Time Inc. in the United States and in the foreign countries where TIME magazine circulates. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to TIME, Time/Life Building, 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Bless you, Madame!

A woman from New Jersey wrote and thanked us for her WELLINGTON COUNTERFEIT DIAMOND®.

Her letter so warmed the cockles of our hearts that we want to share it with you:

> *"I received my Wellington ring. I took it to a local jeweler. He was very insistent that I pick it up that afternoon because he was reluctant to keep it overnight. I asked him to appraise it. He appraised it for at least $5,000. He could not tell it from a real diamond. He insisted that the two baguettes were real diamonds."*
>
> I.V.P., NEW JERSEY

Fact is, her emerald-cut WELLINGTON cost only $200.00! Which goes to prove what we've been saying all along — the WELLINGTON COUNTERFEIT DIAMOND® is a masterpiece of over-achievement because it captures the look, the spirit, the elegance of a perfect diamond.

We've the world's largest collection of counterfeit diamonds, in stock, ready to take with you. One to 50 carat solitaires, exquisitely set in 14K solid gold mountings. Men's and women's rings, earrings, pendants, etc. Priced from $145 a carat.

WELLINGTON JEWELS®

CHICAGO MARRIOTT HOTEL
Marriott Galleria
540 N. Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois 60611
(312) 321-1044

NEW YORK • WASHINGTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO
BALA CYNWYD, PA • CHEVY CHASE, MD • MCLEAN, VA

WELLINGTON JEWELS®
540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611

Please send me your FREE brochure.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____ 80-24-8-MNI

Meet the Car Lovers

An elegant line of Polyglycoat car care products

Transform an old car into your own precious classic. Now you can apply these special products with confidence, because they come from the world's most famous name in car protection.

With the quality of Polyglycoat, you're sure to get the results you've always hoped for. The longer you keep your car looking new, the more you enhance the value of your classic.

Chrome & Metal Cleaner—Removes tarnish and rust stains; polishes chrome, brass and copper. **Tire Reconditioner & Cleaner**—Restores and brightens tires; wipes away grease and dirt. **Fabric Shampoo**—Cleans and freshens upholstery, rugs and velours. **Liquid Glaze**—Creates a high lustre and helps screen harsh sun rays. **Wash & Shine**—Add sparkle to your finish as you wash. **Liquid Cleaning Compound**—Cut through oxidation in minutes to restore lustre. **Vinyl Stripper**—Restores vinyl car tops and interiors. **Vinyl Finish**—To help prevent discoloration and preserve your vinyl longer.

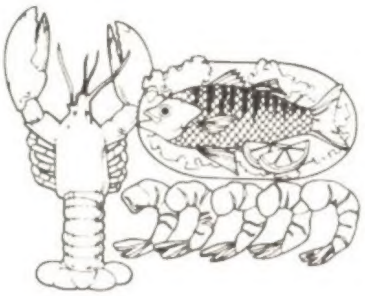
Introduce your car to the car lovers...

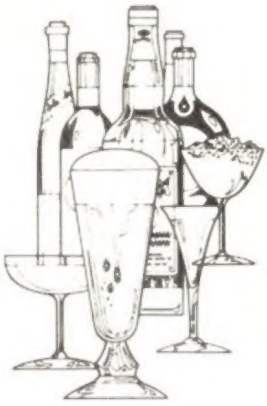
POLYGLYCOAT®

© 1980 Polyglycoat Protective Coatings, Inc

Available at New Car Dealer Parts Departments everywhere.
Selected products available at most Sears and JCPenney Auto and Tire Centers.

where to dine in Chicago





The Award-Winning Mandarin Restaurant

Finest Mandarin, Szechuan, Hunan and other Chinese Specialties

COCKTAILS ● WINES

DRAGON INN NORTH

1650 Waukegan Rd., Glenview, IL (312) 729-8383

Chiam

Located in Chicago's Quaint Chinatown, Chiam offers the best of both Cantonese and American Cuisines. Superb Banquet facilities. Free adjacent attended parking. Open Daily from 11 A.M.

2323 S. Wentworth Ave. Phone 225-6336

LA CANASTA

Open 11a.m.-11p.m. daily

We Specialize in homemade Mexican food from authentic recipes

1007 W. Armitage 975-9667

before or after the RACES.....

exceptional prime steaks, seafoods and gourmet specialties

the Atrium

Sunday Brunch Buffet

Entertainment Dancing Nightly

3223 W. Algonquin Rd., Rolling Meadows
1 Mile So. of Track—Exit at Algonquin Rd. (Rt. 62)
(Three Blocks East of Route 53) Res. 259-7070

500 North La Salle, Chicago, Illinois 60610

Chicago's oldest name in seafood now young with new ideas

IRELAND'S RESTAURANT 337-2020 since 1906

Grover's OYSTER BAR

GROVER'S GIVES GREAT GUMBO

NOW OPEN 7 DAYS

2256 W. Irving Park Rd. Chicago
5646 St. Charles Rd. Berkeley

FOR THE PRIME OF YOUR LIFE

Chicago's prime location for lunch, dinner, meetings, banquets at 100 E. Ontario near Michigan. 787-5000 for reservations. Valet parking.

LAWRY'S THE PRIME RIB

BLACK RAM

FOR YOUR DINING PLEASURE

Prime Rib — Prime Steak
Lamb and Seafood
Luncheons — Dinner

1414 Oakton St. Des Plaines 824-1227
(Between River Rd. and Mannheim)

Mallory's Bar Restaurant

Fine dining in an elegant atmosphere. From Beef Wellington to Chocolate Amaretto Mousse! Overlooking McCormick Place and the lake from the center of Hyde Park.

Tenth Floor
1525 East 53rd St. 241-5600

Ron of Japan

A fun place, this sleek and polished steakhouse. Fine aged prime steaks and deftly prepared by chefs who work right at the diners table. Specialties include prime rib served on a samurai sword, egg covered shrimp. Open daily from 5 p.m..

230 Ontario 644-6500
633 Skokie Blvd. Northbrook 564-5900

Vittles restaurant

Casual American Restaurant serving Gourmet foods at moderate prices featuring Seafoods, Duck, Steaks and Chops. Full bar and California Wines. Accepting Master Charge and American Express. Open daily at 5 p.m. While waiting to be seated, browse among our plants and eclectic antiques.

2940 North Clark Phone 549-2060

The American Express Card

Don't leave home without it!

AMERICAN EXPRESS

CHICAGO NEAR NORTH

Enjoy

CHICAGOLAND'S FINEST *Mandarin • Szechuan and Hunan* CHINESE SPECIALTIES

DRAGON SEED

2300 North Lincoln Park West

FOR RESERVATIONS 312/528-5542

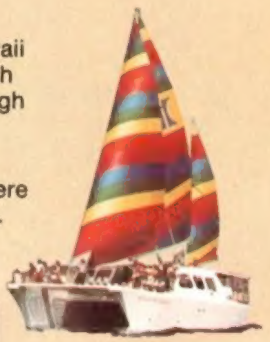
There's no place like Hilton in Hawaii

Revel in lush, tropical gardens at the gateway to Waikiki in Hawaii's most exciting resort.

Our Village is right on the beach with all the seashore activities that make Hawaii famous, plus several sightseeing cruises on the Rainbow I catamaran which departs daily from our dock. Shopping is an adventure as you wander through the exotic arcades of the Rainbow Bazaar.

There is a wide variety of dining and entertainment in more than a dozen restaurants and lounges, including the famous Hilton Dome Showroom where international superstar, Jim Nabors, presents his Polynesian extravaganza.

Come see why . . . there's no place like Hilton in Hawaii.



HILTON HAWAIIAN VILLAGE

Call your local Hilton Reservation Service or your Travel Agent

CH1/6

Second home living is a second home town. Galena.

It comes with The Territory.

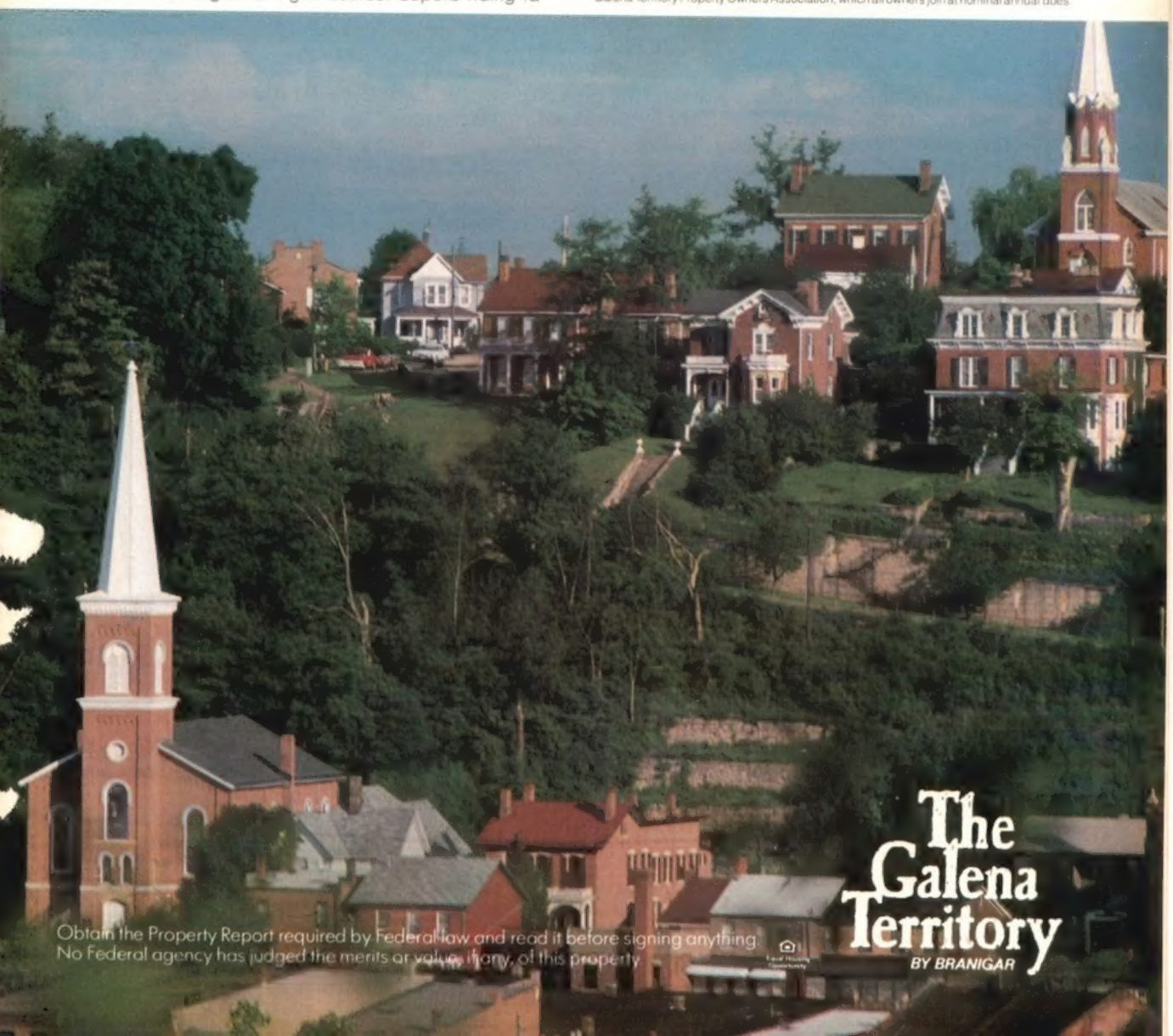
Sometimes called "the town that time forgot," Galena is much more—a town that rediscovered its heritage. A quiet little haven, six miles west of The Territory, where you can tour lovely Victorian homes. Poke around in quaint antique shops. And feel the old-fashioned friendliness.

The Galena Territory shares that same neighborly heritage, in a setting unique to Illinois. Just 153 miles from Chicago, its rugged wilderness terrain rivals northern Wisconsin for natural beauty. Yet all the important recreational facilities are here to enjoy.*

There's a magnificent golf course. Superb riding facilities. A private lake and marina. Clubhouse with gym, pool and tennis courts. And, overlooking Lake Galena, Eagle Ridge Inn provides property owners and Territory visitors with good food and lodging.

Allow us to send you a free 24-page color brochure. Discover the many benefits of second home living at The Territory. Simply mail the postage-paid reply card, or call us at (312) 232-7390.

*The Eagle Ridge Inn, Golf Course and Shenandoah Stables are available to property owners at reduced rates. Access to all other amenities comes with membership in The Galena Territory Property Owners Association, which all owners join at nominal annual dues.



The Radisson hotels believe service shouldn't stop after you tip the doorman.

Flying to the Upper Midwest? The place to come down from a busy day is one of these distinctive Radisson hotels. They're not like chain hotels. They're like you: They're not mass-produced.

The Radisson Downtown Hotel, Minneapolis.
You've got it pret-ty soft here! In the heart of Minneapolis, the Radisson Downtown makes your stay velvet smooth. With plenty to do close by. Or just stay inside and enjoy fine food at four fine restaurants and lounges.

The Radisson St. Paul.
All's right with the world when you're in our Radisson St. Paul! Take a panoramic elevator to the Twin Cities' only revolving roof-top restaurant. Exceptionally pleasant rooms, indoor recreation area—with lively downtown St. Paul all around you.

The Radisson South Hotel, Bloomington (suburban Minneapolis).
When you've got a fast in-and-out trip, stay within a quick taxi-ride of the airport. A spacious garden court and indoor recreation area and four wine and dine areas, and more.

The Radisson Inn Plymouth.
Quietly suburban, yet close to the places you want to go in Minneapolis. Luxuriate in a comfortable guest room, bask in our warm, attentive service, titillate your taste buds at our unique Japanese/American restaurants.

The Radisson Duluth.
Have a superior visit overlooking magnificent Lake Superior! Beautiful guest rooms, downtown location, indoor pool, rooftop revolving gourmet restaurant add to your pleasure. So you can be as social or secluded as you like.

For reservations, call your Travel Agent or
800-228-9822.
In Nebraska call collect 402-496-1805.

The Radisson Hotels
A COLLECTION. NOT A CHAIN.

RADISSON HOTELS: SCOTTSDALE; DENVER; KANSAS CITY; MINNEAPOLIS (3); ST. PAUL; PLAZA ST. PAUL (Open Fall 1980); DULUTH; ALEXANDRIA & GRAND PORTAGE, MINNESOTA; BOSTON (DANVERS); BURLINGTON; ATLANTA; CHARLOTTE; CHICAGO; CYPRESS GARDENS; WILMINGTON; NASHVILLE; CAIRO, EGYPT (Summer 1980); LA CROSSE, WI (Open Summer 1980); SAGINAW, MI.

Société Nationale Elf Aquitaine

You can call us elf

ELF Aquitaine is an energy company: finding resources, developing them, and delivering energy products to marketplaces around the world. Efficiently. Safely. Responsibly.

As a developer of energy resources, ELF is among the most serious and active investors in the world. Last year alone, we drilled 305 wells in 34 countries, and achieved 30 discoveries of new sources of oil and natural gas to help meet world demand. Worldwide, we spent $1.2 billion in exploration and development.

ELF discovered oil in the Congo, France, Gabon, Italy and right here in North America.

ELF discovered gas in the Netherlands, North Sea, Cameroon and Canada.

ELF recently signed an important offshore exploration and production agreement with the Oil Company of China.

And ELF is developing resources in the North Sea, South America, Australia, Central America, the Gulf of Mexico and California.

ELF is also looking for new sources of energy, seeking to maximize solar and geothermal potential.

And ELF does still more.

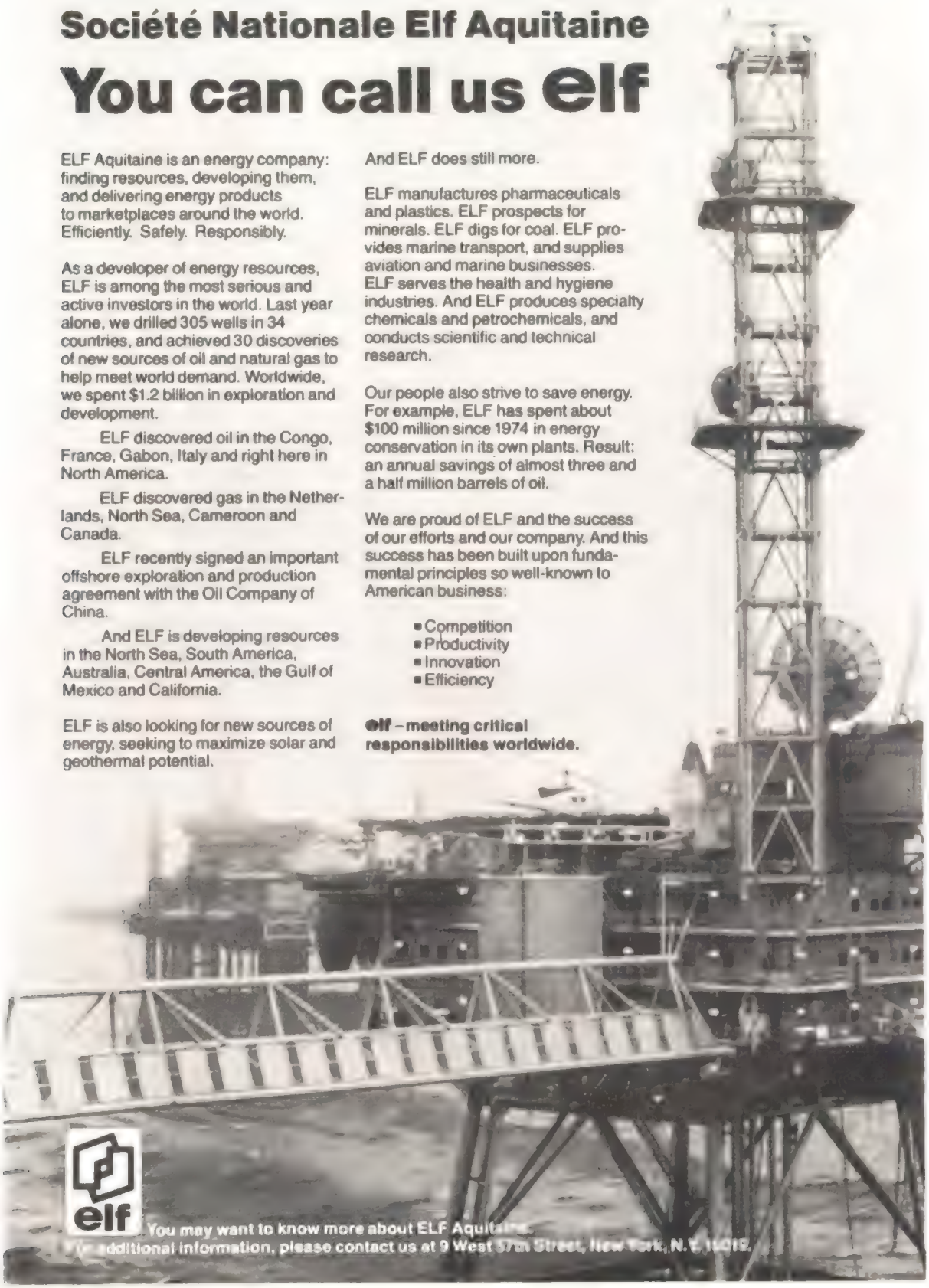
ELF manufactures pharmaceuticals and plastics. ELF prospects for minerals. ELF digs for coal. ELF provides marine transport, and supplies aviation and marine businesses. ELF serves the health and hygiene industries. And ELF produces specialty chemicals and petrochemicals, and conducts scientific and technical research.

Our people also strive to save energy. For example, ELF has spent about $100 million since 1974 in energy conservation in its own plants. Result: an annual savings of almost three and a half million barrels of oil.

We are proud of ELF and the success of our efforts and our company. And this success has been built upon fundamental principles so well-known to American business:

- Competition
- Productivity
- Innovation
- Efficiency

elf – meeting critical responsibilities worldwide.



elf

You may want to know more about ELF Aquitaine.
For additional information, please contact us at 9 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Letters

Republican Power

To the Editors:

May the Republicans have a landslide victory over the Democrats, who are responsible for America's decline from power, and restore America's greatness again. For me this convention [July 21] has been inspiring. More power to the Republicans!

James P. McCormack
Charlotte, N.C.

How can we criticize the Ayatullah for taking Iran back into the 19th century, and then nominate a man who wants to do the same thing to the U.S.?

John H. Cone
Pasadena, Calif.

The people of this country are beginning to realize that Reagan is the kind of no-nonsense leader America needs.

Scott Hillesland
Seattle

Reagan wants a constitutional amendment to ban abortions. I suppose that goes along with his avowed philosophy of getting the Federal Government out of our personal lives.

Joseph D. Corn
Tabernacle, N.J.

Reagan and his platform committee are not about to put me into a chador. This is one registered Republican who will be voting for Carter in November.

Anita R. Shaw
Burbank, Calif.

Hats off to the G.O.P. for standing up to the feminist Mafia! In opposing abortion and ERA, the Republican Party has located the pulse and the conscience of the American people.

Grace Dermody
Mountainside, N.J.

If adopted, will the prohibition against abortion be enforced by bugging doctors' offices to be sure any request for one is rejected? Will the FBI have a Pregnancy Division to check on questionable miscarriages?

E. Scott Pattison
Dunedin, Fla.

Some say that the presence of John Anderson in the race threatens the two-party system. But if Reagan and Carter are the best candidates the Republican and Democratic parties can provide, then the two-party system threatens us.

Philip Myers
Denver

Rescuing Detroit

Let Congress start curing our ailing industry, like automobiles in Detroit [July 21], by proclaiming that profit is not a dirty word. Let's also decree that employees give a day's work for a day's wage and establish that industry must only be reasonably safe and reasonably nonpolluting. Then we can chisel in stone: "The Government cannot and will not cure ailing industry."

John K. LeMaster
Spokane, Wash.

Part of Carter's plan to help the auto industry includes rescinding certain pollution regulations, relaxing standards for worker exposure to toxic materials, and easing up "on certain auto durability test requirements." Has it occurred to those who devised this plan that the way to build, or rebuild, an industry is to raise the quality of the product?

Keith Simpson
San Diego

If Carter limits Japanese auto imports, my Datsun and I are moving to Canada.

Seth Cohen
Irvine, Calif.

How can American auto companies (Chrysler, GM, Ford), which build good small cars in Europe (Simca, Opel, Taunus, respectively), claim that they need 1) subsidies from taxpayers and 2) import restrictions in order to figure out how to build small cars in America?

Oljan Repic
Muttenz, Switzerland

Kidnaping by Parents

Child snatching is nothing less than psychological child abuse [July 14]. Witnesses who have testified at congressional hearings have stressed the importance of legislation that would not only deter child snatchings but also return the child to a secure and stable home as quickly as possible.

Legislation I have introduced would accomplish this by requiring state courts to give full faith and credit to custody decrees of other states. This would prevent a parent who either loses or fears losing a custody suit in one state from seeking a more favorable custody decree in another state. The bill would also allow the FBI to be brought in after 60 days, if the child is not found, and create a federal misdemeanor offense of "parental kidnaping."

Malcolm Wallop
U.S. Senator, Wyoming
Washington, D.C.

As the twice-married father of five children ranging in age from 18 years to five months, I can tell you what goads desperate fathers to kidnap their children: the unjust, unfair prejudice of courts in this country, as well as in the U.S., in awarding custody to Almighty Mom in more than 90% of all cases.

To paraphrase Dustin Hoffman's *cri de coeur* in the film *Kramer vs. Kramer*: "What law is it that says a person is better suited to look after a child just because she is a woman?"

Lawrence Thaw
London

Having been through a bitter divorce and been frustrated at every turn by an indifferent judge, I have come to the conclusion that good, honest men are driven to acts of violence when legalities are adjudicated but justice is forgotten. And I will add that a truly sincere single parent, usually the father, must abide by the injustice, pay for the administration of the injustice, but in the end stand by frustrated and filled with sorrow as his own children slowly withdraw from him.

Joseph M. Losinno
Holland, Pa.

Discord in the Symphony

Symphony players, says Gunther Schuller [July 21], are embittered, disgruntled, bored, apathetic and cynical. Right. Schuller blames the musicians' union, boards of trustees, conductors. Wrong. The blame lies mainly in the nature of the work itself. Symphony players seldom enjoy the music they are playing because, while they can usually hear what is happening in their immediate surroundings, they can't hear the whole. Moreover, there is no occupation as regimented as orchestral playing. Every note has to be played as the conductor wants it.

I played viola in the Minneapolis Symphony—now the Minnesota Orchestra—for six years. The first year I was disturbed by the indifference and cynicism of my older colleagues; after six years I was as bitter and negative as any of them.

John M. Kuypers, Professor Emeritus
Music Department, Tulane University
New Orleans

At the recent American Symphony Orchestra League conference in New

With this $25 rebate, Minolta's most economical compact SLR is now even more economical. So it's an incredible value. Because it has a remarkable combination of features found in no other camera in its class.

It's easy to get clear, sharp pictures with the XG-1 because it's a fully automatic 35mm camera that sets itself electronically. It also gives you manual over-ride, an LED shutter-speed display in the viewfinder, and an automatic shutter-lock to prevent over-exposed pictures.

$25 REBATE

The XG-1 accepts more than 40 interchangeable Minolta lenses and optional accessories like an auto winder and electronic flash.

Talk to your Minolta dealer today for details about the XG-1 rebate from Minolta. But hurry. This is a limited offer.

WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE HOW GOOD YOU CAN BE WITH A MINOLTA XG-1.

Rebate offer good in all 50 states.

© 1980 Minolta Corp

FOLLOW YOUR HEART OVER THERE.
Family Butcher
A.W.KENSETT
Reigate 43423
Grand Opening

CALL.

You lived through their dreams and watched them turn into plans. And now, it's happened. Your old chums have finally opened the door to their own place. You can't make it to the celebration? Of course you can. Just follow your heart over there with a call. Good show!

DIAL DIRECT

If your area has International Dialing you can dial London like this:

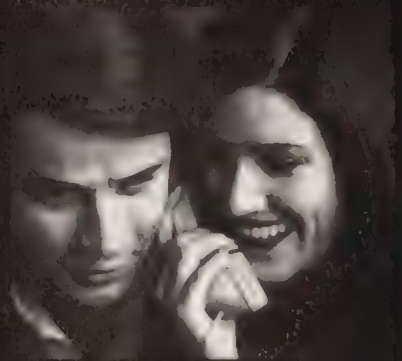
011 + 44 + 1 + LOCAL NUMBER

International Dialing is a great buy. You can visit the people you miss for $4.80 for a 3-minute call.

ALMOST DIRECT

Until your area has International Dialing, let the Operator do it for you—fast. On station calls not requiring special operator assistance, you get the same low rate as dialing direct. Just tell the Operator the country, city name and local number you want.

P.S. Nearly everyone can dial direct to most telephones in Canada, the Caribbean, Alaska, Hawaii and parts of Mexico—just as you dial direct to cities inside the continental U.S.



KEEP THESE CODES HANDY

UNITED KINGDOM 44

Bell System

Letters

York City, Leonard Bernstein endorsed Schuller's crusade. He said, "I place myself firmly in his camp; with very few exceptions every point he made is true, all too true, as I know from long personal experience."

My own experiences with Schuller as a conductor in both educational and professional situations have been so positive as to refute Irving Bush's allegation that "he is an absolutely atrocious conductor." Many musicians would agree with me in saying that he is a "musician's conductor" who brings to conducting insight and intelligence that are all too rare in today's musical world.

Bruce M. Creditor, Orchestra Librarian
Berkshire Music Center
Sharon, Mass.

The Pope and the Poor

No matter what religion or denomination one belongs to, one is drawn to Pope John Paul II [July 21], this great and good man who gives hope to so much of mankind. However we may disagree with him on other matters, he truly becomes the Pope of other Christians who are not Roman Catholic because of his stand regarding the granting of dignity and better living conditions to the poor. He makes them important.

Let us not forget how compassionate words can be mightier than all other forces in creating change for the good and for justice.

(The Rev.) Richard P. Yaple
First Christian Church
Geary, Okla.

Pope John Paul II should be held accountable for the misery he spawns, rather than being lauded as a savior or an enlightened religious leader as he makes his tours. In these dangerously overpopulated and anxious times, any leader who does not advocate family planning has no business pontificating about world hunger and misery.

Glenda Alice Rabby
Tallahassee, Fla.

Dispute over the Dead

Veterans Administration Bureaucrat Carl T. Noll, with his Dachau common-grave mentality, may have backed off at Grafton National Cemetery [July 21], but I am still disturbed that there may be similar exhumations to come elsewhere. When can we expect the arrival of his bulldozers and plastic urns at Gettysburg and Petersburg, where my two great-grandfathers lie in honor?

Luke S. Rogers
CWO, U.S.A.F. (ret.)
Altoona, Pa.

With the current shortage of everything from energy to living (and dying) space, I am surprised by the public criticism of the Veterans Administration's attempt to form a common gravesite for a number of unknown Civil War soldiers. This would certainly not be a disrespectful act. Instead, wouldn't the joining of several unidentified, outdated gravesites be a sign of respect in an attempt to conserve just one of our fast-diminishing resources—land?

Joan D. Flocks
Gainesville, Fla.

Friendly Natives

As you state in your story "Blackpool in the Sun" [July 7], we Brits are lured to the U.S. by reasonable hotel rates, cheap flights and a good exchange rate. But the thing that left an indelible impression on me was the friendly and hospitable natives, especially in the West. The unfailing willingness to have a chat, discuss politics, swap drinks and stories makes the U.S. top in the friendship league, followed by Germany, with France very definitely at the bottom.

Charlie Harrison
Newcastle upon Tyne, England

Blacks as Refugees

I was impressed by a letter from Reader Mary C. Barton Rice [July 7], who suggested that we help those families/individuals trapped in the ghettos of our cities and treat them in much the same way that we do foreign refugees—by sponsoring and relocating them and helping them to become productive members of our society. Her suggestion seems so simple and obviously correct that I wondered why it never occurred to me.

Shari Baron
Livonia, Mich.

Less Is More

Just to keep the record straight: I do not buy $5,000 dresses [July 7]; I do not have an extensive jewelry collection, or paintings, or antiques; and I do not have a hairdresser and interior decorator in tow. I get my hair done once a week, and I'm at a loss as to what an interior decorator would do. Perhaps rearrange the furniture in all the Holiday Inns I've been staying in.

Nancy Reagan
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Second Opinion

Unless your cover girl with the backache [July 14] actually has *situs inversus*, then I fear your medical-graphics editor may suffer from dyslexia. The X ray on the cover is printed backward.

Philip E. Steeves, M.D.
Danvers, Mass.

Backward it was.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

VANTAGE ULTRA LIGHTS

ULTRA TASTE!
ONLY ONE ULTRA LOW TAR HAS IT.

ONLY 6 mg tar

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

In The Bronx: *Campeón de Boxeo*

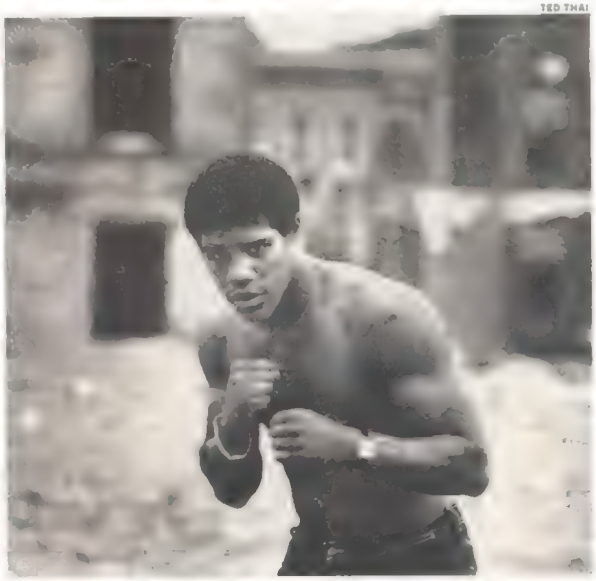
Alex Ramos was weaned on the mean streets of New York City's devastated South Bronx. They are part of his muscle, blood, bones, and his soul as well. In the torched gray wasteland where he lives, Ramos is a glowing ember. When he turns pro this September, he will be the first Puerto Rican ever to come out of the South Bronx, in the classic ghetto way, as a potential *campeón de boxeo*. He is also the first U.S. Hispanic whom fight promoters regard as good enough to become, sooner or later, a contender for the world middleweight crown. In New York City, where there are 1.9 million Hispanics, most of them fanatic fight fans, Ramos' name is up in lights over the small candy store on his block: RAMOS THE E. 136TH STREET CHAMP. Youngsters in the South Bronx hang his picture in their rooms.

At 19, Ramos is already the world's second-ranking amateur middleweight, a four-time winner of New York's Golden Gloves tournament and a member of the U.S. boxing team since 1978. Despite his youth, Ramos has already had 160 fights. The record: 154 wins, 80 of them knockouts, against six losses, all by decision. He has never been down for the count. Says the dean of fight promoters, Robert Arum: "He's a great banger."

Ramos grew up watching the South Bronx being burned alive, building by building, block by block. When he turned eleven, he was already a man. As initiation to a street gang called the Sons of Satan, he had to run a bloody, 20-yd. gauntlet of flaying fists. "I stole, beat up on people, hit on my teachers," Ramos confesses, "just to prove I was bad and not a punk." He had seen a dozen men shot or stabbed over drug deals and street-corner dice games. He had faced a man with a revolver who was threatening to blow Ramos' brains out because he had thrown a snowball. "By then," he says, "I knew that if you're no good in school or in sports, there's nothing left to do around here but pimp, hustle dope, act in porno movies and, yeah, steal. Everybody's gotta live."

His father, Alejandro Ramos, 45, now a mechanic, was a carnival fighter in Puerto Rico, where he took on all comers for a penny and a bottle of 160-proof rum. When his son was eleven, the father saw that he was something special. In heavily accented English, Ramos Sr. says, "I was as sure my son is El Gallo, a brave fighting cock, as sure as I am that when the priest blesses this house, I'll win at the track the next day." He took Alex to a fight trainer in Manhattan, just before the boy turned twelve.

From then on, young Ramos remembers, "I never had a moment to myself." Almost every day he trained like Rocky, running eight miles each dawn through the shadowy streets, then working out for three hours in the evening at a gym. "This is only the beginning," he says. "I'm already poppin' the gray hairs. You got to be a 24-hour man in this business. I'm only 19, and damn, there are so many things I'd like to be doing." In a rare burst of youthful candor he says, "First thing I'll do when I turn pro is buy the best hi-fi set in the whole wide world." He hesitates, then adds, "No, that will be second. The first is to find my mother a house in Puerto Rico."



TED THAI

Golden Gloves Champion Alex Ramos in his neighborhood

Ramos knew he had it when he was 13. He only weighed 120 lbs. and stood 5 ft. 6 in. tall, but he knocked out a 22-year-old with his potent left hook. By the time he was 14, he had won 24 fights, 18 of them knockouts, in matches arranged by the various gyms where he worked out. Ramos also maintained a 79 average at Lehman High School and somehow managed to win five letters in other sports: track, cross-country, swimming, basketball and football. He has a lot to thank his mother and father for. "She's tough, my mom," says Ramos. "And my dad still screams at me when I come home late. Sometimes he locks me out."

When not studying or working out, Ramos is likely to jog through his neighborhood at daybreak. In the gray light at the corner of Brook Avenue and East 138th Street, where he sometimes used to hang out in the winter with Popeye, Angel and Shorty, he can see up to 15 buildings that have been torched or abandoned. Despite the wreckage, according to Ramos, Brook Avenue is still the struttin'est street in The Bronx. On fine days it overflows with hip dudes, good music and fine reefer.

Further on is the "Park," a summer hangout. It is two blocks wide and looks like a maximum-security recreation facility in a tough prison: sour, graffiti-covered concrete and steel mesh fencing. The two basketball courts are always jammed, and there are always a couple of broken syringes on the ground. On summer evenings it throbs and shakes as hundreds of teen-agers bop ecstatically to deafening Latin rock.

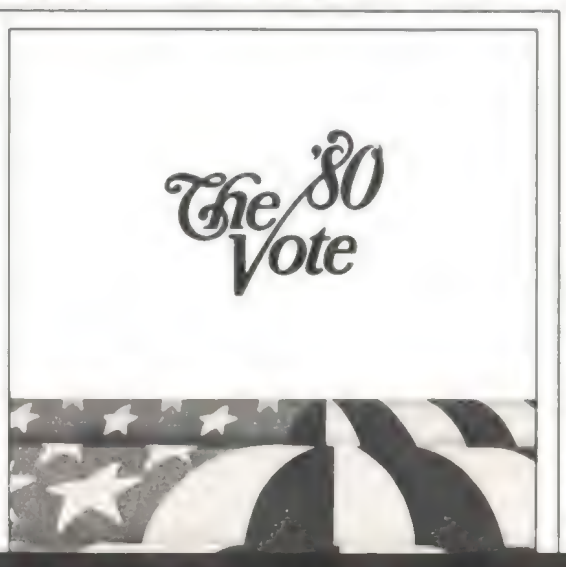
His jogging ends when he runs up seven flights and, not even breathing hard, reaches the tiny, immaculate apartment where he lives with his parents and two sisters. The place bursts with Ramos' trophies and medals. A framed newspaper clipping on the wall notes that Ramos was president of his high school class, that he played a "sensitive" Romeo in the school play and was voted the most popular boy when he graduated last year.

Ramos seems to be more than just another ghetto-bred boxer with the messianic conviction that he will be a champion. He has a magic that seduces. Shelly Finkel, the successful rock promoter, spotted Ramos four years ago. He has shepherded the young fighter since he was 16, and will manage him when he turns pro. Finkel, who promotes people like Olivia Newton-John and Billy Joel and bands like the Who and Yes, says he plans to build Ramos' income outside boxing, "so he can go to university and study acting." Says Finkel: "He is not a gladiator. We want to keep that smile on his face."

That may not be easy. Ramos has much to forget. Friends of his die every month from overdoses, or are murdered. Many are in prison. He has special nightmares about Candyman. "He was a boxer like me," Ramos recalls. "He was set up trying to rip off a dealer and shot five times in the chest. The funeral was very, very sad. They put Candyman's gloves and robe on top of his coffin. When my mother and sisters saw him, they saw me lying there." —*By James Wilde*

Look for the best in Convention coverage from these ABC Affiliated Television Stations.

Abilene, TX	KTXS-TV	Ch. 12
Ada, OK	KTEN	Ch. 10
Adams, MA	WCDC	Ch. 19
Akron, OH	WAKR-TV	Ch. 23
Albany, NY	WTEN	Ch. 10
Albion, NE	KCNA-TV	Ch. 8
Albuquerque, NM	KOAT-TV	Ch. 7
Altoona, PA	WOPC	Ch. 38
Amarillo, TX	KVII-TV	Ch. 7
Ames, IA	WOI-TV	Ch. 5
Anchorage, AK	KTMO	Ch. 13
Asheville, NC	WLOS-TV	Ch. 13
Atlanta, GA	WXIA-TV	Ch. 11
Augusta, GA	WJBF	Ch. 6
Austin, MN	KAAL	Ch. 6
Austin, TX	KVUE	Ch. 24
Bakersfield, CA	KBAK-TV	Ch. 29
Baltimore, MD	WJZ-TV	Ch. 13
Bangor, ME	WVII-TV	Ch. 7
Baton Rouge, LA	WBRZ	Ch. 2
Battle Creek, MI	WUHQ-TV	Ch. 41
Beaumont, TX	KBMT	Ch. 12
Big Spring, TX	KWAB	Ch. 4
Billings, MT	KULR-TV	Ch. 8
Biloxi, MS	WLOX-TV	Ch. 13
Binghamton, NY	WMGC-TV	Ch. 34
Birmingham, AL	WBRC-TV	Ch. 6
Boise, ID	KIVI	Ch. 6
Boston, MA	WCVB-TV	Ch. 5
Bowling Green, KY	WBKO	Ch. 13
Bryan, TX	KBTX-TV	Ch. 3
Buffalo, NY	WKBW-TV	Ch. 7
Burlington, VT	WEZF-TV	Ch. 22
Butte, MT	KXLF-TV	Ch. 4
Carlsbad, NM	KAVE-TV	Ch. 6
Casper, WY	KTWO-TV	Ch. 2
Cedar Rapids, IA	KCRG-TV	Ch. 9
Charleston, SC	WCSC-TV	Ch. 2
Charlotte, NC	WSOC-TV	Ch. 9
Chattanooga, TN	WTVC	Ch. 9
Chicago, IL	WLS-TV	Ch. 7
Cincinnati, OH	WKRC-TV	Ch. 12
Clarksburg, WV	WBOY-TV	Ch. 12
Cleveland, OH	WEWS	Ch. 5
Clovis, NM	KMCC	Ch. 12
Colorado Springs, CO	KRDO-TV	Ch. 13
Columbia, MO	KCBJ-TV	Ch. 17
Columbia, SC	WOLO-TV	Ch. 25
Columbus, GA	WTVM	Ch. 9
Columbus, OH	WTVN-TV	Ch. 6
Corpus Christi, TX	KIII	Ch. 3
Dallas, TX	WFAA-TV	Ch. 8
Dayton, OH	WDTN	Ch. 2
Decatur, IL	WAND	Ch. 17
Denver, CO	KBTV	Ch. 9
Detroit, MI	WXYZ-TV	Ch. 7
Dothan, AL	WDHN	Ch. 18
Dubuque, IA	KDUB-TV	Ch. 40
Duluth, MN	WDIO-TV	Ch. 10
El Dorado, AR	KTVE	Ch. 10
El Paso, TX	KVIA-TV	Ch. 13
Elkhart, IN	WSJV	Ch. 28
Elmira, NY	WENY-TV	Ch. 36
Erie, PA	WJET-TV	Ch. 24
Eugene, OR	KEZI-TV	Ch. 9
Eureka, CA	KVIQ-TV	Ch. 6
Evansville, IN	WTVW	Ch. 7
Fargo, ND	KTHI-TV	Ch. 11
Fayetteville, AR	KTVP	Ch. 29
Flint, MI	WJRT-TV	Ch. 12
Ft. Smith, AR	KFPW-TV	Ch. 40
Ft. Wayne, IN	WPTA	Ch. 21
Fresno, CA	KJEO	Ch. 47
Gainesville, FL	WCJB	Ch. 20
Garden City, KS	KUPK-TV	Ch. 13
Grand Junction, CO	KJCT	Ch. 8
Grand Rapids, MI	WZZM-TV	Ch. 13
Great Falls, MT	KFBB-TV	Ch. 5
Green Bay, WI	WLUK-TV	Ch. 11
Greenwood, MS	WABG-TV	Ch. 6
Hamilton, Bermuda	ZFB-TV	Ch. 8
Harrisburg, IL	WSIL-TV	Ch. 3
Harrisburg, PA	WHTM-TV	Ch. 27
Harrisonburg, VA	WHSV-TV	Ch. 3
Hayes Center, NE	KHNE-TV	Ch. 6
Hibbing, MN	WIRT	Ch. 13
High Point, NC	WGHP-TV	Ch. 8
Hilo, HI	KHVO	Ch. 13
Honolulu, HI	KITV	Ch. 4
Houston, TX	KTRK-TV	Ch. 13
Huntington, WV	WSAZ-TV	Ch. 13
Huntsville, AL	WAAY-TV	Ch. 31
Indianapolis, IN	WRTV	Ch. 6
Jackson, MS	WJKT	Ch. 16
Jackson, TN	WBBJ-TV	Ch. 7
Jacksonville, FL	WTLV	Ch. 12
Jonesboro, AR	KAIT-TV	Ch. 8
Joplin, MO	KODE-TV	Ch. 12
Kansas City, MO	KMBC-TV	Ch. 9
Kearney, NE	KHGI-TV	Ch. 13
Kennewick, WA	KVEW	Ch. 42
Kingsport, TN	WKPT-TV	Ch. 19
Kingston, NY	[illegible]	[illegible]
Klamath Falls, OR	KOTI	Ch. 2
Knoxville, TN	WATE	Ch. 6
La Crosse, WI	WXOW-TV	Ch. 19
Lafayette, LA	KATC	Ch. 3
Las Vegas, NV	KTNV-TV	Ch. 13
Lawton, OK	KSWO-TV	Ch. 7
Lead, SD	KIVV-TV	Ch. 5
Lexington, KY	WTVQ-TV	Ch. 52
Little Rock, AR	KATV	Ch. 7
Los Angeles, CA	KABC-TV	Ch. 7
Louisville, KY	WLKY-TV	Ch. 32
Lubbock, TX	KAMC	Ch. 28
Lufkin, TX	KTRE-TV	Ch. 9
Lynchburg, VA	WSET-TV	Ch. 13
Madison, WI	WKOW-TV	Ch. 27
Manchester, NH	WMUR-TV	Ch. 9
Medford, OR	KOBI	Ch. 5
Memphis, TN	WHBQ-TV	Ch. 13
Meridian, MS	WTOK-TV	Ch. 11
Miami, FL	WPLG	Ch. 10
Milwaukee, WI	WISN-TV	Ch. 12
Minneapolis-St. Paul, MN	KSTP-TV	Ch. 5
Missoula, MT	KPAX-TV	Ch. 8
Mitchell, SD	KXON-TV	Ch. 5
Mobile, AL	WEAR-TV	Ch. 3
Monroe, LA	WQAD-TV	Ch. 8
Monahans, TX	KMOM-TV	Ch. 9
Montgomery, AL	WKAB-TV	Ch. 32
Mt. Washington, NH	WMTW-TV	Ch. 8
Naples, FL	WZVU	Ch. 26
Nashville, TN	WNGE	Ch. 2
New Bern, NC	WCTI-TV	Ch. 12
New Haven, CT	WTNH-TV	Ch. 8
New Orleans, LA	WYUE	Ch. 8
New York, NY	WABC-TV	Ch. 7
Norfolk, VA	WVEC-TV	Ch. 13
Oak Hill, WV	WOAY-TV	Ch. 4
Oklahoma City, OK	KOCO-TV	Ch. 5
Omaha, NE	KETV	Ch. 7
Orlando, FL	WFTV	Ch. 9
Palm Springs, CA	KESQ-TV	Ch. 42
Panama City, FL	WJHG-TV	Ch. 7
Peoria, IL	WRAU-TV	Ch. 19
Philadelphia, PA	WPVI-TV	Ch. 6
Phoenix, AZ	KTVK	Ch. 3
Pittsburgh, PA	WTAE-TV	Ch. 4
Pocatello-Idaho Falls, ID	KPVI	Ch. 6
Poplar Bluff, MO	KPOB-TV	Ch. 15
Portland, OR	KATU	Ch. 2
Presque Isle, ME	WPRI-TV	Ch. 12
Raleigh, NC	WRAL-TV	Ch. 5
Rapid City, SD	KEVN-TV	Ch. 7
Redding, CA	KRCR-TV	Ch. 7
Reno, NV	KOLO-TV	Ch. 8
Richmond, VA	WXEX-TV	Ch. 8
Rochester, NY	WOKR	Ch. 13
Roseburg, OR	WREX-TV	Ch. 13
Sacramento, CA	KOVR	Ch. 13
St. Joseph, MO	KQTV	Ch. 2
St. Louis, MO	KTVI	Ch. 2
St. Petersburg, FL	WTSP-TV	Ch. 10
Salisbury, MD	WMDT	Ch. 47
Salt Lake City, UT	KTVX	Ch. 4
San Antonio, TX	KSAT-TV	Ch. 12
San Diego, CA	KGTV	Ch. 10
San Francisco, CA	KGO-TV	Ch. 7
San Jose, CA	KNTV	Ch. 11
Santa Barbara, CA	KEYT	Ch. 3
Sarasota, FL	WXLT-TV	Ch. 40
Sault Ste. Marie, MI	WGTQ	Ch. 8
Savannah, GA	WJCL	Ch. 22
Savre, OK	KVIJ-TV	Ch. 8
Scranton, PA	WNEP-TV	Ch. 16
Seattle, WA	KOMO-TV	Ch. 4
Shreveport, LA	KTBS-TV	Ch. 3
Sioux City, IA	KCAU-TV	Ch. 9
Spokane, WA	KXLY-TV	Ch. 4
Springfield, MA	WGGB-TV	Ch. 40
Springfield, MO	KMTC	Ch. 27
Superior, NE	KSNB-TV	Ch. 4
Syracuse, NY	WIXT	Ch. 9
Tallahassee, FL	WECA-TV	Ch. 27
Terre Haute, IN	WTAX-TV	Ch. 38
Toledo, OH	WDHO-TV	Ch. 24
Traverse City, MI	WGTU	Ch. 29
Tucson, AZ	KGUN-TV	Ch. 9
Tulsa, OK	KTUL-TV	Ch. 8
Tyler, TX	KLTV	Ch. 7
Utica, NY	WUTR	Ch. 20
Victoria, TX	KXIX	Ch. 19
Waco, TX	KWTX-TV	Ch. 10
Wailuku, HI	KMAU	Ch. 12
Washington, DC	WJLA-TV	Ch. 7
Waukau, WI	WAOW-TV	Ch. 9
Weslaco, TX	KRGV-TV	Ch. 5
West Palm Beach, FL	WPEC	Ch. 12
Wichita, KS	KAKE-TV	Ch. 10
Wilmington, NC	WWAY	Ch. 3
Yakima, WA	KAPP	Ch. 35
Youngstown, OH	WYTV	Ch. 33



The Democratic Convention

ABC NEWS abc

TIME

Founders: [illegible]

Editor-in-Chief: Henry Anatole Grunwald
Chairman of the Board: [illegible]
President: [illegible]
Editorial Director: Ralph Graves
Group Vice President, Magazines: Arthur W. Keylor
Vice Chairman: Arthur Temple

MANAGING EDITOR: Ray Cave

EXECUTIVE EDITORS: Edward L. Jamieson, Jason McManus

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS: Richard L. Duncan, Ronald P. Kriss

SENIOR EDITORS: James D. Atwater, Martha M. Duffy, John T. Elson, Timothy Foote, Otto Friedrich, Timothy M. James, Stefan Kanfer, Donald Morrison, Christopher Porterfield

International Editor: Karsten Prager
Chief of Research: Leah Sharples Gordon

ART DIRECTOR: Rudolph Hoglund

OPERATIONS DIRECTOR: Edward C. Lebkicher

SENIOR WRITERS: George J. Church, Michael Demarest, Robert Hughes, T.E. Kalem, Ed Magnuson, Lance Morrow, R.Z. Sheppard, Frank Trippett

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Patricia Blake, Jordan Bonfante, Christopher Byron, Gerald Clarke, Richard Corliss, Spencer Davidson, Frederic Golden, Paul Gray, Dorothy Haystead, Marguerite Johnson, John Leo, Frank B. Merrick, Mayo Mohs, Richard N. Ostling, Frederick Painton, B.J. Phillips, Burton Pines, Roger Rosenblatt, William E. Smith, George M. Taber, Marylois Purdy Vega, Edwin G. Warner

STAFF WRITERS: Bennett H. Beach, E. Graydon Carter, Julie Connelly, John S. DeMott, James Kelly, Ellie McGrath, Jay D. Palmer, Kenneth M. Pierce, Allan Ripp, Thomas A. Sancton, Edward E. Scharff, Stephen Smith, Alexander L. Taylor III, Anastasia Toufexis, Claudia Wallis

CONTRIBUTORS: A.T. Baker, Jay Cocks, Thomas Griffith, Melvin Maddocks, Jane O'Reilly, Richard Schickel, John Skow

REPORTER-RESEARCHERS: Ursula Nadasdy de Gallo, Sue Raffety, Betty Satterwhite Sutter (Department Heads); Audrey Ball, Amanda MacIntosh Berman, Peggy T. Berman, Nancy McD. Chase, Eileen Chu, Georgia Harbison, Anne Hopkins, Sara C. Medina, Nancy Newman, Susan M. Reed, Victoria Sales, Zona Sparks, Susanne Washburn, Genevieve A. Wilson-Smith, Rosemarie T. Zadikov (Senior Staff)

Peter Aaslie, Charles P. Alexander, Robert I. Burger, Rosemary Byrnes, Janice Castro, Oscar Chang, Barbara B. Doten, Rosamond Draper, Elaine Dutka, Philip Faflick, Cassie T. Furgurson, Tam Martinides Gray, Robert T. Graves, Carol A. Johmann, Adrianne Jucius, John Kohan, Elizabeth D. Meyer, Jane Murphy, Jeanne-Marie North, Brigid O'Hara-Forster, Barry Rehfeld, Elizabeth Rudulph, Alain L. Sanders, Manon H. Sanders, Jane Van Tassel, Joan D. Walsh, Nancy Pierce Williamson, Denise M. Worrell, Linda Young

CORRESPONDENTS: Richard L. Duncan (Chief), William R. Doerner, Rudolph S. Rauch III (Deputies); Donald Neff (News Services Editor)
Washington Contributing Editor: Hugh Sidey
Diplomatic Correspondent: Strobe Talbott
National Political Correspondent: John F. Stacks
Senior Correspondents: Laurence I. Barrett, Ruth Mehrtens Galvin, Sandy Smith

Washington: Robert Ajemian, R. Edward Jackson, Jonathan Beaty, William Blaylock, Gisela Bolte, Douglas Brew, Simmons Fentress, Jerry Hannifin, Richard Hornik, Walter Isaacson, Gary Lee, Neil MacNeil, Johanna McGeary, Christopher Ogden, Jeanne Saddler, Eileen Shields, Don Sider, Roberto Suro, Evan Thomas, Gregory H. Wierzynski **Chicago:** Benjamin W. Cate, Patricia Delaney, Barry Hillenbrand, Steven Holmes, David S. Jackson, J. Madeleine Nash **Los Angeles:** William Rademaekers, Diane Coutu, Robert L. Goldstein, Joseph J. Kane, Michael Moritz, James Willwerth **New York:** Peter Stoler, Dean Brelis, Mary Cronin, Dorothy Ferenbaugh, Robert Geline, Janice C. Simpson, John Tompkins, Frederick Ungeheuer, James Wade, Adam Zagorin **Atlanta:** Joseph N. Boyce, Anne Constable **Boston:** Hays Gorey, Joelle Attinger, James Bell, Jeff Melvoin **Detroit:** Barrett Seaman, Christopher Redman **San Francisco:** Gavin Scott, Paul A. Witteman **Houston:** Robert C. Wurmstedt **Miami:** Richard Woodbury

Europe: Lawrence Malkin **London:** Bonnie Angelo, Eric Amfitheatrof, James Shepherd, Arthur White **Paris:** Henry Muller, Sandra Burton **Bonn:** B. William Mader, Lee Griggs **Eastern Europe:** Barry Kalb **Brussels:** Bruce van Voorst **Rome:** Wilton Wynn, Roland Flamini **Jerusalem:** Dean Fischer, David Aikman, David Halevy **Cairo:** William Dowdall **Beirut:** William Stewart **Moscow:** Bruce W. Nelan **Hong Kong:** Marsh Clark, David DeVoss, Ross H. Munro, Bing W. Wong **Peking:** Richard Bernstein **Nairobi:** Jack E. White **Johannesburg:** William McWhirter **New Delhi:** Marcia Gauger **Tokyo:** Edwin M. Reingold, S. Chang, Frank Iwama **Melbourne:** John Dunn **Canada:** John M. Scott (Ottawa), Ed Ogle (Vancouver) **Buenos Aires:** George Russell **Mexico City:** Bernard Diederich

News Desk: Suzanne Davis, Margaret G. Boeth, Ali Burst, Susan Lynd, Blanche Holley, David Richardson, Jean R. White, Arturo Yáñez **Administration:** Emily Friedrich, Linda D. Vartoogian

ART: Nigel Holmes, Irene Ramp (Deputy Directors), Arturo Cazeneuve, Anthony J. Libardi, William Spencer (Assistant Directors); Leonard S. Levine (Designer); Rosemary L. Frank (Covers); Nickolas Kalamaras **Layout Staff:** Burjor Nargolwala, Steve Conley, John P. Dowd, Carroll Dunham, John F. Gerst, Lily Hou, Ralph Landis, Modris Ramans, Charles Rehwinkel, Kenneth Smith, Barbara Wilhelm **Maps and Charts:** Paul J. Pugliese, Joseph Arnon **Researchers:** E. Noel McCoy, Deborah L. Wells

PHOTOGRAPHY: Arnold H. Drapkin (Picture Editor), Sue Considine, Michele Stephenson (Assistant Picture Editors), Demetra Kosters, Helen Eisenberg (Administration) **Researchers:** Evelyn Merrin, Nancy Baye, Anne Callahan, Gay Franklin, Marti Haymaker, Paula Hornak, Peter J. Kellner, Rose Keyser, Susan Lombardo, Eva Nutt, Julia Richer, Carol Saner, Elizabeth Statler, Mary Thermo **Photographers:** Walter Bennett, Sahm Doherty, Arthur Grace, Dirck Halstead, Peter Jordan, David Hume Kennerly, Neil Leifer, Ben Martin, Mark Meyer, Roddey E. Mims, Ralph Morse, Stephen Northup, Bill Pierce, David Rubinger, Ted Thai, John Zimmerman

MAKEUP: Charles P. Jackson (Chief), Leonard Schulman, John M. Cavanagh (Deputies), Peter J. McGuiness

OPERATIONS MANAGER: Eugene F. Coyle

COPY COORDINATION MANAGER: Anne R. Davis

COPY PROCESSING MANAGER: Stephen F. Demeter, Joseph J. Scafidi, Walter J. Tate (Deputies); Marcia L. Love, James D. Mountjoy, Jr., Rufino Armstrong

COPY DESK: Susan B. Hahn (Chief), Eleanor Edgar, Judith Anne Paur (Deputies); Dolores Alexander, France L. Bander, Minda Bikman, Robert Braine, Madeleine Butler, Joan Cleary, Leo Deuel, Lucia Hamet, Evelyn Hannon, Katherine Mihok, Marilyn Minden, Emily Mitchell, Maria Paul, Alma Routsong, Amelia Weiss, Shirley Zimmerman

PRODUCTION: Sue Aitkin (Chief); Manuel Delgado, Agustin Lamboy, Deborah Lynn Reilly, Lee R. Sparks, Pearl Amy Sverdlin, Alan Washburn

LETTERS: Maria Luisa Cisneros (Chief)

EDITORIAL SERVICES: Christiana Walford (Director), George Karas, Benjamin Lightman, Carolyn R. Pappas, Elizabeth G. Young

PUBLISHER: [illegible]
General Manager: Donald L. Spurdle
Promotion Director: [illegible]
Circulation Director: Richard W. Angle Jr.
Business Manager: Arthur G. Sachs
ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR: [illegible]
U.S. Advertising Sales Director: George W. McClellan
Associate U.S. Adv. Sales Director: Charles D. Hogan

WHAT DO OVER 1.5 MILLION CANON, NIKON, MINOLTA, PENTAX AND OLYMPUS OWNERS HAVE IN COMMON?

70-150 One-Touch Macro Focus Zoom

Vivitar lenses. Why? Because Vivitar designed zooms give you excellent optical performance and superb quality. Like the Vivitar 70-150. Small enough to fit in the palm of your hand. One touch zoom/focus lets you zoom from nearly normal to telephoto to super close up. And like all Vivitar lenses it's razor sharp and fits most popular SLR cameras. Try one. Find out for yourself why over 1.5 million photographers made Vivitar number 1 in lenses.

Vivitar

PHOTOGRAPHERS MADE US NO. 1

Vivitar Corporation, 1630 Stewart St., Santa M[illegible]

"Lights that saved
the World Trade Center
$240,000 a year?
GEE!"
(No, GTE!)
The people at the Twin Towers were impressed when they heard about our special Sylvania energy-saving fluorescents. These SuperSaver™ lights consume up to 20% less energy than standard fluorescents, with a negligible difference in light output.
So, they went ahead and installed them in one-third of the World Trade Center. And they saved almost a quarter-of-a-million dollars a year!
GTE's Sylvania lighting people make a whole range of energy-saving bulbs. Fluorescents, incandescents, even halogen headlamps for automobiles.
This kind of energy savings adds up to not only a great deal of money in the bank for the people involved—but, when you think about it, a great deal of oil in the bank for everyone else.
GTE

TIME/AUGUST 11, 1980

Carter Battles A Revolt

Billy and the polls stir new challenges

The political powers of the presidency are his to command. He faces no single challenger popular enough to rally widespread support. His carefully selected delegates will form a clear and comfortable majority at his party's convention. His aides control the convention machinery. Yet despite all that, one astonishing fact remained: only a week before the Democratic National Convention assembles in New York City's Madison Square Garden, Jimmy Carter was a President under siege who could not be certain that he would be renominated by his party.

To be sure, the odds still strongly favored him. But at a time when he had hoped to be polishing his convention acceptance speech and sharpening his attack on Republican Candidate Ronald Reagan, Carter was poring through tedious White House telephone logs, appointment books, memos, documents and his personal daily diary. His ignominious task: preparing yet another report on his dealings with Brother Billy's outlandish escapade as a foreign agent for the radical Arab state of Libya. Conceded Robert Strauss, the President's shrewd campaign director: "It's sad and tragic and debilitating." Added Strauss: "I'm not a Billy man. I've had about all of Billy I need."

Yet even as the Billy affair drew fresh headlines that threw the White House into what one staff member termed "total chaos," the President was hit by news that might ultimately prove even more damaging to his re-election chances. An ABC News–Louis Harris survey disclosed that the President's approval rating among Americans had fallen to 22%. No President has sunk lower in public esteem since such polling began in 1939. Even disgraced Richard Nixon had a 25% rating in the Harris poll shortly before resigning his office.

Americans responding to the poll castigated Carter on issue after issue: 89% criticized his anti-inflation efforts, 87% his handling of unemployment, 86% his management of the economy. Last December 66% of those questioned approved of his approach to the hostage crisis in Iran; the new poll showed that 79% disapproved. Fully two-thirds of the Democrats canvassed by Harris attacked his stewardship.

There was more bad news to come. California's Field poll showed Carter running third in the nation's most populous state. Reagan led with 51%, Independent John Anderson got 23%, and the President scored only 20%. In Philadelphia, once a bastion of Democratic machine politics, a private poll taken last week by supporters of Senator Edward Kennedy rated Reagan ahead, Anderson second and Carter last. Insisted a gleeful Paul Kirk, Kennedy's chief strategist: "Candidate Carter is on a mudslide."

The one-two punch of the polls and Brother Billy rattled Democratic officeholders from Capitol Hill to statehouses across the nation. Their fear: a ticket headed by Carter in November could drag them down to defeat. Control of the House, as well as the Senate, suddenly seemed in danger. Democratic Senator Robert Byrd, the majority leader, who has never been close to Carter, quietly sounded out party colleagues on Capitol Hill. There was enough worry about the President's slippage for some Senators to consider sending a delegation to the White House to urge Carter to step aside in favor of an unspecified "third man"—someone other than Ted Kennedy, who is widely viewed as too flawed and controversial to run much stronger than Carter against Reagan. But no Senator was willing to lead any charge down Pennsylvania Avenue against a President still favored to win the nomination.

Going into the convention, Carter has 1,982 delegates, 747 more than Kennedy and 316 more than he needs for the nomination—if they all vote for him. And that is the rub. Carter's forces back a proposed rule for the convention that would prevent a delegate from switching his or her

Thomas Nast cartoon in 1876 depicting the difficulties facing incumbent Presidents

Muskie, Mondale and Kennedy: while the uproar rises, two claim they have prior commitments; one doggedly pursues an elusive dream

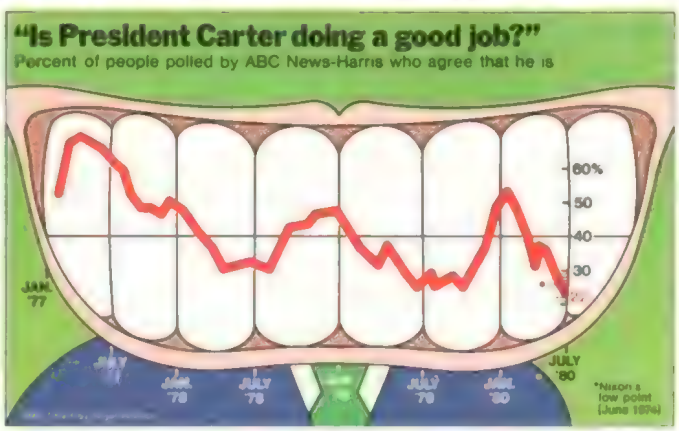
first roll-call vote on the nominee (*see box*). As Democrats grew more and more disenchanted with Carter, this rule became the key issue for the convention, far surpassing Carter's or Kennedy's views on foreign or domestic policy.

The arguments over "an open convention" were generally couched in lofty rhetoric involving the delegates' "freedom of conscience" or, conversely, the need to keep "the solemn commitment" to the party's 19.5 million primary voters. But in fact the rules fight was a raw power struggle. Snapped a Carter aide: "It's not an ideological issue. It's a pure and simple attempt by Kennedy people to dump Carter."

There were signs everywhere that Carter's plummeting popularity was making many Democrats consider voting for an open convention. Kansas Governor John Carlin told Vice President Walter Mondale that Carter appeared "inflexible" and "heavyhanded" and that while he could well win the rules fight, the result would be a divisive convention and a "hollow victory." A majority of Carter's 23 delegates in Kansas were expected to follow the Governor's call for an open convention, although still supporting the President for renomination. In Illinois, which has Carter's largest delegation (his edge is 163 to 16 over Kennedy), Waukegan Mayor Bill Morris estimated that 25% were waffling on the Carter ticket and that another 25% would switch if they could find an alternative to Kennedy; up to 40 delegates now support the open convention idea. If Carter abandoned the rules fight, Morris predicted, "he'd be a big hero and win anyway. The delegates would love it."

While publicly ordering Carter delegates in California to stay with the President on the rules issue, State Treasurer Jesse Unruh, leader of the Carter forces in his state, privately urged the President's men not to insist on the binding rule. Former California Senator John Tunney, a Kennedy backer, charged that "party politicians in Washington don't sense the incredible subsurface tremors abroad in the country. They don't know how weakened Carter is." Claimed Pollster Mervin Field: "If Carter doesn't open the convention, the nomination will be all but worthless. It will only exacerbate the problems within the party."

Among others calling for an open convention is Colorado Governor Richard Lamm, an early and vociferous Carter critic who was expected to urge other Democratic Governors to back a free vote at a meeting in Denver over the weekend.



Governors Hugh Carey of New York, Joe Brennan of Maine, Tom Judge of Montana and Arthur Link of North Dakota have announced an anti-Carter position on the rule. So too have Senators Warren Magnuson of Washington, J. James Exon of Nebraska and Don Riegle of Michigan. The Pennsylvania delegation, which backs Kennedy narrowly, 94 to 91, is overwhelmingly in favor of the open rule, 121 to 60.

In Washington, a group of about 40 Democratic Congressmen, most of them liberals, formed the Committee to Continue the Open Convention and named as its chairman Edward Bennett Williams, one of the nation's most respected criminal lawyers and a man not known for backing forlorn causes. With a $200,000 operating fund, the group set up an office in Washington and plans to have one in New York by convention time. Said Williams: "I think that if Carter gets the nomination from an open convention, he has a far better chance than if he emerges from a convention where the delegates are just messengers."

Slowly the evidence began to mount that the proponents of an open convention might have a slim chance when the delegates gather on Aug. 11. A poll taken by the Washington *Post* showed that 41% of the delegates surveyed favored an open convention. To reach a majority, said a key Kennedy strategist, "we have to convince the delegates that if they act like lemmings they'll end up marching off a cliff."

Candid snapshots from Billy Carter's first visit to Libya in September 1978, which was later described as "helpful" in the State Department cables that this week became part of the continuing controversy. Left, Carter is greeted warmly by Ahmed Shahati, head of

Carter is still favored by most of the delegates and could have avoided this controversy if several weeks ago he had followed his instincts and freed his people to vote as they wished. But as his Billy troubles grew and Kennedy stepped up his battle against the rule ("What has the President really got to fear?" Kennedy asked), Carter dug in harder, telling aides that he would look weak if he appeared to yield under pressure. Instead, Carter and Strauss preferred to gamble on a quick convention victory, seeking to set the rules debate for the opening day, and, if the President won, guaranteeing his nomination then and there. But this tactic also risks an early fight that Carter could conceivably lose, displaying major differences under the white heat of television lights. Almost as bad, Carter might win the fight narrowly but in the process unnecessarily arouse the resentment of a sizable minority of delegates—and emerge as the nominee of an embittered convention.

While Carter and his political aides struggled to keep control of the convention, he and his advisers also labored over the Billy battle. The President tried to get a step ahead of the multiplying investigations on Capitol Hill by appearing in the White House briefing room on Tuesday to announce that he was "willing and eager to respond in person" to any questions from a special Senate Judiciary subcommittee and "the sooner the better." He said he would send the committee a "full and complete" report on the subject this week, make it public at the same time, and answer questions from reporters in a prime-time press conference.

Insisted the President: "The complete disclosure of the facts will clearly demonstrate that at no time did my brother influence me in my decisions toward Libya or the policies of this Government concerning Libya and ... neither I nor anyone acting in my behalf ever sought to influence or to interfere in the investigation of my brother by the Justice Department."

The President wanted to get his case

The Rule That Binds

At the center of the furor expected at next week's Democratic Convention is Rule F3-c, which is designed to weed out defectors among the delegates. If adopted by the convention, the rule would bind all delegates to vote on the first ballot for the presidential candidate whom they were elected to support by state caucuses and primaries. According to the proposed rule, a rebellious delegate—for instance, a Carter delegate who wants to vote for Kennedy—could be replaced "at any time up to and including the presidential balloting." In practice, this would mean that the state delegation's chairman, or an emissary for Carter, would disenfranchise the rebel and summon an alternate.

Ironbound Rule F3-c is the product of Democratic reformers' best intentions, a logical outgrowth of their dismay at the chaotic 1968 convention in Chicago, when the mostly male and mostly white delegates chose Hubert Humphrey as their nominee, while Boss Richard Daley jeered at his critics inside the convention hall and his policemen beat antiwar demonstrators outside. To make the nomination process more fairly reflect the wishes of the party's rank and file, the reformers persuaded the National Convention to abolish the unit rule, which allowed all of a state's delegate votes to be cast for a single nominee.

Still, at the 1972 convention in Miami Beach, there was a futile movement, supported by a delegate from Georgia, Governor Jimmy Carter, to break California's winner-take-all primary rule so that disaffected delegates would be free to vote for George McGovern's rivals. Explains a Carter aide today: "We made no bones about our motives. We didn't claim that we were doing the Lord's work."

By 1976, when Hubert Humphrey was challenging Front-Runner Carter, party reformers were pushing for a rule to prevent delegates from disregarding the wishes of the Democratic voters back home. One supporter of the proposed binding rule was Edward Kennedy, who felt that if Carter did not win the nomination, "it would be a real distortion of the expressed will of the working members of the Democratic Party." When the rule was approved by the Democratic National Committee in 1978, it was largely due to the backing of several Kennedy supporters, who are now spearheading the drive to repeal it.

Libya's foreign liaison office. Above, after touring a series of nearby farms, Billy and fellow Georgians relax with their Libyan hosts before dinner. Right, in his Tripoli office, Shahati points out Israel as he gives Billy a briefing on the Middle East

on record before the delegates convene in New York, although there was no chance he would appear by then before the subcommittee chaired by Indiana's Birch Bayh.

While Republicans would probably have preferred the investigation to go on as long as possible—the closer to November the better—the Democrats, who are in the majority, 5 to 4, set Oct. 4 as the deadline for the committee's report.

Bayh candidly admitted that members of Congress had sharply differing opinions about what should be done. "Some have already judged the guilt or innocence; some are for hanging, some want a whitewash. I think all my Republican colleagues want to skin the President. Probably some Democrats think we are going too far." But despite his desire to move quickly, Bayh urged caution. "We want to do this so neither side can say we are heating up or slowing down in order to affect the convention. We don't want to go charging out there like Keystone Cops and come out with a handful of feathers—unless this is all there is, feathers."

One feather soon fluttered across the President's desk. Justice Department documents indicated that Billy had claimed that Jimmy had shown him State Department cables about his 1978 trip to Libya, saying that he had been a fine good-will ambassador. After an embarrassingly vague White House statement claiming that "the President does not now recall" whether he had shown the cables to Billy, Press Secretary Jody Powell jubilantly passed around copies of the papers, which turned out to be harmless. In fact, they had been given to Columnist Jack Anderson 14 months ago in response to a suit brought under the Freedom of Information Act. Though the cables were far from secret, the episode did raise a question about the President's judgment: instead of telling Billy to have nothing to do with the Libyans, the President shared with him information that could have encouraged Billy's efforts *(see following story)*.

The unfortunate fact that new disclosures kept dribbling out, just as they had the week before, raised new questions about what else might yet be revealed as time went on. Admitted one frustrated senior White House aide: "People are saying, 'God, can't you do better than this?' The answer is we're trying. We're not doing this because we're stupid. We know how badly it hurts."

Carter did his best to reassure nervous supporters. Greeting 20 congressional Democrats who had first been elected at the same time he won the presidency in 1976, Carter promised that there were no "major revelations" ahead in the Billy affair. He told the Representatives that if they felt his candidacy might hurt their reelection chances, he would not campaign in their districts.

Strauss attacking Carter's critics

Would the lemmings go over the cliff?

Carter could take heart from an observation bluntly expressed by one of his political strategists: "They've got no horse." Translation: aside from Senator Kennedy, who has his own problems with the electorate, Carter's opponents have no real champion to rally around. The White House last week released a letter from Vice President Walter Mondale to a home-state Minnesota Congressman, James Oberstar. Wrote Mondale: "I am not a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination this year and have no intention of becoming one. President Carter has won a majority of the delegates fair and square. He has my full support."

Next it was Secretary of State Edmund Muskie's turn. His statement was not quite so Shermanesque. Said he: "I accepted the appointment as Secretary of State to serve the country and to serve the President. I continue to serve the President, and I will support him all the way. I have a commitment to the President. I don't make such commitments lightly, and I intend to keep it." When reporters later questioned the firmness of his position, Muskie's famed temper flared: "If you will just listen to my words, it will still all those questions I see quivering on your lips."

Arizona Congressman Morris Udall disavowed any interest with a flourish of finality that may well set a new standard for statements of noncandidacy. Declared

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980.

True taps new taste source!

Still only **5** MG TAR

True's improved tobacco recipe does it:

Makes ultra low tar smoking an unexpected pleasure. Now you don't have to smoke higher than 5 mg tar to get that good taste you've been hoping for in a low tar.

Ultra low tar never tasted so good.

© Lorillard USA 1980

he: "If nominated, I will run [pause] to the Mexican border. If elected [pause], I will fight extradition."

That left Washington Senator Henry Jackson as the only potential candidate who seemed ready to jump into the fray. Carter's strategists, however, profess to have no fear of Jackson because they are certain that he does not have enough national, congressional or party support.

Meanwhile, Kennedy kept fighting hard for the nomination, although there was a growing conviction that if he won his battle for a free ballot, the delegates —in what would be one of the most ironic moments of the political year—might choose another man. Meetings between Carter and Kennedy aides to work out compromises for the convention came to nothing at first, although some "progress" was reported at week's end. Kennedy could end up waging spectacular floor fights on 18 platform issues. Said he of some of the petty procedural disagreements: "That grown men and women have to spend hours and hours on this type of detail is tragic."

Kennedy next made the most interesting political move of the week: he invited Independent Candidate Anderson to his Senate office. The two men later talked elliptically to reporters, but Anderson indicated that he would consider dropping out of the race if the convention nominated anyone but Carter.

Kennedy also called Ronald Reagan to report that, if nominated, he hoped he could join Anderson and the Governor in three-way debates. Receiving the call, Reagan aides suspected an impostor was on the line. They got Kennedy's private phone number, then his office number, called back on both and finally decided that the Senator was indeed phoning. Reagan said he had no objection to a three-way debate if Anderson was then a serious candidate. Reagan actually hopes that Carter will be nominated; he considers him the weakest possible opponent.

As the week went on, Carter was hurt by Senator Byrd's call for an open convention, but the President's fortunes in general seemed to rise. The White House won a notable convert: Douglas Fraser, president of the United Auto Workers and an early Kennedy backer, who apparently decided that any move to block Carter's nomination was fading. He refused to fight for an open convention and announced that he was ready to second the renomination of Mondale unless the convention turned to Kennedy. The powerful United Steelworkers Union was also preparing to endorse Carter this week.

Overshadowing in numbers and influence the Congressmen committed to an open convention, 107 House Democrats backed the tough new voting rule. The list included Majority Leader Jim Wright, Budget Committee Chairman Bob Giaimo, Foreign Affairs Committee Chairman Clement Zablocki and Government Operations Chairman Jack Brooks.

Carter's most cheering moment came on the last of a series of White House meetings he and his advisers have held for some 1,000 of his 1,982 delegates. Last week's group of 400 encouraged him more than he did them. "We want Jimmy! We want Jimmy!" they shouted as Carter and Rosalynn, smiling broadly, entered the East Room. "You've got me!" answered Carter, whereupon New York's Hazel Dukes shouted: "And we're going to keep you for four more years!" Chanted the audience: "Four more years, four more years!" Referring to the rules fight, Carter derided attempts to change delegates' commitment as "a travesty" and drew applause by declaring: "Let's not let the political bosses control our party any longer." Said he: "It's almost incomprehensible how a brokered, horse-trading, smoke-filled convention can be labeled open, and a decision made by 20 million Democrats in the open primaries and open caucuses could be called closed."

On Capitol Hill and among the Democratic Party's worried leaders, an old political adage was going the rounds last week: "If you are going to kill the king, make sure that he is dead." The political fortunes of Jimmy Carter are still very much alive. —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Walter Isaacson and Christopher Ogden/Washington*

A Vote for Jimmy—Maybe

After nine months of speeches and more than $30 million spent, 35 primaries and 21 caucuses, the Democratic presidential nomination could, in the end, turn on the telephone—the long-distance leverage being exerted by Kennedy and Carter supporters on individual delegates. Take, for example, the experience of Kym Ammons, 18, a May graduate of East High School in industrial Waterloo, Iowa. She is a loyal Carter delegate, but is, nonetheless, leaning in favor of voting for an open convention. As a result, she now finds herself a part of the great electronic roundup.

Ammons was a school track star and president of the student senate when she went to a local caucus meeting in January. Says Ammons: "I was just sitting there watching when a neighbor asked if I wanted to be an alternate delegate to the district convention in Waterloo. I said, 'I guess so.'" There she substituted for an absent delegate and was elected to the state convention. By then she was politicking in earnest, passing out KYM buttons and placards, and was chosen as one of Iowa's 50 delegates to the national convention. As she explains: "I appeal to a lot of special-interest groups —women, blacks and young people."

These days, as Carter and Kennedy campaign aides vie for her attention, she is having understandable difficulty in keeping track of the people who are trying to keep track of her. She has been phoned by local, regional and national Kennedy workers, who all urge her to help defeat the proposed rule that would require her to vote for Carter on the first ballot. To Ammons, the calls have become an overlapping blur. Says she: "They talk about ten minutes at a time, saying the same things, and I just don't hear them any more." But the calls have had some effect. She explains: "At first I was going to vote for Carter no matter what. I still feel that way, but not as strongly."

Kym Ammons taking calls in Iowa

Carter callers strike Ammons as more concerned about her needs than her leanings. One of them, a man whose name she has never quite caught, phones regularly from New York to "ask how I'm doing, to see if I'm having financial problems." She is indeed. To raise the $1,200 she expects the convention trip to cost, she has put on a barbecue and an ice-cream social. She has sold $3-a-plate family-cooked chicken dinners and collected $100 from former teachers and classmates at East High School. Radio and television interviews brought in more money, but she is still $300 short of her goal.

Ammons is not sure how she will end up voting on the question of an open convention. Says she: "At first, I was going to vote for a closed convention, but now I'm undecided." Of her experience of being wooed by both camps, she says, "It feels good."

Scanning headlines before meeting reporters last week in Plains, Ga.

What Have You Done, Billy Boy?

Further discrepancies in the story of Carter's kid brother

More headlines, more gaps and contradictions, more embarrassing revelations day by day. As he fought to retain his hold on the Democratic Party's presidential nomination, Jimmy Carter last week continued to bear the burden of Billy—and it was getting heavier all the time.

The fundamental question, observed Senator Birch Bayh, the Indiana Democrat who chairs the Senate's special subcommittee investigating the matter, is something "the people have a right to know: Did Billy Carter, with all his shortcomings, influence the Government of the United States?"

The White House answer has been an adamant no. Indeed, so far the evidence indicates little if any wrongdoing by Administration officials in the entire Billy affair, although the President showed a lack of judgment in doing too little too late about Billy's Libyan venture.

But the White House has remained its own worst enemy by raising doubts about its credibility. After White House spokesmen insisted that all details of the matter had been made public, members of the House Judiciary Committee, who have been examining Justice Department documents, reported that Billy had State Department cables commenting on his visit to Libya in September 1978. The Congressmen found a record of an interrogation of Billy conducted by Joel Lisker, chief of the Justice Department's foreign agents registration unit. According to this document, Billy "commented that he had seen all the State Department cable traffic on his trip." When asked by Lisker how he had obtained the material, Billy replied: "Jimmy gave it to me and I have it out at the house."

The issue was not so much one of security. The cables had a low classification and contained no secret information. Such diplomatic traffic, in fact, is routinely made available to reporters and businessmen. Still, both the President and his brother challenged Lisker's account, Billy in undiplomatic terms on national television: "Lisker is full of s——." But Billy later admitted that "someone in the White House" gave him a State Department cable regarding the trip to Libya. When asked if he had received it from Jimmy, Billy replied, "It was over a year ago and I don't remember."

At week's end the White House reversed itself and admitted that one cable had been given to Billy. Presidential Press Secretary Jody Powell released a copy of a State Department message that bore a handwritten note from Jimmy praising Billy for his abstemious behavior in Libya. Powell lamely explained that everyone at the White House had forgotten about the annotated cable, which had been mailed to Billy on Oct. 11, 1978, until Billy's lawyers turned up a copy.

The texts of seven cables had been released earlier by the White House in an attempt to defuse the mounting controversy. The whole batch, said Powell, "would not have amounted to a hill of beans." Powell was right. In the earliest cable, Washington merely alerted the U.S. embassy in Tripoli that Billy Carter was coming its way on a private trip. After Billy and his delegation arrived in Libya, a dispatch from the embassy noted that "some members of the Georgia delegation obviously are interested in relieving Libya of some of its petrodollars. Though they do not seem to have made much progress yet." The most important cable, and the only one stamped CONFIDENTIAL, was sent at the end of Billy's five-day visit to Tripoli. It reported: "There has been no negative fallout from Billy Carter's visit . . . We would rate it a very positive event which has opened some doors [in the Libyan government] for this embassy and raised the morale of the American community."

The week's second revelation also involved serious inconsistencies in Billy's story and prompted the Justice Department's Lisker to conclude that "it's fairly obvious that he [Billy] misled me, that he lied." On Jan. 16, Lisker and an FBI investigator asked Billy if he had received any money from Libya. Billy said no. But last week Lisker obtained a deposit slip from the Columbus Bank and Trust Co. of Columbus, Ga., showing that Billy deposited a $20,000 check from the Libyans on Dec. 31, 1979.

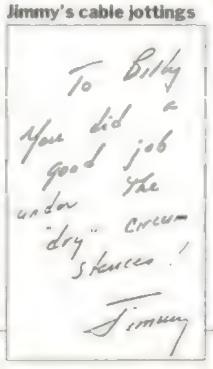
Not only did this new evidence contradict what Billy had told Lisker and the FBI, but also what he had said in his official declaration when he registered last month as a Libyan agent. Billy then stated that he had received a Libyan "loan" in January—not December. Lisker said last week that these discrepancies "call into question the veracity of his entire registration statement." If the Justice Department can prove that Billy was trying to conceal something when he made the false statements, he could be sent to prison for up to five years and fined $10,000. At week's end, however, the department was not planning to take any action against Billy because of problems of proving his intent. Said an official: "Billy is a mass of contradictions."

To confuse matters more, Robert Vesco, the famed fugitive financier now basking in the Bahamas out of the reach of U.S. law, seemed to tell Senators Dennis DeConcini and Orrin Hatch that he had got Billy involved with the Libyans. The Senators were questioning Vesco last week as part of a Senate Judiciary Committee study of pending Justice Department cases. Because Vesco has a reputation as a con man, his charges aroused skepticism—and, indeed, Vesco later seemed to back off. But Hatch and DeConcini are planning to dig deeper.

Sorting out the contradictions and discrepancies and determining just what is credible in the Billy Carter affair is the task of several investigations. The House Foreign Affairs and Judiciary committees have been studying documents and will decide this month whether to launch an inquiry.

In the Senate, seven Judiciary Committee members are

Jimmy's cable jottings



being joined by Democrat Claiborne Pell and Republican Richard Lugar of the Foreign Relations Committee to make up the special subcommittee that will conduct the main study of the controversy. The panel last week set a working timetable for its hearings and dispatched messengers bearing official requests for information to the President, the Secretaries of State, Energy and Commerce, the Attorney General, and the directors of the CIA, FBI and the National Security Agency. The committee is requesting an avalanche of material: tape recordings, diaries, logs and records of telephone calls and personal conversations, appointment calendars, newspaper articles and letters.

The two star witnesses are certain to be the Carter brothers. Said Subcommittee Chairman Bayh: "In the final analysis, the President is the one out there who can do more to lay this issue to rest than anybody." The Senators will not have time to prepare for questioning key witnesses—including the Carters—until after the Democratic Convention.

The committee will investigate Libya's relations with the U.S.; the Foreign Agents Registration Act in general; how the Justice Department applied that act to Billy Carter; Billy's involvement with Libya; and the White House role in matters concerning Billy, Libya and the registration act.

Meanwhile, prompted by Billy's new inconsistencies, the Justice Department stepped up its own investigation. Lisker noted that all the major facts were now out in the open regarding the department's investigation of Billy's delay in registering as a Libyan agent. But Lisker warned that "there are other matters, unrelated to Billy's registration statement, but involving some of the same people," that are going to be probed. One area of investigation could be the contacts the department had with the White House over Billy and Libya. Another could be a search to find out if a Government official tipped off Billy that Justice was about to move on his case.

Despite denials by Billy Carter, it is still uncertain whether or not he attempted to intervene on Libya's behalf to press his brother's Administration to lift the ban on the delivery of eight C-130 Hercules military transport aircraft. It is also unclear whether Billy discussed with an arms merchant a possible machine gun deal for Libya. One Justice Department document cites Billy admitting that he was so involved; another has him denying it.

Billy last week insisted that all he offered the Libyans was friendship. Said he at a hastily called news conference in Plains, Ga.: "They were unpopular with everyone but me . . . I was the only friend they had in the U.S." On that assertion at least, no one has challenged Billy Carter. —*By Burton Pines. Reported by Eileen Shields and Evan Thomas/Washington*

Alliance of Convenience

Kennedy and Anderson hold a surprise get-together

Their words may not have told the whole story, but their looks gave them away: John Anderson tight-lipped and near defiant, Edward Kennedy relaxed and bemused. While 200 reporters and spectators crowded around them last week in the Dirksen Senate Office Building, the pair of presidential hopefuls gave a new twist to the race by singing each other's praises. Said Anderson of Kennedy: "I think he is one of the distinguished leaders of the Democratic Party." Said Kennedy of Anderson: "I admire the efforts he has made and continues to make to reach a responsible solution to the concerns of millions of Americans."

Neither one went so far as to say he would support the other's presidential bid, but then neither ruled it out. Each certainly took a step beyond previous positions. Stressing that he did indeed believe in the two-party system, Anderson said he was running against two candidates he considered unacceptable: Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter. Should Carter not get the nomination, Anderson said he might have to "consider what my position then would be." In other words, he might drop out if Kennedy or someone else were nominated. That gave a definite boost to the Massachusetts Senator, who can now argue that if he is nominated, Anderson would not draw votes from the Democratic ticket.

But then Anderson also benefited from the joint appearance. Kennedy promised that if nominated, he would include Anderson in a three-way debate and would instruct the Democratic National Committee to stop trying to keep the independent candidate off the ballot in various states. But Kennedy is highly unlikely to be nominated. In that case, his glowing praise of Anderson gives Kennedy's backers an alternative to Carter. If Anderson is to have any hope of making a good showing, he needs strong support from liberal Democrats.

The idea for the get-together came to Kennedy Strategist Robert Shrum and Anderson Adviser Lawrence Tribe when they met over breakfast in Cambridge, Mass., last week. They agreed that both campaigns needed some kind of jolt. Why not do it jointly? The candidates quickly endorsed the notion.

The next month is crucial for Anderson. He must demonstrate that he is a viable candidate or he will begin to fade as independents have in the past. The latest Associated Press–NBC News poll shows that he has slipped to 15% of the vote from 18% the week before the G.O.P. Convention. So far Anderson has met the filing requirements in 24 states, though he suffered his first setback when he was ruled off the ballot in North Carolina last week, a decision he plans to appeal.

Kennedy and Anderson exchanging encomiums at the Dirksen Senate Office Building

Aides decided that their campaigns needed a jolt, so why not do it jointly?

With direct mail bringing in $250,000 a week, Anderson is still not raising enough money for a strong race, but he plans to attend several fund raisers this month. He has also sued to overturn a decision of the Federal Election Commission to deny him federal subsidies because he is an independent rather than a third-party candidate.

Anderson's aides are still struggling over issues papers since the candidate soon must stake out a credible position different from those taken by Reagan and Carter, a delicate undertaking to be sure. But as last week's press conference demonstrated, the Anderson campaign is capable of inventive thinking. ■

Brushing sawdust from his eye, Reagan trims a tree at his Palisades home

Reagan Reveals His Income

Winning the presidency would cost him a bundle

Throughout his political career, Ronald Reagan refused "as a matter of principle" to reveal his tax returns, arguing that politicians are as deserving of privacy as ordinary citizens. But now that he is a candidate for President, says Aide Lyn Nofziger, "he kind of forfeits his right to privacy." Not to mention the fact that Reagan's secrecy about his private finances offered a tempting issue to his probable Democratic rival, Jimmy Carter, who regularly discloses his personal finances. Accordingly, Reagan last week released his 1979 federal income tax return.

It showed that the Republican nominee is outrunning Carter in the pocketbook as well as in the polls. While the President earned $275,136 and paid $64,944 in federal taxes last year, the G.O.P. candidate, who listed his occupation as "private business," reported a taxable income of $515,878 and federal taxes of $230,886. His net worth is estimated to be more than $3 million; Carter's was $893,304 in 1979.

Most of Reagan's income came from fees for speeches ($380,500), radio commentaries on 200 stations ($58,453) and biweekly newspaper columns, other articles and book royalties ($26,757), nearly all of which ended in mid-November when he formally became a candidate. Such fees totaled $465,710, from which he subtracted $166,733 in business expenses, including payments to his agents and ghostwriter. Reagan also received interest and dividends of $114,348 and gross profits of $234,500 from the sale of $953,975 worth of stock in eleven companies. Reagan's trustees sold the stock to invest in high-yield money-market instruments.

Altogether, Reagan filled 23 pages to report his income, including Schedule F for his 688-acre Rancho del Cielo retreat near Santa Barbara. He reported that the ranch, which he uses mostly for pleasure, earned $3,024 from the sale of 14 head of cattle and $3,350 from grazing land that is leased to a neighbor. Expenses totaled $15,479, including payments for a hired hand ($3,839), repairs on a Jeep ($2,363) and "horseshoeing" ($367). All told, Reagan showed a $9,105 loss on the ranch operations, which saved him roughly $4,500 in federal taxes. IRS rules require that ranches like Reagan's turn a profit in two out of every five years to qualify for tax write-offs. Rancho del Cielo has never made money in Reagan's six years of ownership, but Trustee William French Smith explains that the ranch meets an IRS exemption for "developing properties" because Reagan intends to make profits in the near future by converting more acreage into grazing land.

The tax return also gave a few glimpses into the candidate's private life. He listed only $12 in finance charges on credit cards, indicating that he is prompt in paying his bills. He spent almost as much on postage ($2,518) as he did on doctors and dentists ($2,611). He gave only $4,108 to charities in 1979, a fourth of Jimmy Carter's $15,438 in donations. One other entry confirmed that Reagan is a thorough money manager: Daughter Maureen paid him $481 in interest on a loan.

One box on the tax form was left unchecked. When Reagan and his wife Nancy signed their joint return in April 2, 1980, they both chose not to divert $1 apiece to the federal fund for financing presidential elections. Reagan had long been on the record as opposing such funding. But when he began running out of money after his surprise defeat in the Iowa caucuses, he had little choice but to accept federal funds. He received $7 million during the primaries, and two weeks ago got $29.4 million for the fall campaign. ■

Double Trouble

Illinois' attorney general is sentenced to jail

He was the most popular Republican in Illinois, winning re-election three times by more than 1 million votes. First elected attorney general in 1968, William J. Scott, now 53, established a solid record as a foe of industrial polluters and a defender of the consumer. In 1977 Scott accused General Motors of using Chevrolet engines in higher-priced Oldsmobiles; the giant auto company settled by agreeing to pay $34 million to customers. Last fall, after he decided to run for the G.O.P. nomination for the Senate seat being vacated by Democrat Adlai Stevenson, Scott had a 4-to-1 lead in the polls over his nearest G.O.P. rival.

Then Scott's world fell apart. In January the Federal Government took him to court for filing false income tax returns from 1972 through 1975. The Government charged that he had failed to report at least $52,000. The prosecution claimed that Scott had led a "secret life" in those years, drawing thousands of dollars from campaign contributions stashed in safe-deposit boxes to finance personal trips around the world. In March, while the trial was in its tenth week, Scott lost the primary election to Lieutenant Governor Dave O'Neal by 71,363 votes. The next day, the jury found Scott guilty of filing a false return for 1972. His motion for a new trial was turned down in late June.

In court last week, Judge John Powers Crowley told Scott that he had long admired Scott's record as attorney general but that Scott had not lived up to his "high responsibilities." The judge sentenced the attorney general to a year and a day in prison. Scott maintains his innocence and plans to appeal his conviction. But it will be as a private citizen. Less than two hours after the sentencing, Illinois Governor James Thompson appointed Chicago Lawyer Tyrone Fahner to replace Scott as the state's top law-enforcement officer. ■

Scott outside the courthouse in Chicago

A "secret life" and trips around the world.

All you need to get $75,000 travel accident insurance automatically.

Pass the lines at the insurance counter, skip filling out forms, just go to the gate. You're already protected. Every time you put your tickets (plane, train or ship tickets) on the Card you are automatically covered with $75,000 in Travel Accident Insurance. One ticket or a family's worth, they're all covered. The cost is included in your Cardmembership fee.* Charge your tickets in advance and you're covered on your way to and from the airport in a taxi, bus or airport limo. One more reason to carry the American Express® Card. Don't leave home without it.®

*Underwritten by Fireman's Fund American Life Insurance Company

It's crystal-clear.
It's a bit more expensive, but for a crisp Gin & Tonic,
the world comes to Gordon's.

Read this ad to a blind friend.

Help your friend receive a free lifetime subscription to our magazine: *Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind.*

Published ten times annually through our endowment, it offers the same variety of information and entertainment that's available to sighted persons. Except that we publish in braille and on recorded discs playable only on an 8 rpm Library of Congress Talking Book record player.

Each issue is filled with everything from humorous essays to reprinted articles from national magazines—plus information and news of particular interest to blind persons.

So tell your friend about the Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind. And if your friend is interested, have him or her write us for an application blank. We'll do the rest. And ten times a year, your friend will receive our entertaining and stimulating magazine.

Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind

20 West 17th Street
New York, New York 10011

Rubin Relents

Now he promotes capitalism

"Money and financial interest will capture the passion of the '80s." So predicts Jerry Rubin, the counterculture clown of the '60s ("Never trust anyone over 30"). *Autres temps, autres moeurs.* Thirteen years ago, in protest against American capitalism, Rubin threw dollar bills from the visitors' gallery of the New York Stock Exchange, causing an unseemly, trade-halting scramble on the floor below. As a leader of the Yippies, he mocked the U.S. political system in 1968 by trying to run a pig for President. As one of the Chicago Seven defendants, he was convicted of inciting the riots at the 1968 Democratic Convention: the conviction was overturned on appeal. In the '70s he ran the gauntlet of self-help exercises: Esalen to est, yoga to bioenergetics. Admits Rubin: "I'm very good at predicting trends."

Now, Rubin says, "I know that I can be more effective today wearing a suit and

The Yippie in 1968; the Wall Streeter today

"Let's make millions together!"

tie." And so, as he proclaimed last week on the Op-Ed page of the New York *Times*, "Welcome, Wall Street, here I come! Let's make millions of dollars together."

Still touchingly enthusiastic and naive at 42, Rubin is a $36,000-a-year securities analyst at John Muir & Co. He says that his task is investigating "companies of the future," such as solar-power firms, and "finding the financing for the socially aware risk takers who will become tomorrow's titans." But his boss, Research Director Ray Dirks, expects Rubin to provide the company with something else. Says Dirks: "A lot of people who were around in the '60s have matured, and some of them want to invest. We can use somebody like him."

Today Rubin talks a line that would cheer his generation's fathers. Confides he: "Money is power. Information is power. One of the reasons that the rich become richer and the poor poorer in America is that the wealthy can afford the financial information supplied by lawyers and accountants."

Expressing his conversion in words that would have been heartily applauded by delegates to the Republican National Convention in Detroit, he declares: "The challenge for American capitalism in the '80s is to bring back the entrepreneurial spirit. America needs a revitalization of the small-business spirit. Individual entrepreneurship can create the new work ethic that is so desperately needed. Let's make capitalism work for everybody." *Autres temps . . .* ■

Americana

Top Unsecret

Sometimes the Pentagon's censors are too clever by half. Or by whole. Take this excerpt from the transcript of closed-door testimony on the 1981 defense budget that was released after sensitive information had been snipped out by the Defense Department: "On Jan. 14, there were 110 F-14s at Miramar [a naval air station near San Diego]. Of these aircraft, a total of [deleted] F-14s, or 47%, were classified as mission capable. The remaining [deleted] F-14s, or 53%, were grounded for parts and maintenance."

Said Democratic Representative Les Aspin of Wisconsin, a longtime foe of military mismanagement: "A fifth-grader could fill in the blanks on that one.* If the Pentagon assumes that the KGB cannot, I guess the entire Western world can breathe a little easier."

*For fourth-graders: 52 could fly, and 58 could not.

See You in Court, Dear

When Shirley Brown, 53, slipped on her icy sidewalk in 1978, breaking two pelvic bones, she did not just get angry with her husband William, 58, she sued him in Massachusetts superior court for $35,000. She claimed that he was "careless and negligent in his maintenance of the sidewalks" in front of their house in Wakefield, a suburb of Boston. His lawyer, who was also representing Brown's insurance company, argued that under the state Equal Rights Amendment, it was just as much her responsibility as his to clear the sidewalks. The lawyer added that Mrs. Brown's injuries arose in connection with the "very purpose of the marital relationship, the founding and maintenance of the family home." The court dismissed her suit, citing the ancient legal principle of "interspousal immunity," which bars husbands and wives from suing each other.

But Shirley Brown appealed to the state's supreme judicial court, which last week held that it is high time to change "the antediluvian assumptions concerning the role and status of women in marriage." Shirley now is free to press her suit for monetary damages, and fully intends to do so. If she wins, the courts then may have to sort out who must pay—her husband or his insurance company.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, having opened a legal Pandora's box, continue to live together with the two youngest of their five children. Says Mrs. Brown of her spouse-defendant: "We get along."

Robbery by Reptile

It was no dream. Antonio Zavala, abruptly awakened in his Chicago apartment, was really seeing the head of a boa constrictor pointed menacingly toward his face. The rest of the snake, all 6 ft. of it, was being held by a teen-age acquaintance of Zavala's who hissed, "Give me your money." Zavala prudently handed over $6. The intruder, wreathed in the coils of his accomplice, fled.

The police were intrigued by the thief's *modus operandi*. Said Sergeant Arthur Nielsen: "This is only the second armed animal robbery case I've seen in 21 years. We once caught a guy who was using a big German shepherd to scare money out of his victims." The snake, which police found sleeping under a nearby porch, was turned over to the Lincoln Park Zoo. The snake was thus freed, after a fashion; only its master must still face the scales of justice.

A Warsaw Pact Picnic

Eastern Europeans prevail in the Games, but Britannia makes waves

When the 22nd Olympiad closed Sunday, much of the world sighed with relief. The host Soviets had been afraid everything would go wrong. The boycotting Americans had feared everything would go right. And the rest of the free world fretted about whether they should have participated or stayed at home. The oldtime innocence was gone; politics had once again impinged on sport.

The absence of so many world-class athletes made for a pleasing unpredictability in Moscow. A judo competitor from the tiny Republic of San Marino (pop. 20,000) admitted: "It isn't the same without the Japanese. Even I have a chance here now." At the same time, the Games produced three dozen world records, the same number as in 1976, and some moments of high drama.

The highest came in the long-awaited confrontations between Britain's middle-distance marvels, Sebastian Coe, 23, and Steve Ovett, 24. When they first squared off in the 800 meters at the end of the opening week, Coe let his countryman build an insurmountable lead, then misjudged his kick. Said he: "I blew it in the backstretch." He was determined not to make the same mistake in last Friday's 1,500. The first two laps were leisurely, with Coe and Ovett a few yards off the lead in third and fourth places. Then East Germany's Jurgen Straub, 26, spurted in front, and the quarter-mile pace quickened from 63 sec. to 55, just the way Coe likes it. He hit the accelerator in the backstretch and roared past Straub into the lead. Ovett gave chase but could not even catch the East German. Coe's winning time was a slow 3:38.4, more than six seconds behind the world record he shares with Ovett. "I did it the way I planned," said Coe. "Once I got into the rhythm of it, I felt I could do it."

After crossing the finish line, Coe knelt and covered his face. Then, quite against Olympic rules, he took a victory lap. His rival gave him a hug at the end, and Coe was like a child, bouncing on his toes and grinning. During the awards ceremonies, the British fans ignored the Olympic hymn that was being played. Instead, they belted out a chorus of *God Save the Queen*, with *Rule Britannia* as an encore.

Britannia did not exactly rule the Olympics, but she did score impressively in important track events. In addition to the gold earned by Coe and Ovett, Britain's Allan Wells won the 100-meter dash and Daley Thompson took the decathlon. With 36 nations heeding President Carter's call for a boycott over the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, there was little else for the West to cheer about. Pietro Mennea, a flamboyant Italian, finished first in the 200-meter run, and Ethiopian Miruts Yifter, listed as 35 but rumored to be in his 40s, captured the 5,000 and 10,000.

Otherwise the XXII Olympiad was a picnic for Warsaw Pact countries. The Soviets alone won some 30% of the total medals and 40% of the golds; the East Germans took about 20% of each. East-bloc nations piled up more than three quarters of the medals awarded. But many of the medals were tarnished by the absence of leading Western competitors.

Most of the visitors were from Eastern Europe as well. Of the 300,000 tourists originally expected by Moscow, only about 150,000 eventually showed up, and of these only a smattering were Westerners—8,000 Finns, 7,000 West Germans, 1,500 Americans and a few hundred Britons.

THE MEDAL RACE

Country	Number of medals won			
	Gold	Silver	Bronze	Total
U.S.S.R.	80	69	47	196
E. Germany	47	36	43	126
Bulgaria	8	16	16	40
Hungary	7	10	15	32
Poland	2	14	14	30
Rumania	6	6	13	25
Britain	5	7	9	21
Cuba	8	7	5	20
Italy	8	3	4	15
France	6	5	3	14

Excludes one final equestrian event

The cancellations proved a boon for ordinary Soviets, who got the unused tickets. They were as boisterous as old Brooklyn Dodger fans, though relying on ear-splitting whistles instead of clanging cowbells. Countrymen were cheered lustily, as long as they were winning, and foreign rivals were jeered, with gusto. The racket was deafening for visiting pole vaulters, who are accustomed to the polite silence accorded a golfer bending over his putt. Wladislaw Kozakiewicz of Poland finally shut up the unruly crowds with a world record (18 ft. 11½ in.), then defiantly shook his arm at them. Said he: "The public was very bad. It was like boxing."

Charges that the host country was cheating marred the second week of competition. After a Soviet won the triple jump, Australian Ian Campbell, 23, a senior at Washington State University, complained bitterly that the home judges had robbed him of a jump that would have been good enough for the gold. "They said I fouled by dragging my right foot at the end of the step," he recounted. "When I demanded an English interpreter and appealed for the track referee, the judge just shrugged and had the area raked. I am sick over it!" All told, Campbell and Brazilian Joao de Oliveira, 26, the Soviets' other main challenger, were called for fouls on nine of their twelve jumps.

The Soviets evidently tried to flimflam the pole vault as well, though to little avail. According to Western vaulters, Soviet judges improperly raised their flags to help countrymen gauge the wind. Adriaan Paulen, president of the International Amateur Athletic Federation (IAAF) detected some hanky-panky in this one, not by the officials but by a Soviet

Wladyslaw Kozakiewicz of Poland catapults to a new pole vault record, silencing the mostly Soviet crowd

vaulter, who was evicted for giving hand signals to a teammate. Groused Swedish Vaulter Miro Zalar, 23: "Everybody knows they are cheating."

The disputes might have been headed off had the IAAF followed usual protocol and posted red-jacketed representatives at each field event. But the Soviets asserted that their judges would be intimidated, and they persuaded Paulen to keep IAAF supervisors in the stands. At midweek, as the chorus of protests rose, Paulen was forced to reverse himself and sent his men back on the field "to protect the judges from ugly rumors." Said he: "We are still very happy with the quality of the judging."

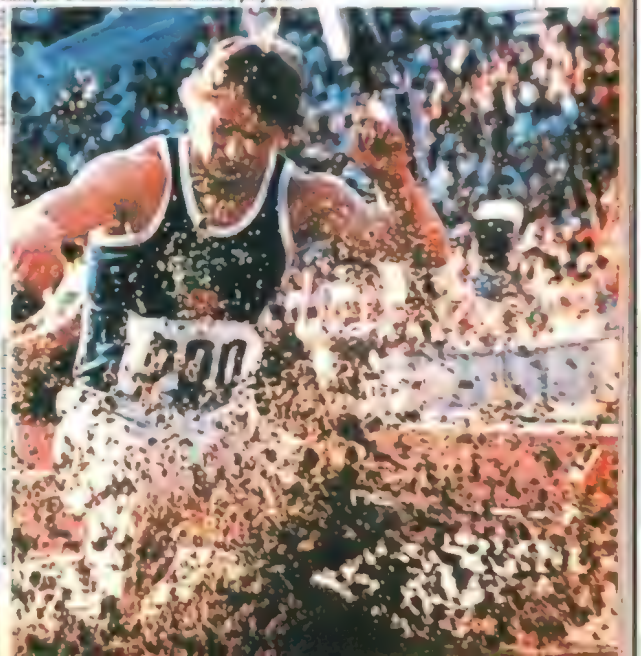
The athletes also raised a little hell back at the Olympic Village, where Orwellian security measures were putting everyone on edge. Frustrations finally boiled over one night at the village discothèque, where several dozen Western athletes protested the customary 11 o'clock closing. As disco infernos go, it

was pretty mild stuff: some boozy scuffling with Soviet police, a lot of hollering, a small-scale food fight. But Soviet officialdom took it very seriously, as a headline from TASS, the state news agency, made clear: THEY SHOULD BE THROWN BEHIND BARS.

The next night, the doors leading from the disco to the bar were locked tight; thirsty dancers had to go downstairs, outside, upstairs again and then past six security guards. When a dozen Australians were turned away without explanation, one of them delivered a line that seemed to capture the Games perfectly: "I think we've got another case of the *nyets*, mates."

The 10,000 meters was an intricately plotted race starring two of the world's best-known distance runners: Yifter, who missed the 1976 Games because of the African boycott, and Lasse Viren, 31, of Finland, winner of both the 5,000 and 10,000 in 1972 and 1976. Yifter, as it turned out, had a better supporting cast.

Thompson (above) with decathlon gold; Yifter (below left) wins the 10,000; Long Jumper Dombrowski strikes pay dirt



Sara Simeoni of Italy soars to an Olympic record in the high jump

East German Steffen Grummt after finishing eighth in the decathlon

The bantam-size African (5 ft. 4 in., 117 lbs.) and two teammates ran in alternating spurts to weary the bearded Finn. Said Viren: "The Ethiopians broke the pace, continuously changing the lead, stopping and then pushing harder again to crack our nerves." By the final backstretch, Viren was spent. His rival, known as "Yifter the Shifter" for his overdrive kicks, sprinted home. Yifter's time was 20 sec. slower than the world record, but this was of no consequence to the jubilant Ethiopians, who danced and sang in the stands afterward. "We are running for medals," exulted Yifter.

The Ethiopian rabbits made more mischief in the 5,000, taking runs at anyone with the temerity to challenge their flagship. The most elegant Alphonse and Gaston routine took place on the final backstretch when Ethiopian Mohammad Kedir, then second behind Kaarlo Maaninka of Finland, swerved to the outside so that the Shifter could rocket through for his second gold. Poor Kedir got tangled up with the pack, lost a shoe and finished dead last.

In the marathon, Waldemar Cierpinski, 29, of East Germany became the first runner to repeat as champion since Abebe Bikila of Ethiopia accomplished the feat in 1960 and 1964. In the 3,000-meter steeplechase, Bronislaw Malinowski, 29, of Poland finally finished on top after coming in fourth at Munich, second at Montreal. Filbert Bayi, 27, a Tanzanian miler running only the sixth steeplechase of his career, appeared to have the race in hand, leading by as much as 50 meters. But Malinowski mounted a stirring comeback and overtook Bayi with about 150 meters remaining. His time was 8:09.7, the fastest in the world this year and only 4.3 sec. behind Kenyan Henry Rono's alltime best. "I have been waiting for this gold medal for 13 years," declared Malinowski. "Now my only goal is to establish a world record."

The 400 meters was won by Soviet Victor Markin, 23, in 44.60, the fastest time recorded in the event in two years. Finishing a game but distant fourth was Alberto Juantorena, 29, called *El Caballo* (the Horse) in 1976 when he breezed to victories in the 400 and 800. This time, the Cuban was off his form, still suffering the effects of Achilles' tendon surgery last fall. He was a scratch in the 800.

Mennea, 28, became the first Italian runner to win a gold medal in track

New Champ Rakhmanov lifts

"You Will See Me Again . . ."

Who is the strongest man in the world? For more than a decade there has been no doubt: Soviet Weight Lifter Vasily Alexeyev, who has won two Olympic titles, set 80 world records and become familiar to millions of Americans each week in the opening seconds of ABC's *Wide World of Sports*. But Alexeyev, now a relatively ancient 38, is a lion in winter, plagued by injuries, disagreements with Soviet coaches and challenges from younger men. In one of the week's more dramatic moments, Alexeyev tried for his third Olympic title, and what would have been a startling comeback. With his permission, TIME Associate Editor B.J. Phillips became the first journalist ever allowed into the warmup room during Olympic weight-lifting competition. Her report:

When the huge, almost grotesquely muscular men file into the room behind the stage of Olympiisky Stadium, they cannot help but steal a glance at the closed curtains of cubicle No. 17. There, in the corner of the vast hall, Alexeyev rests, stretched out on a bed, all 6 ft. 3 in. and 328 lbs. of him. Sultan Rakh-

Old Champ Alexeyev sags

and field since 1960 when he finished first in the 200-meter dash. Disgusted by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, he agonized for months over whether to go to Moscow—and continued to agonize once he arrived. Said he: "The pressure of being the favorite with no Americans here, and the bitterness of the boycott ... cracked my nerves." On the track he had to worry about Wells, 28, a Scotsman. "I knew from the semifinals of the 100 that he was two meters faster at 100, so I must catch him gradually," said Mennea. That he did, in the relatively slow time of 20.19, nearly half a second off his own world record.

A three-way battle for the gold in the high jump pushed an East German to a new world record. Gerd Wessing, 21, cleared 7 ft. 8¾ in. on his second attempt, breaking the old mark by a quarter inch. Another East German, Lutz Dombrowski, 21, became only the second man ever to exceed 28 ft. in the long jump, but his 28 ft. ¼ in. fell more than a foot short of the record set in 1968 by American Bob Beamon.

With the U.S. men at home, the basketball title figured to be a cinch for the Soviet team, dubbed "the U.C.L.A. of the East." The Soviets had broken the U.S. hoop monopoly with a last-second goal in Munich and, though upset by Yugoslavia in Montreal (where the U.S recaptured the gold), were as imposing as oaks—and just as fast. The fleet-footed Italians, running and gunning like outlaws in a spaghetti western, left the hulking Soviets wounded, 87-85.

Britain's Coe finishes the 1500 ahead of Teammate Ovett (left) and East Germany's Straub

Next to out-finesse the Soviets were the Yugoslavs, who humbled them in overtime, 101-91. "The Russians can't handle the pressure," gloated Yugoslav Center Kresimir Cosic, 31, who starred at Brigham Young University in the early '70s. "They panic when it gets tough."

Coach Ranko Zeravica threw down the gauntlet after his Yugoslav deadeyes trounced Italy, 86-77, for the gold medal. Said he: "The question of who is best—the Yugoslavs or the U.S.—is being disputed, so we must meet and find out." But the U.S. Amateur Basketball Association said a showdown was not likely. Admitted Cosic: "We play better against the Russians. The Americans—they kill us."

The sleek Cuban boxing machine, Teofilo Stevenson, 29, won his third straight heavyweight boxing championship—although for the first time in his Olympic career, two opponents actually lasted the full three rounds. In the finals Pyotr Zayev, a stocky (5 ft. 10 in., 191 lbs.) Soviet, even had the audacity to hit the towering (6 ft. 4 in., 220 lbs.) Stevenson a few times before the inevitable loss.

As the second week of competition began, some 380 U.S. Olympians traveled to Washington to enjoy a five-day, $950,000 tribute sponsored by the U.S. Olympic Committee. Some of the athletes had contemplated staying away to protest the boycott, but in the end more than 90% of those who were free showed up. Dressed in their best cowboy outfits (the official

manov, 30. Alexeyev's former protégé and now his chief Soviet rival, works the room, shaking hands and greeting competitors, flashing a smile of angelic sweetness incongruous on his large frame (6 ft. 1 in., 365 lbs.). He is wearing a faded T shirt and an old pair of black pants that are split up the sides. Weight lifters win no medals for men's haberdashery.

Suddenly, Alexeyev emerges and starts to warm up. Though no one wants to stare, all but Rakhmanov look over their shoulders. The young prince was psyched out by Alexeyev the last time they met, and he will have none of Alexeyev's flattering words this time. But Alexeyev is in no position to trouble other opponents; he has problems of his own. He has lost some of the flexibility of the spine required in the snatch, in which a man must bend deep and sweep the bar overhead in a single, flowing motion. He also seems slower today, getting under the bar late and, sometimes, not getting there at all. He starts to sweat profusely as he warms up, a bad sign that does not go unnoticed. He looks fine trying the clean and jerk, in which a lifter brings the bar chest-high, then heaves it overhead

While Alexeyev struggles with the snatch, Rakhmanov comes out and starts to warm up. Briskly, efficiently, he snatches one weight, orders it increased, then hoists again with equal ease. Still young enough to curl his back and lift with supple grace, he has clearly surpassed Alexeyev. The room reverberates with the boom and clang of weights being banged back to earth. Rakhmanov takes no notice.

Then there is silence. Alexeyev has been called for the first of his three tries at the snatch. As discreetly as they can, the other lifters, coaches and officials scurry to the corner of the warm-up room, where a television set will show them the action out front. The silence is relieved only by the rasping puffs of lifters catching their breaths as they watch the TV monitor. Suddenly, something in the room drops with an ear-shattering crash. Heads jerk around. Rakhmanov alone is still warming up, oblivious to the fate of his teammate.

Alexeyev tries to snatch the barbell weighing 396¾ lbs. He hurls it up, but cannot get beneath the bar to hold it for the required one second. Down it comes with a bang. The crowd around the television drifts away. Rakhmanov's coach signals to him: "No lift." Alexeyev comes in, smiling, takes two minutes of rest and then tries again. Up and down once more. This time there is no smile when he returns. He goes to his corner, gulps a demitasse of strong black coffee, and heads out for the last time. Again he fails—he is eliminated from the competition. The Soviet crowd loudly, derisively whistles him off.

He retreats to his cubicle. The competition goes on. Rakhmanov wins easily, making each of his lifts on the first try. When this night is over, it is he who will be the biggest of the big men. But the old king is not sulking. The fearsome visage is gentled by a quick and easy smile. "I have been in training for only two months, and I believe I overtrained during this short period," he explains. Had he started with too great a weight, should he not have begun lower and worked his way up? His answer is almost imperious: "I was not interested in the lower weights. They would not have been enough for the gold medal, only silver or bronze." But this is not the end, Alexeyev insists: "I am an old and a very strong horse. You will see me again."

U.S. Olympic uniform: denim pants and skirts, plaid shirts, rawhide boots and white western hats), the athletes received gold-plated congressional medals on the west terrace of the Capitol. There, President Carter told them: "It is no exaggeration to say that you have done more to uphold the Olympic ideal than any other group of athletes in our history."

The President's speech was received as coolly as his boycott. But none of the athletes disrupted the proceedings with demonstrations, as rumor suggested they might. Almost to a person, they seemed genuinely touched by the Olympic Committee's efforts to recognize them—and to lift their spirits. Renaldo Nehemiah, 21, the splendid sprinter from Scotch Plains, N.J., spoke for most everyone when he said: "With the people's appreciation, it's not a total loss for us."

Some top U.S. competitors missed the show: 900 swimmers were in Irvine, Calif., participating in their own Olympics, the U.S. National Championships. They were racing against each other but even more against the clock, which flashed their own times alongside those of the previous week's winners in Moscow. Said Mike Bruner, 24, the 1976 gold medalist in the 200-meter butterfly: "It will make me happy if our swimmers blow away the Olympic times, especially the Russians."

Frequently they did. Moscow marks were bettered in eight of the first 17 Olympic-distance events. Mary T. Meagher, 15, of Louisville, and Craig Beardsley, 19, of Harrington Park, N.J., set world records in the women's and men's 200-meter butterfly. In the men's 200 butterfly, the three top finishers all came in faster than Soviet Sergei Fesenko did in winning the gold medal. In both the 200 backstroke and 100 breaststroke, two Americans finished under the Moscow times. The performances were remarkable considering that many of the swimmers eased up on their training when the boycott was announced. Jesse Vassallo, 18, of Mission Viejo, Calif., quit altogether for six weeks but managed to outclock his Moscow counterpart in the 400 individual medley.

Even before the 1980 Olympics ended, the 1984 Games were causing controversy. Under strong U.S. pressure, the International Olympic Committee last week finally abandoned its plan to raise the American flag and play *The Star-Spangled Banner* at Sunday's closing ceremony. Instead the flag of the 1984 host city, Los Angeles, was substituted.

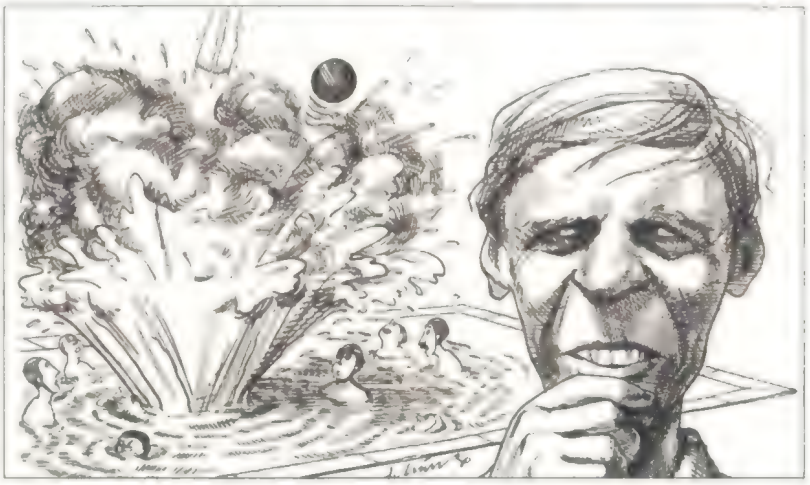
That flap was inconsequential to the U.S. athletes. What mattered to them was that another Olympics is coming and that so far no one is planning to boycott. For some competitors the loss of the 1980 Games is irreversible; they will retire to pursue other interests. But many of the champs are already California dreamin'. —*By Stephen Smith. Reported by Bruce Nolan and B.J. Phillips/Moscow*

A Frisbee over Moscow

"You think a lot about trajectories over here"

An author, a sportsman and TIME's *tourist-about-Moscow gives his own Olympian view of the XXII Games and offers his reflections on life and language, soldiery and circus acts in the Soviet capital.*

The language barrier is what confounds the average tourist in Moscow. One is reduced to the most basic sounds and gestures to get around the city. Curious pidgin words, rather the way the Sioux talk in old western films, are produced—to no effect whatsoever. My first attempt at a conversation in Russian —just to say that I had tried—was with an elderly fisherman staring morosely at the tiny float of his line in the murk of the Moscow River. I rehearsed behind him, peering into my pocket dictionary, and when I thought I had the word right, I put on a bright smile and, leaning against the stone balustrade, I asked in an offhand way, *"Bolshoye?"* This is the word for big, and was a question in reference to the size of the fish he hoped to extract from the river. He turned very slowly and looked at me from under a crumpled hat as if I were daft. I backed up behind him and riffled the pages of the dictionary for small, just to keep things going, but he had turned back to his line, staring down at the float with such determination that I gave up and hurried down the quay.



It was a universal problem. One of the tourists came back from a water-polo match to report that the public-address system in its English version (Russian, French, and English are the official languages of the Games) would announce that such and such a player penalized with a time expulsion was being "exploded." "Vanderfleet of Australia has been exploded," a sepulchral voice would announce to the spectators.

Given such problems in communication, the visitors kept very much to the Intourist regimen when they first arrived —traveling to and from the Games or the city sights in the big-windowed Ikarus buses from Hungary that have a steel bar at the back with empty coat hangers swaying when the bus is in motion. The circus was a big favorite. The first act features the famous Filatov bears and the second, a troupe of huge and somewhat soporific seals who perform in a large water tank with a stage, like an island, in the center. On the night I was there, one seal could not be persuaded to do anything at all. He swam around dreamily, often floating past the frantic ringmaster, his flippers folded across his stomach. The bears in their orange-and-blue sunsuits were much friskier—trained this year to imitate the Olympic athletes in various events. One bear kicked a goal and jumped around the ring in joy to have done it. Another, perhaps the most beguiling of them, stood on a Junglegym-like structure and endlessly got himself set for some wild gymnastic maneuver. His long feet shifted and trembled on the bar as he strained to find the will to launch himself—procrastinating for such an interminable, uproarious length of time that one wondered if he had been *trained* to teeter up there.

Apart from the theaters and the circus, the tourists could not find much to say about night life in the capital. The restaurants close at 11 p.m. The hotels offer a tour entitled "Moscow after Dark," which suggests the Muscovite equivalent of Paris' Crazy Horse Saloon or perhaps Uzbeks leaping to the ceiling in a gloomy

Benson & Hedges Lights

Only 11 mg tar

"B&H, I like your style."

BENSON & HEDGES Menthol 100's

LIGHTS

BENSON & HEDGES 100's

B&H 100's LIGHTS

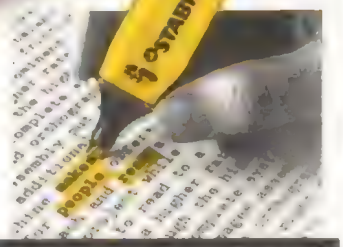
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Make your point with STABILO BOSS

STABILO BOSS. The world's largest selling highlighter, with the unique flat shape and black twist-click cap. Designed especially for executives, doctors, lawyers and educators. Anyone who can afford the best.

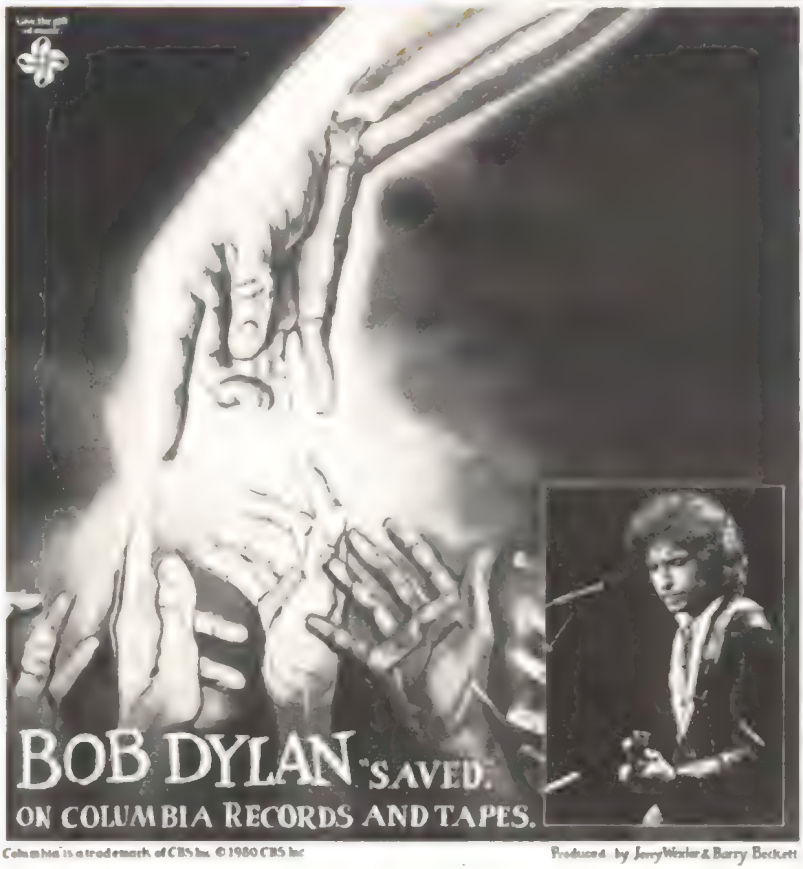
STABILO BOSS, with the durable wedge-shape tip and its easy ink flow, lasts up to three times longer than ordinary markers. Available in six vibrant colors: yellow, red, pink, orange, green and blue.

Call toll-free 1-800-221-8134 for dealer nearest you.



Schwan-STABILO

Swan Pencil Company
221 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10003



Columbia is a trademark of CBS Inc. © 1980 CBS Inc

Produced by Jerry Wexler & Barry Beckett

Shutan—savings plus service—since 1918!

Family owned and operated for 3 generations. We take pride in our personal service and competitive prices. For fast delivery use our toll free order phone

YOU OWN A

Canon Konica
Minolta PENTAX
OLYMPUS Nikon

35mm SLR

Quantaray has the lens to add . . .

to YOUR PICTURES!

28mm f:2.8	$ 79.95
135mm f:2.8 compact	84.95
200mm f:3.3	89.95
28-80mm f:3.5 macro	249.95
80-205mm f:4.5 one-touch	149.95
80-205mm f:4.5 macro	159.95
85-210 f:3.8 macro	179.95
85-300mm f:5.0 macro	239.95
100-200mm f:5.6 one-touch	99.95
500 f:8 mirror w/case	218.95
Lens cases, hard	9.95

Specify camera when ordering

Quantaray
Automatic Lenses Made For YOUR Camera!

To order only, phone toll-free
800-621-2248

Prices subject to change without notice. Minimum order $15.00. Add $2.00 minimum shipping charge. Prices and terms are quoted and subject to change without notice or obligation.

SHUTAN
camera company

153 WEST WACKER DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60601

SUNTORY
IMPORTED
BANZAI!
樹氷
SUNTORY
BANZAI
VODKA
100 PROOF
750 ML
(25.4 FL OZ)
Distilled from Grain
Produced and Bottled by Suntory Limited
Osaka & Tokyo, Japan
One sip of Banzai Imported Vodka and you'll understand what all the commotion is about.
Banzai starts with some of the purest waters on earth, and is distilled from only the finest ingredients available.
As Banzai is a premium quality import, its character can best be realized by keeping the bottle in the freezer.
Then serve Banzai neat. Or on ice with a twist.
Try that on your friends. And enjoy the uproar.
THE VODKA PEOPLE ARE SHOUTING FOR.

At Club Med you can swim, sail, or just soak up the sun.

The reason you take a vacation is to relax. To get away from the noise and nuisances that fill everyday life. But at Club Med, we know that not everyone likes to relax the same way. For some it means exploring the ocean bottom in scuba gear or learning to make pottery. For others, it may mean just lying in the sun. The whole day long. That's why Club Med offers something for everyone.

At Club Med you're free to play volleyball in the sun, wind-surf, sail, enjoy a lively game of tennis or join in the many other sports available to every Club Med vacationer. And the beauty of it is that almost any activity you choose is free, including any lessons you'd like to take from our very qualified instructors.

Then again, if your idea of relaxation is a long walk along a powdery sand beach or doing nothing more than sleeping in the sun, well, there's nothing to stop you from doing that either. And you can relax even if you bring the kids. Some Club Med resorts even offer a carefully supervised Mini Club* for children aged 4 and up, so you can really be free to make it *your* vacation.

One social activity that's designed to please everyone is the lavish food. Club Med serves up at every meal (with free wine at lunch and dinner). And if you don't believe that the day's over just because the sun goes down, every Club Med features free live entertainment and dancing every night of the week.

This year, take a vacation that'll really let you relax, no matter what your idea of relaxation might be. It all starts when you take off on a Club Med vacation. For more information contact your Travel Agent or clip out this coupon. And then just sit back and relax.

Club Med

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

*For complete information [illegible]

candlelit cavern. But the trip turned out, in fact, to be the same as the "Morning Tour." In both cases, the Intourist guide begins: "Moscow is the largest city in the U.S.S.R."

Whatever preconceptions the American tourist had about Moscow began to disappear almost on arrival. I had been told there was no place in Moscow to sit. I was also told that the prostitutes chalk their prices on the soles of their shoes, so they could rub off the evidence by scuffling along if the police turned up. "Ten rubles and up," my seat-mate on the plane had informed me. "They sit in the parks and lift their shoes to you as you pass."

"Unlikely," I said. "There's no place to sit in Moscow." Neither rumor checked out. There seemed to be enough benches to seat the entire population on a summer day, and none of them contained anyone flashing the soles of her shoes at me. It was hard to imagine a streetwalker in such a policed society.

That was what no visitor to the Games could get used to—what the Soviets call *poryadok*, the discipline of law-and-order. No graffiti. The hiss of the spray gun is not heard in the land. And the military! During the Games, it was almost as if a vast box of soldiery had been tipped up and its contents deposited over the city. Often one saw them in odd places—militiamen standing in a clump of shrubbery or on the side of a hill, as if wherever they had landed they were obliged to stand up and assume their duties. Around the athletic facilities, the constabulary and army were heavily concentrated. The first seats of the stands in Lenin Stadium were taken up with an unbroken oval of military personnel—the Soviets making sure that there would be no such shenanigans as Chrystie Jenner running out to embrace her husband after his decathlon win in Montreal, or the Finns getting onto the track with their flags to run with Lasse Viren, or especially the streaker who joined the closing ceremonies in Montreal.

A Wyoming rancher pointed out that, despite the massive press of uniformed personnel, he had noticed very few weapons. In fact, the only guns he had seen in Moscow were the rifles carried by the two soldiers goosestepping slowly to their posts at the door of Lenin's mausoleum.

The rancher went on to say that he had weapons on his mind because, at the edge of his Wyoming property, there were a number of silos with ICBMs in them. When he first arrived in the U.S.S.R. he thought kiddingly to himself: "Well, this is the place it's going to come from, the pre-emptives coming down on my ranch." After a while, he began thinking of the Moscow end of the trajectories. "I've had a great time here," he said. "In the stadium I look around, and it's a good, friendly crowd you could find anywhere. I guess you think a lot about trajectories if you have ICBMs next door. We're all at the end of trajectories."

Many tourists expected that the Games were going to be used as a Soviet showcase. In fact, the loudspeaker systems outside the stadiums, which could have been used for propaganda spiels, played pleasant medleys of international songs, the American representative being *Sunny* ("Thank you for that smile upon your face"). Thousands of flagpoles along the city boulevards and atop buildings bore the Olympic flag. In the stadiums themselves, the most persistent colors were those of the Finns, who waved their white-and-blue pennants, some on poles that telescoped up to 30 ft. or 40 ft., at the slightest indication of a Finn doing anything. To sit behind a Finnish contingent with one of their countrymen, say, lying sixth in the 1,500 meters, was to be given the impression, with the sailcloth whipping back against one's face, of wrestling with an errant spinnaker in a gale.

One morning, the magazine *Track and Field News* organized a race for American tourists on a 3½-mile course along the river. I wanted to try, carrying my small American flag on a stick, like a baton, so that during the slightest lull in conversations in years to come, I could say, "Ahem, during the Moscow Olympics in '80, I want you to know that . . . etc., etc." I did some jogging to prepare, getting up to run when the sun came through the lace curtains of my room in the Hotel Ukraine. Summer sunrise is very early in these latitudes, 3:30 a.m. or so, which is a fine and relaxed time to feel a city and watch the building fronts glow as the dawn brightens.

I missed the race—got the day wrong, or the time. I heard enough about it—that Intourist had taken a hand and got permission for the 40 contestants to run in a restricted area along the river at the foot of the Lenin Hills where Premier Kosygin, slowly followed by a black limousine, walks his dog. The runners were followed by an ambulance.

The only blatant instance of Soviet propagandizing was described to me by an English girl I met in Gorky Park. She told me that the Intourist guide on a tour bus from the Sevastopol Hotel where she was staying injected so much party rhetoric about American "hegemony," the CIA and so forth into her commentary that the passengers, swaying along sullen and uncomfortable, began shouting back at her from their seats. "She might have had the advantage of the microphone," the English girl said, her voice strong with the accents of West London, "but we had the numbers on her. People began shouting, 'Afghanistan! Get out of Afghanistan!' When the guide said the trouble was we didn't read anything about Russia, I found myself shouting at her, 'Solzhenitsyn!' I have read 16 pages of *One Day in the Life of* what's his name. It was boring, *boring*. But how many pages have you read?" The girl began laughing. Her voice was still hoarse from cheering on Britain's Allan Wells, the 100-meter champion, the day before. "We had such a goings-on in that bus that the driver got lost."

It was disappointing to miss a chance for a symbolic gesture of sorts. That night in my hotel room, I took a Frisbee—a red junior Olympics model I had packed in my suitcase—and reckoning if I had not raced, why not the discus? I got a big running start, my back to the corridor door, and I scaled the Frisbee out the eleventh-floor window. I watched it, splendidly discus-like, sail into the darkness, until it turned in a big arc and disappeared around the corner of the building. From below an "Aawk" drifted up, the sort of sound one might make if either clipped or startled by an object dropping out of the night sky. I backed away from the window and turned out the light, reminding myself how often symbolic gestures get one into trouble. I looked around for the Frisbee the next morning. It was gone. I wondered what had happened to it, where it was after that long flight from my window. The Wyoming rancher was right. You think a lot about trajectories over here.

—By George Plimpton

MIDDLE EAST

"Whom Did It Help?"

The Knesset concludes an exercise in pointless provocation

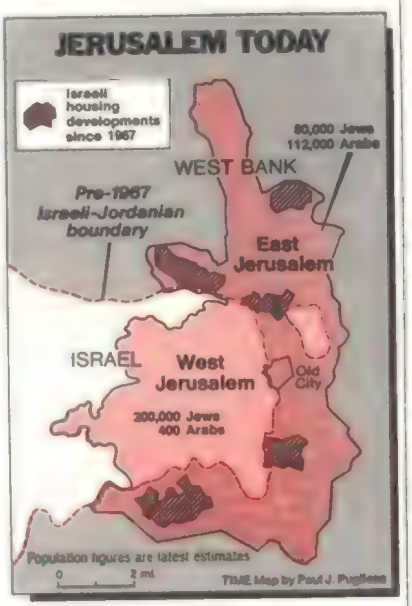
The Camp David peace process was subjected last week to the most severe punishment that it has endured since the whole effort began in November 1977 with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's famous trip to Jerusalem. The battering was no less troubling for the fact that it was largely gratuitous. First, at an "emergency session" in New York, the U.N. General Assembly voted overwhelmingly, as expected, for a resolution affirming the right of the Palestinian people to establish a sovereign state. The resolution also demanded that an Israeli withdrawal from the occupied West Bank, Gaza and East Jerusalem should begin within the next three months. The U.N. action served only to increase Israel's sense of isolation and beleaguerment.

A day later, the Israeli Knesset gave final approval to a provocative bill that affirmed the united city of Jerusalem as the country's capital. The gesture was symbolic, since the western portion of the city has served as Israel's capital for 30 years, and the Israelis have occupied the rest of the city since the Six-Day War of 1967. But the bill's effect, as with so many of the dubious actions that have attended the government of Prime Minister Menachem Begin, was to strengthen Israel's enemies and to confound its allies. Lamented Jerusalem Mayor Teddy Kollek, a disappointed opponent of the bill: "Whom did it help? I see what confusion it has created, even among our friends."

Egyptian President Anwar Sadat responded swiftly to the Knesset's bill on a unified Jerusalem. He denounced the vote as a violation of the spirit of Camp David and indefinitely suspended Egyptian-Israeli negotiations on Palestinian self-rule. Sadat also sent a secret message to Begin, presumably stipulating a number of conditions that Israel must agree to before the talks could be resumed. Meanwhile, Yasser Arafat, chairman of the executive committee of the Palestine Liberation Organization, called for a summit meeting of Arab heads of state to deal with the latest Israeli move.

In Washington, Secretary of State Edmund Muskie reacted sharply to both the U.N. resolution and the Knesset vote. The General Assembly's action, he told the House Foreign Affairs Committee, amounted to nothing less than mischief making, while the Jerusalem bill was "a diversionary tactic." Privately, Administration officials were even more concerned about the drift of events because the provocations and counterprovocations, which to some extent seemed to be outside the control of the participants, raised serious questions about the durability of the U.S. Middle East peace policy in the national-election hiatus. U.S. policymakers have to wonder whether the U.S. can afford to stand by ineffectually as Middle East tensions rise.

Nationalist Cohen promoting her bill



The days preceding the inflammatory Knesset action were a time of fear and anger for the Israelis. On Sunday, in the Belgian city of Antwerp, one or more Arab terrorists hurled two hand grenades at a group of 40 European Jewish children and youths on their way to a holiday in the Ardennes. A French boy, 15, was killed, and 18 others were injured, some critically.

On Monday it became known that U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim had told an Arab League dinner in New York that the Palestinians "have a right to self-determination, including statehood." With that unprecedented advocacy of the Palestinian cause, it seemed to the Israelis, Waldheim violated his position of evenhandedness. On Tuesday the General Assembly voted, 112 to 7, with 24 members abstaining, to endorse the right of Palestinians to form a state. The resolution made no mention of Israel's right to exist, but asked the Security Council to consider sanctions against the Israelis if they do not begin a withdrawal from the occupied territories by Nov. 15.

In essence the Arab states and their allies who offered the resolution failed in their maneuver, since its initial purpose had been to gain Western European support and thereby isolate Israel and the U.S. more drastically than before. But the Western Europeans did decide to abstain, reducing the number of members supporting Israel and the U.S. to five: Australia, Canada, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala and Norway. Nonetheless, the most visible effect of the U.N. action was to arouse the defensive ire of Israel's right-wing nationalists. When the European Community's emissary, Luxembourg Foreign Minister Gaston Thorn, reached Jerusalem later in the week on the first leg of a fact-finding trip to the Middle East, Begin told him bluntly that Israel would reject any European peace plan that proposed a role for the Palestine Liberation Organization.

The Israelis were in a defiant mood on Wednesday evening when the Knesset, by a vote of 69 to 15, approved the controversial bill concerning Jerusalem. The bill's passage was a triumph for Geula Cohen, 54, the Zionist firebrand and opponent of the peace treaty who had introduced the bill earlier this year in an effort to embarrass the Begin government. Having broken with the Prime Minister over the Sadat peace initiative, she repeatedly interrupted the speech that Begin gave after his return from the Camp David talks in October 1978. Ejected from the chamber, she explained at the time: "It's not that I can't control myself. I don't want to." Last week she was jubilant, declaring that her bill had made sure that "Jerusalem is not a subject for bargaining."

In the beginning Begin himself had dismissed the bill as unnecessary and ill-timed. He argued that the Israelis had always regarded Jerusalem as their "capital," even though before 1967 they were referring only to their own (western) portion of the divided city. Similarly, there seemed no need to decree Israeli domination over occupied East Jerusalem, where in fact some 80,000 Israelis now live in six housing developments among the basic population of 112,000 Arabs. As the Cohen bill gathered momentum in the Knesset, however, the ruling Likud coalition found it impossible to vote against a measure that so embodied Jewish aspirations. So did most opposition Labor members. They complained that the government had demonstrated its tactical incompetence by letting the bill become a dominant issue. As a group they may have agreed with former Foreign Minister Abba Eban that the bill would impose "a stiff burden" on the peace negotiations. But in the end most of them decided to go along with it.

For most Israelis the bill was a way of letting off steam, a shaking of the fist at what they regard as a frontal attack on their right to the city of Jerusalem as the focus of both their nation and their faith. What took place in the Knesset was a clash between the demands of rational diplomacy and the inner needs of national identity. The nationalist needs prevailed.

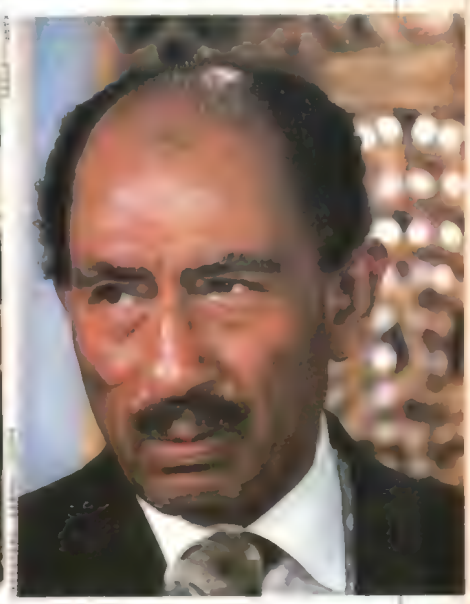
In other legislative action last week, the Knesset passed a bill that forbids public expression of sympathy for a "terrorist organization," meaning the P.L.O., and another that gives the Interior Minister the right to revoke the citizenship of anyone committing a "violation of allegiance" to the state of Israel. The measures were directed at Israeli dissidents and at Arab university students who have demonstrated for Palestinian rights. In a separate development, Begin's Justice Minister, Shmuel Tamir, resigned last week as the erosion of the Likud coalition continued.

The Knesset vote on Jerusalem did not appear to have damaged irreparably the peace negotiations, but the Carter Administration was worried about the next step Begin was apparently ready to take: the long-threatened transfer of the Prime Minister's office from West to East Jerusalem. Such a move would once again be as pointless as it would be provocative, but Begin seemed determined to do it. Washington feared that this step would particularly anger Saudi Arabia and the other Gulf Arabs, causing them to ask: If the U.S. is unable to stop such a calculated insult to the Arab nations, how can it be trusted to do anything? But most of all, Administration experts feared the effect that such a move could have on the peace process. Here again the answer would depend on the one man who is most crucial to the peace process: Anwar Sadat.

The Israeli maneuvering on Jerusalem is coming at a time when Sadat's foreign policy appears to be subtly changing. At the U.N. last week, for instance, Egypt's Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, Butros Ghali, forcefully denounced Israel's occupation of Gaza and the West Bank and later voted with other Arab states on the Palestinian resolution. There are also signs that the Arab boycott against Egypt is beginning to give way. In June there were 68,000 foreign Arab visitors to Egypt, nearly twice as many as in the previous June; most were from Saudi Arabia. The Saudi government has not yet re-established relations with Egypt, but unofficial contacts are increasing. Sadat still sometimes heaps scorn on his erstwhile Arab brothers, but he has warned Egypt's newspapers not to make unnecessary attacks on the Saudis, and in recent weeks has directed most of his vitriol against Libyan Strongman Muammar Gaddafi and Syrian President Hafez Assad.

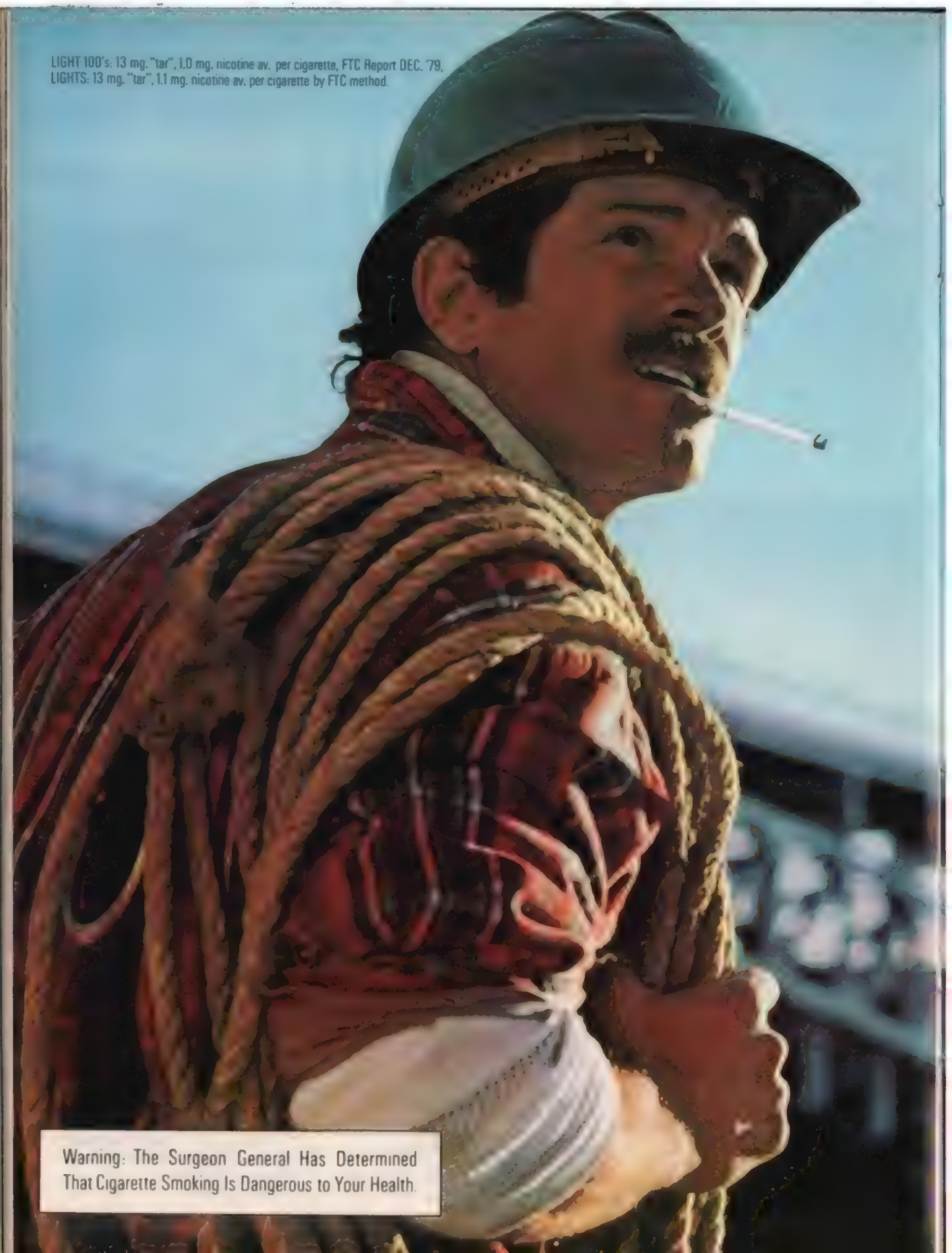
Sadat decided to send his negotiators back to the peace talks last month after the U.S. assured him that the Cohen bill on Jerusalem would never reach the Knesset floor. He was privately, and understandably, miffed by Washington's miscalculation. He was also dismayed by the size of the Knesset vote, which underscored the reluctance of most Israeli politicians of whatever stripe to negotiate the future status of Jerusalem. But Sadat still seemed determined to stick with the peace process. For one thing, he believes that this may help Jimmy Carter be re-elected, and that a Carter victory would be to Egypt's benefit. More important, he does not wish to give the Israelis a pretext for reneging on their promise to restore the last segment of the Sinai to Egyptian control by April 1982.

Despite the wrangling over Jerusalem, most diplomats still believe the nature of Palestinian autonomy is the most serious unresolved issue. The Egyptians want to build the foundation of a self-governing Palestinian state; the Israelis envision a limited Palestinian "authority" in the West Bank and Gaza that would handle only those matters that Israel does not judge to be vital to its security or even its peace of mind. For their own reasons, both sides want an agreement. The problem is that the ultimate Israeli objective is not compatible with the ultimate Egyptian goal. Finding a way to reconcile those conflicting positions may be the diplomatic challenge of the decade. ■



Show of hands: in the Knesset Begin (second from left) votes in favor of Jerusalem bill; in Cairo, Sadat weighs the consequences

What took place was a clash between the demands of rational diplomacy and the inner needs of national identity.


LIGHT 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.
LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1980 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO

Nobody does it better.

Winston Lights.

**This is your world.
This is your Winston.
Taste it all.**

An Exile Laid to Rest

Draped in a red, white and green Iranian flag, the coffin was placed in state in the Abdin palace. An honor guard of four Egyptian generals stood with swords drawn as incense from a brass burner wafted through the air. Egyptian President Sadat, in full military uniform, read the opening chapter of the Koran. Then a military band delivered a drum roll as the coffin was borne on a caisson drawn by six black Arabian horses. The cortege proceeded solemnly through the streets of Cairo, to the shouts of thousands of Egyptians lining the 1.2-mile route: "There is no God but God!"

Thus was Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, the fallen Shahanshah (King of Kings) laid to rest last week. "I am fed up with living artificially. I don't want to live like Tito," the 60-year-old Shah had said shortly before his death from complications of lymphatic cancer two days earlier. Attendance at his funeral was far different from the international tribute paid last May to Yugoslavia's Josip Broz Tito. The Shah had expressed the desire for "a very simple funeral." But Sadat insisted that he be buried with military honors. Egypt's President skirted a potential boycott by announcing that no other national leaders would be invited. In the end, alongside the Shah's widow Farah and their four children, the only foreign dignitaries who attended were former President Richard Nixon, exiled King Constantine of Greece, U.S. Ambassador to Egypt Alfred Atherton and diplomats from Britain, France, China, Israel, Australia and Morocco. At al-Rifai Mosque, the Shah's silk-shrouded body was placed on its right side by Crown Prince Reza, with its head resting on a pillow of sand, according to Shi'ite custom. On his deathbed the Shah had asked to be buried ultimately in Tehran near his executed generals, named Son Reza as his successor and prayed for the overthrow of the Ayatullah Khomeini.

The Shah's coffin, draped with the Iranian flag, lies in state

Caisson bearing the coffin leaves the gates of Abdin palace

The Shah's widow Farah follows the cortege

Flanked by former President Nixon and Crown Prince Reza on the steps of al-Rifai Mosque, Egyptian President Sadat gives a salute

ISRAEL

Spreading Hunger Strike

Nafha prison becomes a political rallying point

A hunger strike by Palestinian prisoners in Israel expanded last week into an Arab cause célèbre. More than 300 Arab convicts joined the protest in five jails. A demonstration by prisoners' relatives and sympathizers in East Jerusalem degenerated into a near riot. An Arab civic organization in the city called a half-day sit-in strike in the Al Aqsa mosque, Jerusalem's sacred Muslim shrine. The reason for the agitation: the recent deaths of two Palestinian inmates who were force-fed by Israeli authorities at Nafha prison. Last week TIME *Jerusalem Bureau Chief David Aikman was among a small group of journalists allowed to visit Nafha, where the protest began. His report:*

Approached by road through the forbidding, dust-brown wastes of Israel's Negev desert, it does not look much like a prison. The buildings, flanked by two concrete watchtowers, are single-story and look like huts. At first glance, the place might be just another secret government installation. It is in fact a three-month-old, maximum-security prison located 70 km south of Beersheba. Until late last month hardly any Israeli or foreigner had heard of Nafha prison, which is designed to hold at full capacity 110 hard-core security offenders. But today Nafha is fast becoming a political rallying point for West Bank Arabs; already it is the focus of an Israeli Interior Ministry investigation into the deaths of two inmates.

Even Israel's prison officials admit that conditions in their maximum-security prisons, which house convicted Palestinian terrorists almost exclusively, are worse than in any Western country. The average cell space per prisoner in Israel is 28 sq. ft., compared with 65 to 85 in Western Europe. Eight or more convicts are herded into cramped cells without real beds or tables. They are permitted outside their cells for only two daily hours of exercise or for visits with lawyers. Once a month, they are permitted a half-hour visit with relatives.

Israeli officials explain this stern confinement policy on two grounds: security and economy. They point out that the majority of the country's 2,858 security prisoners are political activists who have demonstrated their danger to Israel through bombings, shootings or other terrorist acts. Furthermore, the Israeli prison service has consistently been strapped for funds to improve its facilities.

At Nafha last month, prisoner anger over conditions boiled up into a hunger strike. "Our conditions are inhuman," prisoners complained in a document distributed by their lawyer, Israeli left-wing Activist Lea Tsemel. Prison authorities began to worry after a week in which all 74 prisoners at Nafha refused food. Since it is against the law in Israel to permit prisoners to die by their own hand, forced feeding was begun on some of the prisoners. A long tube was pushed down their throats into their stomachs while they sat on chairs. In three cases, the vitamin- and sugar-reinforced milk drink accidentally entered the lungs. As a result, two prisoners died of pneumonia, and a third became critically ill. When word of the deaths became public, a wave of protests spread among Jerusalem and West Bank Arabs.

Embarrassed by the uproar, Israeli authorities seemed almost eager to show off Nafha. The prison is no holiday camp, but it is not the Black Hole of Calcutta either. Weakened by hunger, the surviving Nafha prisoners have agreed to a voluntary intake of 1,200 calories of liquid food per day. Most of them were sprawled on their mattresses on the floor. Three or four, gaunt and unshaven, crowded to the bars of their cell doors. Complained one: "We are living like animals, like in the Middle Ages." The eight prisoners of one cell were briefly allowed out into the small, barbed-wire enclosed exercise yard. They sat blinking and listless in the sunlight. Then, shuffling slowly in their black sandals, brown denim pants and orange pajama-like shirts, they returned to their cell.

There may be more to the protest than outrage over conditions. Prison authorities claim that the strike has been organized from outside, probably by P.L.O.-affiliated groups. This is vigorously denied by Lawyer Tsemel, whose view is that the prisoners are not common criminals, but rather, militants "fighting for a cause" —namely, a Palestinian victory over Israel.

In fact, one apparent goal of the protest is to prod the P.L.O. into greater activity on behalf of all Arab prisoners in Israel. In a letter made available to TIME, the Nafha prisoners addressed their grievances directly to P.L.O. Chief Yasser Arafat. After reaffirming their loyalty to the Palestinian revolution, they asked pointedly: "What are you doing for us? Don't be surprised at this question. It is our right to demand that you will stand beside us in this struggle." The letter noted bitterly that the Zionist movement was "filling the world with stories of the struggles" of its own political prisoners, and called on Arafat to go on a hunger strike himself in sympathy with the Nafha protest. The message apparently hit home. In Beirut late last week, Arafat appealed for international intervention to stop the "maltreatment" of Arab prisoners in Israeli jails. P.L.O. Executive Committee Member Jawad Saleh complained, with obvious hyperbole, that conditions in the jails were "worse than in the Nazi detention camps."

Palestinian inmates on hunger strike in a crowded cell in Nafha prison

Even Israeli officials admitted that conditions were worse than in any Western country.

The Israelis, meanwhile, have decided to face up to the embarrassing disclosures, both about conditions in their prison system and about the deaths. Interior Minister Yosef Burg has appointed a special "commission of inquiry" to look into what happened at Nafha. Perhaps the most ironic comment on the affair was conveyed in the protest document of the Nafha Arab prisoners—all of whom are dedicated to the destruction of the Jewish state in Israel. It said: "We have decided to declare an unlimited hunger strike until we are treated equally with the Jewish prisoners." ■

Peking's outgoing Premier Hua Guofeng

CHINA

Lowering Mao

His portraits vanish

Last week thousands of shirtsleeved Chinese patiently queued up in the broiling Peking sun to visit the pagoda-like structure on Tian'anmen Square that contains the earthly remains of Mao Tse-tung. Inside the air-conditioned mausoleum they divided into two columns and filed past the crystal case in which the embalmed body of the Great Helmsman reposes under a coverlet of red satin.

Even as Mao continued to receive the respectful homage of the masses, however, his once towering image as the infallible leader of the great proletarian revolution was being systematically downgraded. To begin with, some of his formerly ubiquitous likenesses were being removed from public view. Four large portraits of Mao have vanished from the Great Hall of the People, where the Communist Party is preparing to hold the National People's Congress. At the same time, workmen are preparing to strip one more huge picture of the late Chairman from the façade of another landmark, the Museum of Chinese and Party History.

The disappearance of the portraits was emblematic of the glancing attacks against Mao's heirs that have been stepped up in recent weeks. Most striking was the announcement that Mao's chosen successor, Hua Guofeng, 60, will resign as Premier when the People's Congress meets later this month. Though Hua will reportedly retain the post of Chairman that was held by Mao, the party leaders are expected to act on proposals to reduce greatly the power of that office. Hua's successor, Zhao Ziyang, 61, is the hand-picked candidate of the Senior Vice Premier, Deng Xiaoping. Like Deng, Zhao is one of the many who have once again risen to power in China, after being ignominiously purged by Mao during the Cultural Revolution of the late 1960s.

At the Congress the 76-year-old Deng will fulfill his promise to resign as Senior Vice Premier, ostensibly because of his advanced age. Also expected to relinquish their posts are four other Vice Premiers: Xu Xiangqian, 78, Li Xiannian, 73, Chen Yun, 75, and Wang Zhen, 71.

This drastic reshuffling of top government jobs appears to be a clear-cut victory for the forces of modernization and pragmatism, led by Deng, over the proponents of conservative party orthodoxy, captained by Hua. The changes also reflect a desire on the part of Deng and his colleagues for a system of more truly collective leadership, free of the totalitarian one-man rule installed by Mao. The Congress, in fact, will consider how to improve the new local and regional election process. In China's one-party system the process is hardly democratic, but it could open up the country's vast, entrenched bureaucracy to new people who have not been associated—like Hua—with Mao.

As the leader most closely identified with Mao, Hua has become a target of the campaign to rid China of the Chairman's heritage. The ideas propounded by Hua following his accession to power in 1976 are being discredited. His much publicized slogan, "Speed up socialist modernization," has been replaced by "Haste makes waste." Earlier goals set by Hua for rapid agricultural growth have been revised or abandoned. A model work brigade on a Shanxi commune that he had so zealously promoted has been exposed as having faked production figures *(see following story)*.

Even Hua's reverential task of editing Mao's collected works has proved ephemeral. In Hua's introduction to Volume V, published three years ago, he had declared that "Comrade Mao was the greatest Marxist-Leninist of our time; his thought and teachings will live forever." Plans for publication of Volume VI and all subsequent volumes have now been halted. Hua has revised his position, saying that "concrete circumstances may invalidate Mao's teachings."

Hua's present difficulties may be compounded when the Gang of Four, arrested in 1976, is finally tried this fall. Unfortunately for Hua, many Chinese associate him with Jiang Qing, Mao's widow, and her three associates. Their trial is expected to arouse strong public feeling against the four, who are accused of a multitude of crimes. Though Hua is expected to keep his party post, some in Peking are already talking about a "Gang of Five," a veiled but ominous reference to Chairman Hua's long-term future. ■

Up the Farm

Rural poverty is a problem

For well over a decade, the Dazhai production brigade in China's Shanxi province was the object of nothing less than a cult. The small, 40-family work unit, whose herculean labors were said to have produced astounding grain yields on steep hills, was held up as a model for all of rural China. LEARN FROM DAZHAI was the slogan that covered walls and farm buildings from northeastern Heilongjiang province to Yunnan in the southwest.

Now Peking has begun to disclose that Dazhai may have been no more than a Potemkin façade. In a rare exposé, the *People's Daily* reported that Xiyang county, where Dazhai is located, consistently falsified production figures between 1973 and 1977. The paper charged that nearly 300 million lbs. of nonexistent grain, or 24% of real production, had been added to the county's claims over the five years. In one particularly bad year, county reports inflated actual yield by 60%. The exposé was an unmistakable criticism of one of the late Chairman Mao Tse-tung's most sacred projects. It was also a dig at Mao's successor, Hua Guofeng, who for years was one of the ardent promoters of Dazhai.

The revelation came at a time when Peking's leaders are admitting that despite boasts of great success in increasing food production, Chinese agriculture in general is beset by far more problems than most Western analysts have realized. TIME's Peking bureau chief, Richard Bernstein, recently visited another show-

Peasants working at commune in Sichuan

While some flourish, others languish.

tech talk:

Phase locked loop circuitry.

explained.

You're looking at an imposing phrase that describes the job performed by a tiny electronic element. A bit of micro-electronic circuitry called an I C or integrated circuit. It's small enough to fit easily on the nail of your little finger. But it performs a big function. It not only locks in the most elusive stereo signal and hangs on to it like a magnet, it also unscrambles that signal and divides it into two separate channels to give you virtually distortion free listening. But that's just part of the sophisticated circuitry and superb features you get in the incredible MCS Series* 30 Watt System. You get an FM muting system that helps eliminate those annoying noises between stations and suppresses weak, noisy FM stations. An AM FM signal strength meter that shows when you're tuned to the strongest signal. You get a precision turntable with a DC Servo motor for smooth constant rotation and virtually silent operation. You get two acoustically balanced 3-way bass reflex speakers that transform all those wonderful features into magnificent sound. And finally, you get MCS Series quality and performance and JCPenney's low price and incredible warranty. The MCS Series 30 Watt System only $399.80 Only at JCPenney.

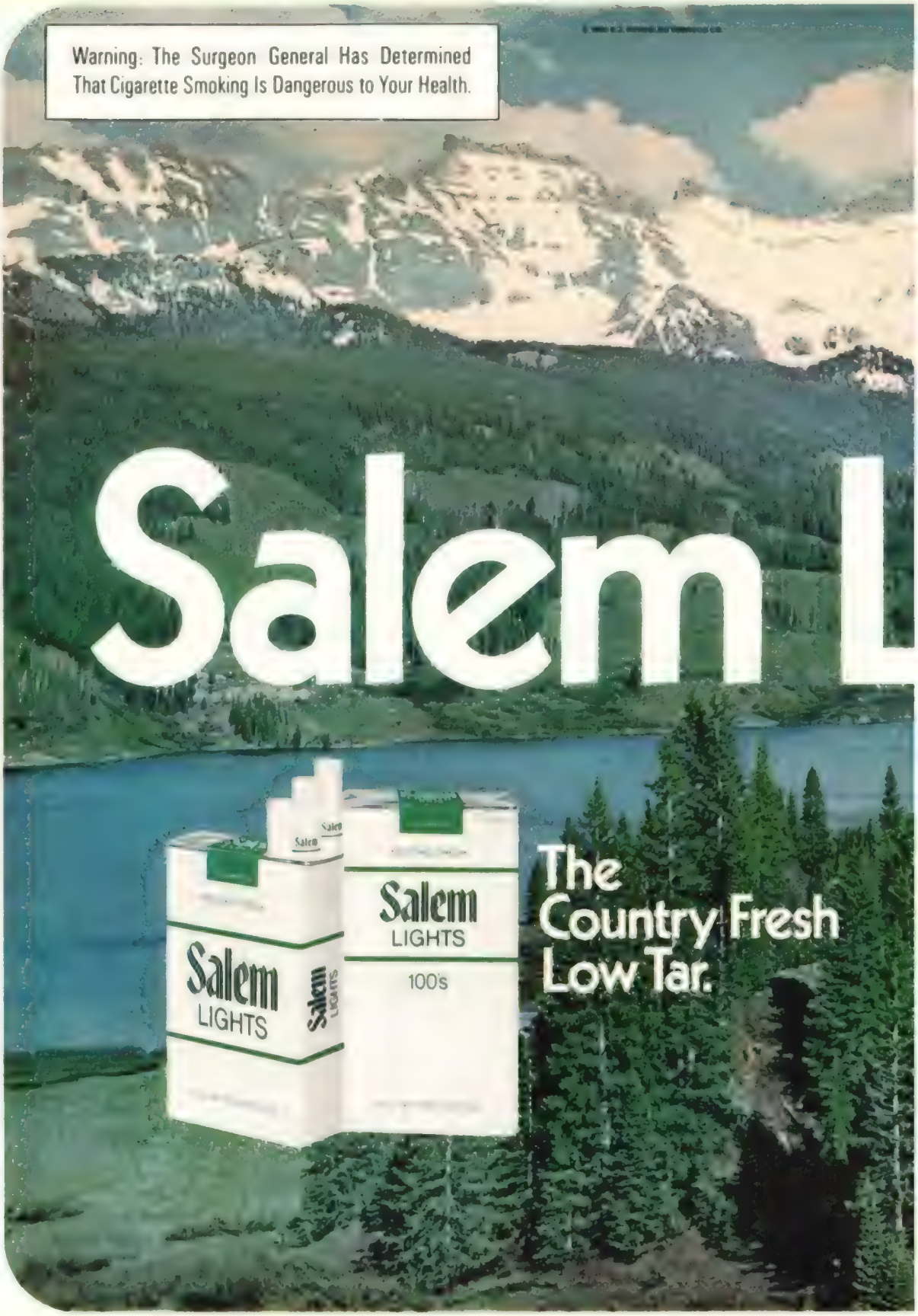
Full 5-Year Warranty on MCS Series* speakers. Full 3-Year Warranty on MCS Series turntables, tape decks, tuners and amplifiers. If any MCS Series component is defective in materials and workmanship during its warranty period, we will repair or replace it—just return it to JCPenney

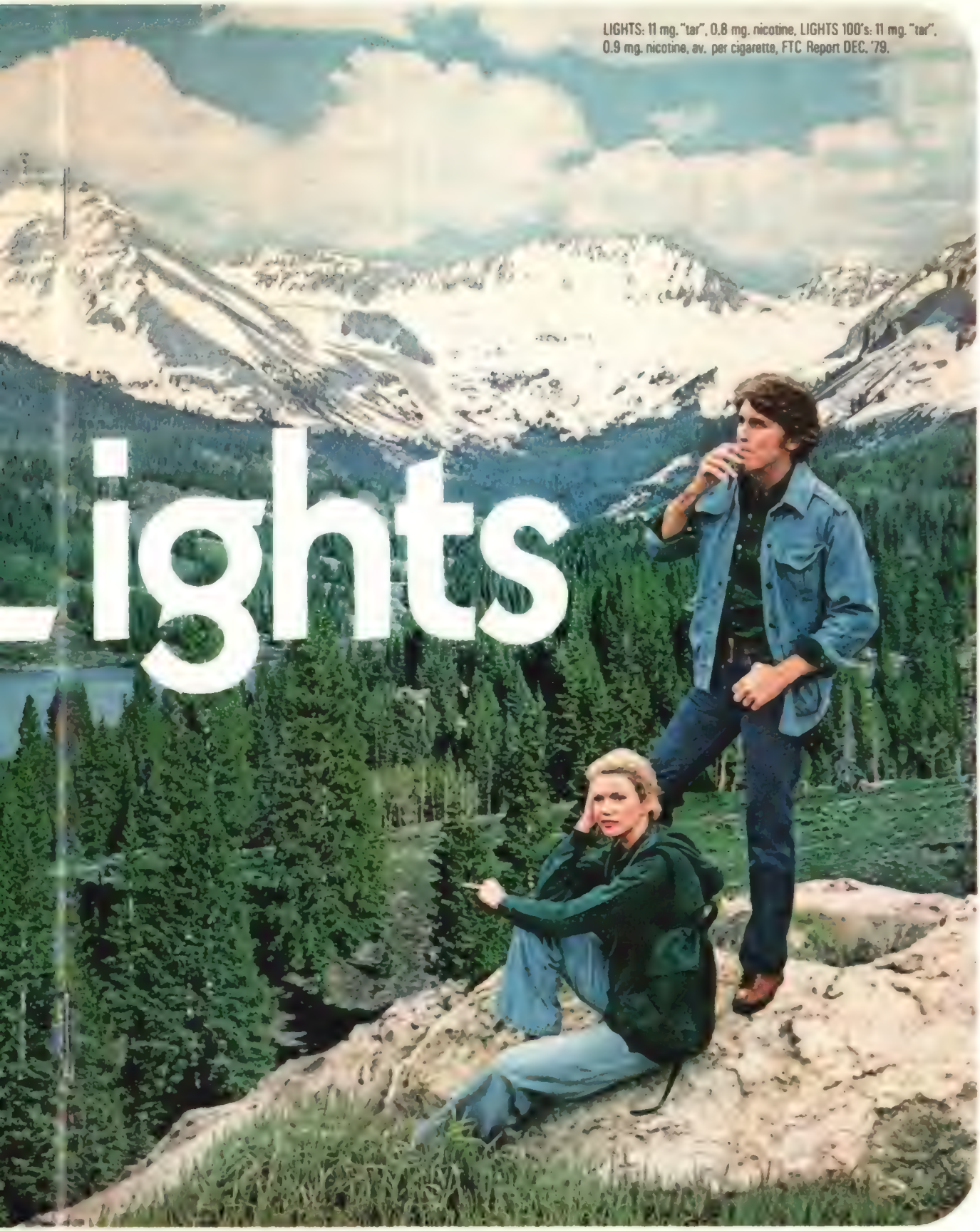
MCS® Series

IT MAKES EVERYTHING CLEAR.

Sold exclusively at JCPenney.

30 Watts min. per ch. 2 ch. into 8 ohms, 40-20,000 Hz with not more than 0.5% THD. A saving of $110 when you purchase these components as a package


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Salem L
Salem
LIGHTS
100's
Salem
LIGHTS
The Country Fresh Low Tar.



LIGHTS: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '79.

DREAMERS, HERETICS, GADFLIES, MAVERICKS, AND GENIUSES.

The story goes that Henry Ford once hired an efficiency expert to evaluate his company.

After a few weeks, the expert made his report. It was highly favorable except for one thing.

"It's that man down the hall," said the expert. "Every time I go by his office he's just sitting there with his feet on his desk. He's wasting your money."

"That man," replied Mr. Ford, "once had an idea that saved us millions of dollars. At the time, I believe his feet were planted right where they are now."

At IBM, we have 46 people like that, and we don't worry about where they put their feet either. They are the IBM Fellows.

They earned the title by having ideas that made a difference. Their job is to have more ideas like that, but under a very special condition.

It's called freedom.

Freedom from deadlines. Freedom from committees. Freedom from the usual limits of corporate approval.

For a term of at least 5 years, an IBM Fellow is free to pursue any advanced project of value to IBM, even if chances for success may seem remote.

As a result, some of the great innovations of our time have come from IBM Fellows.

We may not always understand what they're doing, much less how they do it. But we do know this:

The best way to inspire an IBM Fellow is to get out of the way.

IBM

case commune that has fulfilled all the claims made by Peking. He then inspected a very different kind of commune that offered ample evidence of the failures of Chinese agriculture. His report:

The scene is like a calendar photograph displaying the splendors of rural life. At the Jin Ma (Golden Horse) commune on the lush Chengdu Plain of Sichuan province, the well-watered rice fields are emerald green. Thatch houses are surrounded by luxuriant clumps of bamboo and persimmon. Hundreds of teen-agers work at a prosperous collective silk-spinning plant near by. The peasants have radios, watches, bicycles, money in the bank, food on the table. Some of them treasure framed red certificates, whose bold black characters commend them for having achieved "wealth through diligent labor." Clearly, the Jin Ma commune was no Potemkin façade.

The government has claimed great success with such communes, reporting a rise of nationwide average income, from $43 per capita in 1976 to $55 last year. Still, as many other communes demonstrate, plans for rapid mechanization of agriculture have been sharply cut back. Reason: wherever production increases have been realized, the gains have been outweighed by the investment—mainly in machinery and fertilizer—needed to achieve them.

Indeed, only 100 miles to the southwest of Jin Ma, in one of the province's many hilly regions, the picture is far different. On the remote Long Chi (Dragon's Pond) commune, perched on the lower slopes of 9,000-ft.-high Mount Emei, the soil is rocky and dry. Farming is confined to low-yielding terraces that have been carved out of the hills and planted primarily with corn. Peasant incomes are one-third of those on the wealthy Jin Ma commune; they average $44 a year, more than half of which is distributed in grain rather than cash. No one starves, but the commune members eat meat only once a week.

The pattern of such poverty remains widespread; in many regions farm life is even harsher than on Long Chi commune. The most startling revelation in a series of remarkably candid press stories in recent months is that in three decades of rule, the Communist regime has barely begun to improve the lot of a vast number of its peasants. Some regions in the chronically poor provinces such as hilly Guizhou, arid Gansu or often flooded Shandong have not had a single good year since collectivization began in the late 1950s. According to one article, a quarter of the rural population, or roughly 200 million people, had 1977 per capita incomes of less than $27 a year, not enough even to buy sufficient food. Western specialists do not believe that since then the situation has significantly improved. ■

TERRORISM

Death Takes No Holiday

An explosion kills at least 86 travelers in Bologna

The scene was familiar to millions of travelers throughout the world—a hot, crowded railroad station in midsummer, tourists with heavy luggage looking anxiously for welcoming friends or hurrying to departing trains. The temperature outside was in the high 90s, and people entered the refuge of air-conditioned waiting rooms and a restaurant with sighs of relief. At 10:25 a.m. last Saturday morning, the stone terminal in Bologna, Italy, was a place of pleasant expectations.

There was no warning of what was to come. The explosion ripped through one wing of the terminal, blowing out thick walls, scattering heavy timbers, lifting the roof slowly and then letting it fall with a crash. A yellow-red flame flashed through the building and a mushroom-shaped cloud formed over the area. Said one witness: "It was a nightmare."

Rescuers began to dig through the debris, at first with their hands, later with cranes and bulldozers. One by one, they retrieved the bodies, some so dismembered that it was hard to get an exact count. But authorities said that at least 86 people had died in the blast and that 270 were injured, 20 seriously.

In another age, authorities would have assumed that only some kind of natural calamity—an explosion of escaping gas, perhaps—could have blindly caused so much death and destruction. And for a moment last week police thought that perhaps a defective boiler had been to blame. Then they found a crater, eight inches deep, about four feet around, in the floor of the second-class waiting room. It appeared to have been caused by a bomb.

By that time phone calls were also coming in claiming credit for the horror. Someone said it was the work of the left-wing Red Brigades, but later another caller denied that the group was responsible. Authorities took far more seriously the claim of a neo-Fascist group called the Armed Revolutionary Nuclei. A spokesman for the group said that the bombing had been carried out to avenge a decision made that day by a Bologna judge to try eight right-wing terrorists for bombing a train in 1974 and killing twelve people.

The N.A.R. appears to be a coalition of several neo-Fascist terrorist groups in Italy. In its present form, the group first appeared on Dec. 23, 1977, attacking the offices of the Christian Democratic and Communist parties in Rome. In the past three years, the unit has launched about 25 assaults and killed Judge Mario Amato, who was investigating them in Rome. The right-wing terrorists aim at undermining public confidence in the state by attacks on the innocent that create fear.

If, indeed, the explosion turns out to have been the work of terrorists, the attack would be the most severe of its kind in Italy's history. In 1946, militant Zionists killed 90 by blowing up the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, then the headquarters for the controlling British officials. As the body count continued in Bologna, last Saturday's blast may surpass even that grisly record. ■

Wrecked wing of the railroad terminal as rescue squads search through the debris

In an age of violence, extremists were all too eager to claim credit for the horror.

BRITAIN

Bracing for Trouble

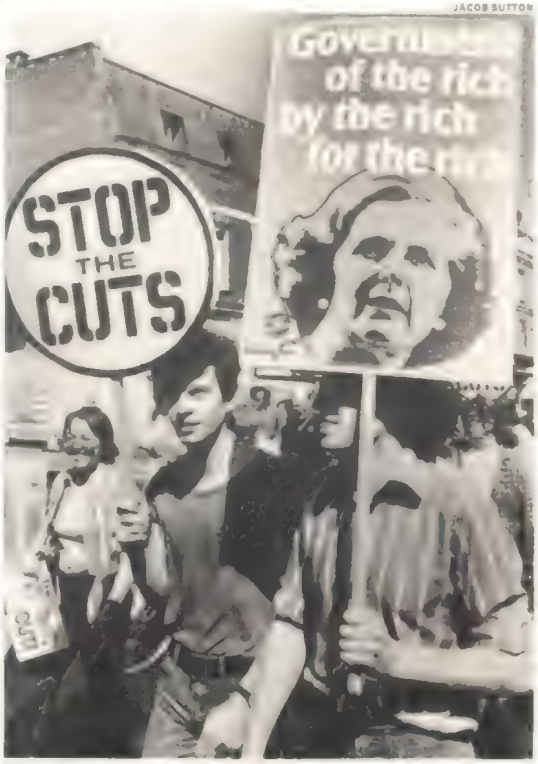
Thatcher staves off a challenge, but has little to cheer about

Jaw thrust forward, spoiling for a fight, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher did not mince any words. "It is no good dreaming about U-turns," she shouted at the Labor M.P.s who had been demanding a radical reversal of her economic policies. "Far from demoralizing the country, we are doing what the country elected us to do, and this government will have the guts to see it through." The buoyant show of indomitability was occasioned last week by a vote of no confidence in the House of Commons, the second called by the opposition in five months. The outcome was never really in question. With the Tories' 43-seat majority, plus a handful of Ulster Unionists, Thatcher was able to beat back the challenge with a hefty margin of 59 votes in the 635-seat Commons

Still, the victory left little to cheer about. The indications were that the heated debate signaled an intensifying round of battles over Thatcher's unflinching dedication to her strict monetarist policies, following the doctrine of U.S. Economist Milton Friedman. She has rigidly controlled the money supply, doubled the value-added tax, cut benefits for striking workers, and slashed $20 billion in public spending for all manner of education, housing and municipal programs. Thatcher defends the brutal cuts on the grounds that she won the election with the candid promise that "things will get worse before they get better," and Britons should not be surprised that they have. But even some of her close supporters are now beginning to wonder how much worse that means

The fact is that Britain is plunging into a deep recession, and the likelihood of a bitter winter ahead. Unemployment has reached 1.9 million, or 7.8% of the work force, the highest since the soup-kitchen days of the 1930s; it now seems inevitable that by next year the figure will rise to 2.5 million. Complaints are pouring in from businessmen as well as union chiefs. In its quarterly report released last week, the Confederation of British Industry painted what one business leader called "as gloomy a picture as it is possible for anyone to paint." Says Len Murray, general secretary of the Trades Union Congress, which represents Britain's 12 million unionized workers: "The prospects are deteriorating. The resemblances between the 1980s and the 1930s are more and more alarming."

The opposition Labor Party has been battling for some ameliorative measures, such as more job subsidies, a quick cut in interest rates, and the use of North Sea oil revenues to help ailing industries. In last week's Commons debate, Labor Party Leader James Callaghan castigated Thatcher's "miserable penny-pinching policies that have closed old people's homes and stopped school meals." He ticked off the economic ills that have developed since Thatcher took office 15 months ago: unemployment up by 600,000; inflation doubled to 21%; interest rates up four points to 16%; industrial output down by 8%; bankruptcies increasing at an alarming rate. Added Liberal Leader David Steel, whose party joined with Labor in the opposition vote: "In certain parts of Britain, the government is creating a desert and calling it 'freedom.' " Steel compared Thatcher's team of economic advisers to a group of "medieval philosophers insisting the world is flat, and when told it was not, they say, 'Well, it damn well should be.' "



JACOB SUTTON

Workers with jobs threatened by cuts protest in London

How much worse will things get before they get better?

To appease her critics and show she is not uncaring, Thatcher offered a few palliatives, among them a $60 million microchip manufacturing plant for Wales, the creation of seven new "enterprise zones," blighted areas marked for special grants, and a $145 million injection for Dunlop Tires to modernize deteriorated plants in high-unemployment cities. But the image of a hardhearted leader who is interested in only the bottom line is a potent weapon in the hands of the opposition. On a recent visit to Wales, the Prime Minister rather too blithely remarked that if people could not find jobs they should simply move to where the jobs are. That suggestion prompted an angry letter from the Anglican and Catholic bishops of Liverpool to the London *Times*. Urging people to stay put, the clergymen charged that the government's policy was creating "an increasingly cynical community of the left-behind." Cried Liberal Steel: " 'Let them move house!' That deserves to go down in history with 'Let them eat cake!' "

In addition to more unemployment, the bottom line is also going to mean that many companies and businesses will fold this year. Denis Healey, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, predicts 6,000 bankruptcies—1,500 more than last year. Profits reports are already grim for many industrial giants. Courtaulds, Ltd., Britain's huge textiles group, was reported to have had a drop in profits of at least 50% for the past year. The beleaguered British Steel Corporation had record losses of £545 million ($1.3 billion), creating a special problem for the government because the company is nationalized.

It will take strong nerves for Thatcher to stick to her monetarist guns as industries go bankrupt and dole lines lengthen. Will she change course? Some British observers believe it inevitable; others say never. Remarkably, the Prime Minister's popularity in the polls has held firm. The reliable MORI poll puts Thatcher one point ahead of Callaghan in public approval, and Gallup also shows Thatcher picking up 1% in her rating. The favorable showings are attributed partly to her strong personal leadership and partly to the sorry state of the opposition Labor Party, which is itself engaged in an internal battle between its left and right wings. But there is already agitation among a number of Tory M.P.s for some kind of relief. Moreover, a few of Thatcher's closest advisers —devoted as they are to her economic policy—are beginning to fear that things may get so bad before they get better that it could cost the Tories the next election. For that problem, Thatcher has one golden elixir in her kit: by election time 1984, North Sea oil revenues should be pouring in at full force, enabling her to grant a handsome tax cut. First, of course, she and her government have to make it through the winter of 1981. —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by Bonnie Angelo/London*

FRANCE

The Iraqi Bombshell

A diplomatic fracas is raised by Paris' nuclear aid to Baghdad

"France, in its lust for oil, appears to have thrown to the wind all constraints of morality, good sense or even self-interest." Those piercing words emanated from the pen of a British Member of Parliament whose name still rings with authority: Winston Churchill, the grandson of the wartime Prime Minister. Charged Tory M.P. Churchill, 39, who on matters of Middle East politics is a fervent supporter of Israel: "The French government has taken upon itself, with a recklessness not shared by any other nuclear power, including the Soviet Union or the People's Republic of China, responsibility for giving Iraq the nuclear bomb."

Churchill's remarks, made in a letter to the London *Times*, whipped up a controversy that has been simmering ever since Paris let it be known in 1976 that it would deliver a nuclear-power research facility to Iraq. The big question: Is France selling technology that could be used to produce an atomic bomb? The French, of course, say no, as do the Iraqis. But the Israelis, who would be most directly threatened, insist that Iraq could accumulate enough expertise and enriched uranium to make several nuclear weapons by the mid-1980s. Jerusalem has mounted a campaign to alert Western Europe and the U.S. to what it considers a mortal danger. Israel's Transportation Minister Haim Landau went so far as to accuse France of pursuing policies "similar to those of the Vichy regime" during World War II. Deputy Defense Minister Mordechai Zippori warned that if diplomatic efforts failed to halt the nuclear program, Israel would consider "alternative steps," presumably meaning a pre-emptive military strike.

The French believe the Israelis have already gone to extreme lengths to stop the delivery of nuclear materials. In April 1979 a band of saboteurs infiltrated a top-security compound near the French port city of Toulon and exploded plastic charges near two reactor cores that were scheduled to be shipped to Iraq three days later; the explosions caused extensive damage and delayed the program by months. The French suspect the Israeli intelligence agency Mossad was responsible for the raid. In June one of Iraq's top nuclear scientists was found bludgeoned to death in a Paris hotel room. In that case, however, French police were less convinced that the murder had anything to do with international antinuclear intrigue.

The sale of a research reactor to Iraq is not of itself controversial. Seventy-six research reactors have been sold by manufacturing countries to 33 other states, including several—such as Argentina, Brazil, Israel, South Africa, India and Pakistan—that have not signed the nuclear nonproliferation treaty. What makes the current transaction with Iraq provocative is that it involves a country that has a reputation for political instability and for bellicosity in its foreign policy.

Baghdad still considers itself at war with Israel and is also a bitter rival of Iran. As the world's second largest oil exporter, after Saudi Arabia, Iraq under President Saddam Hussein has ambitions to replace Iran as the leading military power in the Persian Gulf region.

Moreover, the nuclear equipment that France is selling Iraq is highly sophisticated. Most research reactors produce less than 5 MW of power, or about .5% of the power generated by the newest commercial reactors; the facility in Iraq will generate 70 MW. Most important of all, the Iraqi plant will operate with uranium in which the percentage of the fissionable isotope U-235 has been raised to 93%, a grade suitable for the production of nuclear weapons.

The French, who have been secretive about the deal from the beginning, angrily deny that they have been careless with their nuclear technology. They insist they are limiting the size of each delivery of uranium to Iraq to the quantity needed by the reactor, and will see to it that the Iraqis have no chance to stockpile the material. In addition, the French argue that since Iraq is a signatory of the nonproliferation treaty, every aspect of the Franco-Iraqi contract is subject to supervision by the Vienna-based International Atomic Energy Agency. Says a high-level French diplomat: "We absolutely do not want to give the bomb to Iraq. When we deliver a research reactor, we are not delivering a bomb."

There is evidence that the French government may have had some second thoughts about the sale. The French are experimenting with a form of low-enriched uranium, known as caramel for its appearance and consistency, that is militarily harmless but could be substituted for the 93% enriched uranium. The French reportedly tried to persuade the Iraqis to switch to caramel, but Iraq, which sells France more than $3 billion worth of oil per year, is said to have threatened to sever its existing contracts for the sale of oil if France did not abide by the letter of the 1975 contract. If the Iraqis, who have also bought nuclear equipment from Italy, are not interested in developing atomic weaponry, why wouldn't they be satisfied with the caramel?

The French government is convinced that Israel's current campaign against the Iraqi nuclear sale is in reality a broadside against French foreign policy, including French efforts to generate a dialogue between the European Community and the Palestine Liberation Organization. Agrees a senior British official: "An artificial wind is blowing that is designed to frighten people into believing that an Iraqi bomb is just around the corner, and when one looks to where the wind is blowing from, one looks straight at Israel."

An irony of the controversy is that Israel knows as much as any country about the techniques of nuclear proliferation, and a lot more than most. One of the world's worst-kept military secrets is that Israel possesses the means for building nuclear bombs, and that it gained the technology in part through the purchase of a French research reactor in the late 1950s. —*By William E. Smith. Reported by Henry Muller/Paris*

French-supplied nuclear research facility under construction in a suburb of Baghdad

A recklessness not shared by any other power, or an artificial wind from Israel?

The long line of laid-off workers snakes its way through the offices of the Employment Security Commission in Taylor, Mich.

DAVID FRANKLIN

Economy & Business

The Idle Army of Unemployed

The slump leaves 8.2 million jobless, and still more face a pink slip

"This is turning out to be the worst summer this town has ever seen. All we got is unemployment, and the lines are getting longer. Men with families and no work. We're getting butchered."

—Steelworker Ron Weisen, 44, of Homestead, Pa

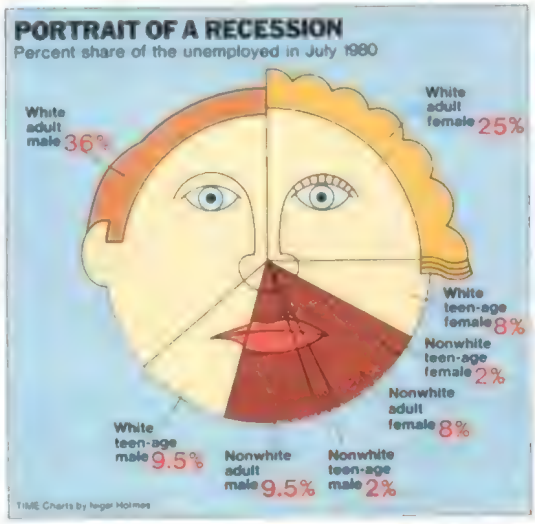
"It's really hard to keep enthusiastic, to get my energy going. I have to psych myself up for each interview, and the more I get turned down, the harder it is to go to the next. Sometimes I feel like crying before I leave the house."

—Personnel Adviser Debbie Pelligrino, 30, of College Park, Ga

"I've been looking for a job since this winter, but there's nothing. Man, the people who got the money hire who they want to hire. Cubans hire Cubans, and Haitians work for almost nothing. Foreigners got it made over here, especially if they speak Spanish."

—Kenneth Jerome Brown, 21, of Miami

They are sometimes black, but more often white; traditionally male, but increasingly female; frequently teen-agers, but usually adults. They might be autoworkers from Detroit, or tiremakers from Akron, but could be hamburger jockeys let go by Burger King or Wendy's, or salesmen and clerks laid off by a Chicago plastics company with weakening orders.



They are, in all their faces and feelings, the unemployed American workers of 1980. And, as the recession rumbles on and their numbers grow, their plight has become a major presidential campaign issue. The Department of Labor reported last week that the jobless in the U.S. have increased to 8.2 million, a startling jump from the 6.3 million without work in February. Now 7.8% of the American labor force sit on the sidelines of business, and Carter Administration economists predict that the rate will reach 8.5% later this year and stay there through most of 1981.

Though the July jobless rate for adult males held steady at the June level of 6.7%, the unemployment rate among women rose, and now matches that of men. Joblessness among blacks jumped sharply, to 14.2%, while unemployment among teen-agers rose to 19%.

Outraged calls from politicians to do something about unemployment grow daily. Republican Presidential Candidate Ronald Reagan has proposed a $36 billion tax cut to help bolster the nation's "disintegrating economy." Liberal Democratic Senator Edward Kennedy

has virtually accused President Carter of turning the nation's unemployment figure into a kind of statistical body count in the war on inflation.

Meanwhile, even Carter Administration officials declare the current combination of unemployment and inflation to be "unacceptable." Last week House Speaker Tip O'Neill told reporters that Carter plans to present the nation with yet another economic package, perhaps as soon as this week. The new program, according to O'Neill, is likely to focus on the problem of unemployment.

Monthly fluctuations in the unemployment rate are one of the most closely watched and politically potent trends in the economy. Half a century after the Depression knocked one worker in four out of a job, the legacy of hollow-faced men standing in breadlines remains a haunting national memory.

Ironically, the latest figures come at a time when the economy is beginning to recover at least some strength on its own. The Commerce Department's index of leading economic indicators, a composite figure designed to forecast future trends in the economy, last week posted a jump of 2.5% during June, the first such rise in eleven months and the biggest jump since June of 1975.

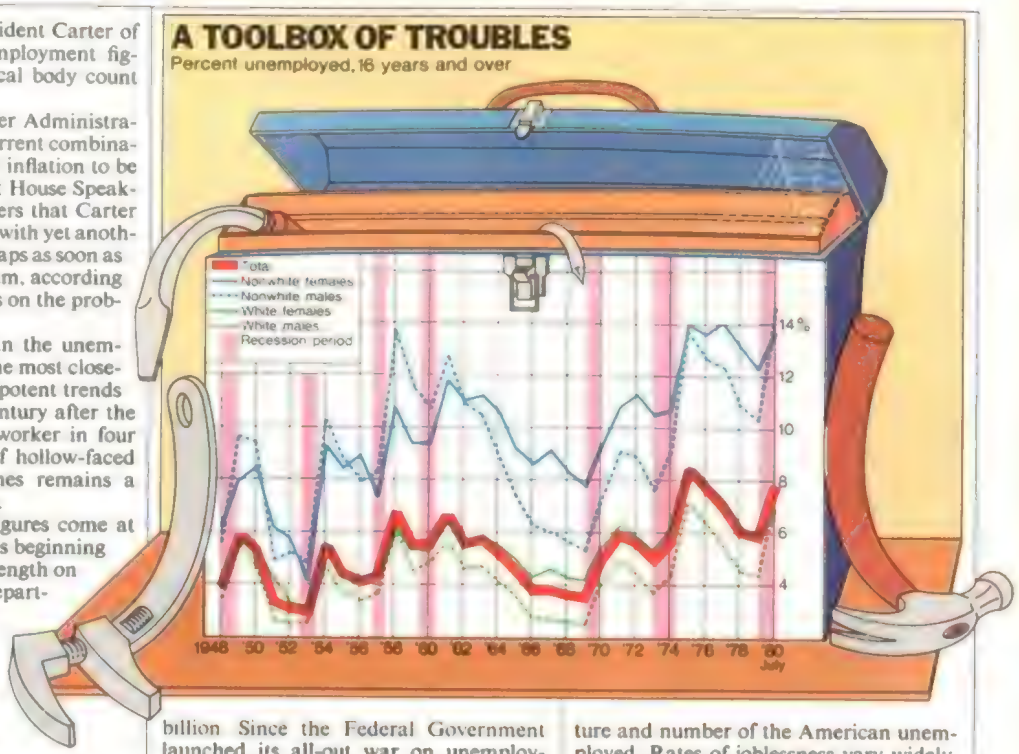
The conditions of the unemployed have changed, of course, since the Depression. A laid-off autoworker in 1930 had no unemployment compensation or Government benefits at all, while a similar unemployed person today could receive up to 90% of his after-tax pay for at least half a year from the time he loses his job.

Yet the stigma of unemployment involves more than just a lowered income. Employment is now the talisman of modern man. In societies from ancient Greece to the aristocracy of 18th century Britain, work was left to a lower class. In contemporary society, labor is considered more a blessing than a burden, and something that can give meaning to life. In casual conversation, the first two questions asked of someone are usually, "What's your name?" and "What do you do?"

During the past generation, Americans have come to view joblessness as a failure of the economic system rather than of the individual. People now look to Government to solve the problem of idle workers, or at least to ease the financial burden of being out of a job.

As a result, the cost of unemployment to the Government has become staggering. Each percentage-point increase in the jobless rate costs the federal budget some $25 billion in a combination of lost taxes and allotted unemployment benefits. Payments under the panoply of federal programs designed to return laid-off workers to the labor force or to train those without skills will swell this year to $11 billion. Since the Federal Government launched its all-out war on unemployment, beginning with President John Kennedy's New Frontier in the early 1960s, a startling $88 billion has been spent on an encyclopedia of job programs. But, at the same time, the number of unemployed people increased from 3.9 million in 1962 to the current 8.2 million, and the jobless rate from 5.5% to 7.8%.

Misconceptions abound about the nature and number of the American unemployed. Rates of joblessness vary widely. While 6% of white adult males are currently without work, 12.7% of adult black men are looking for jobs. Some 15.6% of white teen-agers are in the ranks of the jobless, but a stunning 36.6% of black teen-agers can find no work. While thousands of workers go several years without finding regular full employment, the average length of joblessness is still only twelve weeks.



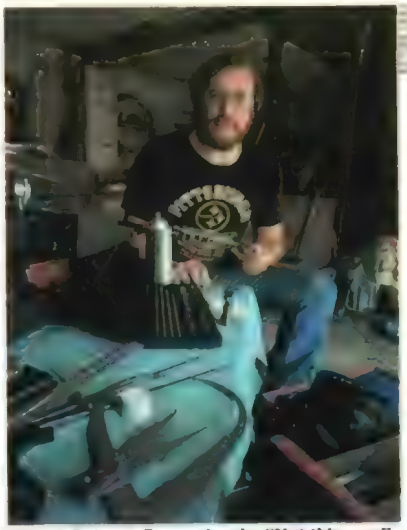
Keeping Count

The Labor Department calculates the unemployment rate much the way Gallup takes a public opinion poll. Government officials each month telephone or visit 65,000 randomly selected households to determine whether any teen-ager or adult living there is jobless and has looked for work at least once in the previous four weeks. If a person fits both criteria, he or she is officially unemployed.

The figures do not go unchallenged. Critics say that the results are either too high or too low. Some charge that since unemployment-benefits programs require that recipients actively seek employment, people often lie and thus inflate the unemployment figure. Others argue that the monthly statistic underestimates the jobless because it does not include so-called discouraged workers, those who do not have jobs and are no longer seeking them. These are now thought to number about 920,000.

The unemployment benefits available to U.S. workers can also be very different, depending on a worker's occupation and location. Of the 8.2 million unemployed, only about 4.2 million are qualified for and currently receive unemployment compensation benefits. Independent contractors, for example, as well as some farm laborers and domestic workers, get nothing at all when they are laid off. Maximum benefits, which in most states last 26 weeks, range from $90 per week in Alabama to $202 weekly in Ohio. Eligibility requirements vary widely. In California, for instance, a person can get at least some benefits if he works full time for seven consecutive weeks at the current minimum wage of $3.10 per hour. In Nebraska, on the other hand, an applicant qualifies if he has earned at least $600, but $200 of that must have been made in each of two preceding quarters.

Workers in the old-line "sweat and toil" industries, which once symbolized America's economic might, are now suffering the worst unemployment. Stretching across the nation's manufacturing heartland, from the foothills of the Alleghenies, west to the Mississippi River and north to Michigan's Upper Peninsula,



Wilson Painter, Pennsylvania: "Not this man"

Jerroll Kuerzi, New Jersey: "Let go again"

James Heffernan and Son Jim, Indiana: "Getting the checks is the most depressing experience"

Kelvin Fair, Florida: "It's not fair"

The O'Briens, New York: "Credit trap"

stands an idle army of the jobless.

The damage has been most severe in autos and steel, which together constitute a sort of senior service in American industry. Both are reeling from the one-two punch of high interest rates and rising gasoline prices. These have helped send 1980 car sales to a 20-year low, and cut demand for steel by automakers, the steel industry's biggest single customer, by 42% so far this year. As sales have slumped, losses have mounted. Last week the troubled Chrysler Corp. reported a loss of $536.1 million between April and June, the biggest single deficit in its history.

In Detroit, the loss of jobs has been on the scale of a 1930s-style depression, with some 312,000 workers, or nearly one-quarter of the auto industry's work force, unemployed. Pittsburgh, Birmingham, Gary, Ind., and other steel centers are also hard hit, with some 75,000 steelmen, or approximately 18% of the industry's employees, laid off.

Typical of the suddenly idle worker of 1980 is Wilson Painter Jr., 31, a Pennsylvania apprentice machinist who was let go by U.S. Steel in May. A big-boned man with the look of a football guard, Painter tries not to dwell on the future. Instead, he spends his empty hours playing with his two children, helping his wife Kathy around the house, or ritualistically unpacking and cleaning the precision calipers, gauges and scales that lie neatly slotted in his tool chest. Painter was halfway through a program to become a journeyman machinist when he was laid off. Those tools still represent his dream of advancement. His determination unbending, he says: "A man's got to keep his hands in tune, his mind alert. You can't let them slowly kill you and let your family go naked. Not this man."

Three hundred miles to the west, James Heffernan, 35, of Anderson, Ind., married and the father of two, feels the same sense of ennui and frustration. Laid off in June for the first time in his life by the Delco-Remy battery division of General Motors, Heffernan putters about the yard and collects his unemployment checks in the mail. Says he: "Getting these checks is the most depressing experience of the week for me. I would much rather be back at work."

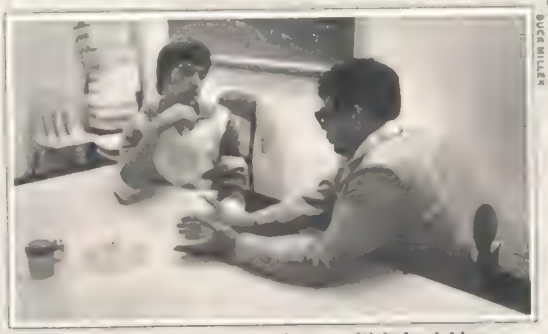
Employees in the established industries of auto, steel and rubber, with their strong unions, experience the least financial pinch from unemployment. Workers receive not only regular unemployment compensation when laid off but also so-called supplemental unemployment benefits, or "subs."

The sub benefits, which are paid from company-funded programs that the unions have negotiated into wage contracts since as long ago as 1955, provide laid-off workers with the difference between unemployment compensation and up to 90% of their former after-tax pay. Depending upon how well funded the plans are, payments can last for many months before the money is used up. Since

Waiting in a Tense Town

Situated on the southern shore of beautiful Lake Winnebago, the Wisconsin city of Fond du Lac (pop. 34,400) appears to be a pleasant haven far removed from the poverty and pain of the nation's recession-struck cities. Peopled mainly by second- and third-generation descendants of German immigrants, the city prides itself on being the home of the thrifty, the hard working and the tidy. Houses are neatly painted, lawns well kept, streets clean. Main Street is currently being resurfaced, and the perky detour sign reads: PARDON OUR PROGRESS.

Appearances deceive. The translation of the town's French name seems to have a hidden significance: bottom of the lake. Beneath the well-groomed composure, Fond du Lac is a scared city. Its unemployment rate has already risen above the national average of 7.8% to 10.5%. Because three of the town's main industries—outboard motors, auto parts and home-building materials—have been among the hardest hit by the current recession, the rate continues to rise. Mercury Marine, the nation's second largest outboard-engine maker (after Outboard Marine of Waukegan, Ill.), has fired or furloughed 1,150 of some 2,600 workers at its local plant. Cutbacks have also taken place at Wells Manufacturing Corp., a maker of auto-ignition parts, Sterling Custom Homes Corp., a producer of prefab dwellings, and Combination Door Co., which turns out components for houses. Ray Wittkop, 59, had been with Mercury Marine for 40 years. He says dejectedly: "They called me in at 11 o'clock one day and said that they were retiring me. There hadn't been any inkling. I felt like a whipped dog."



BUCK MILLER

A worker talks about stresses that go with being jobless

BUCK MILLER

Many for-sale signs but few buyers in Fond du Lac

The decline of the economy is already leaving scars on the lives of many residents. For-sale signs have been posted in front of houses all over town. As a consequence, real estate prices are declining. Even so, there are no buyers, which contributes to a vicious economic cycle. Because the unemployed cannot sell their houses, most of them must limit their job hunting to a radius of 30 or 40 miles from Fond du Lac.

Since many people are spending less, the town's economy is slowing down. Shops have laid off 600 employees, reducing the retail work force to 6,000. "We aren't selling much jewelry right now," admits Sue Emmanuel, the manager of the Fox Jewelry Store. "But we are doing lots of repair work." The manager of a big department store chain explains that the unemployed browse and sometimes buy because "it makes them feel better to buy something, if only a $2.98 blouse."

Inasmuch as one in every ten inhabitants is unemployed, the most frequently visited spot in town is the Wisconsin job service office. Each day hundreds of unemployed stop by to look at the boards where job offerings are posted. Just about the only items on the board last week were two Marine recruiting signs.

A rise in family and personal behavior problems is alarming the city's mental-health officials. They blame this on the stress resulting from unemployment. According to the city's mental-health center, there have been noticeable increases in the incidence of child abuse and wife beating, drug addiction and psychological problems, notably depression. Declares Social Worker Jacki Gross: "Many of the unemployed are barely holding themselves together."

To help people cope with unemployment, the city's mental-health workers have set up regular group sessions at the job center. The come-on sign for the sessions reads: EXCHANGE IDEAS ON DEALING WITH TENSION AND SURVIVING. So far, dozens of people have attended one or more sessions. At present the groups meet once a week for about an hour. "We help them identify the kinds of stress they are facing," explains Psychiatric Social Worker Larry Reynolds. "Instead of dwelling on how awful it is to be unemployed, we talk about how the participants can develop and relabel their strengths into marketable skills." One example: an unemployed accountant, who saw his business dry up as a consequence of the recession, has begun to explore the possibilities of becoming a business consultant.

At the sessions, the unemployed learn to give themselves social-readjustment tests that determine how vulnerable they are to dangerous levels of stress. Unemployed workers prone to depression are told to keep up their friendships with people who still have jobs. They also are encouraged to hold block parties and to cultivate relationships with neighbors who are undergoing the same stresses.

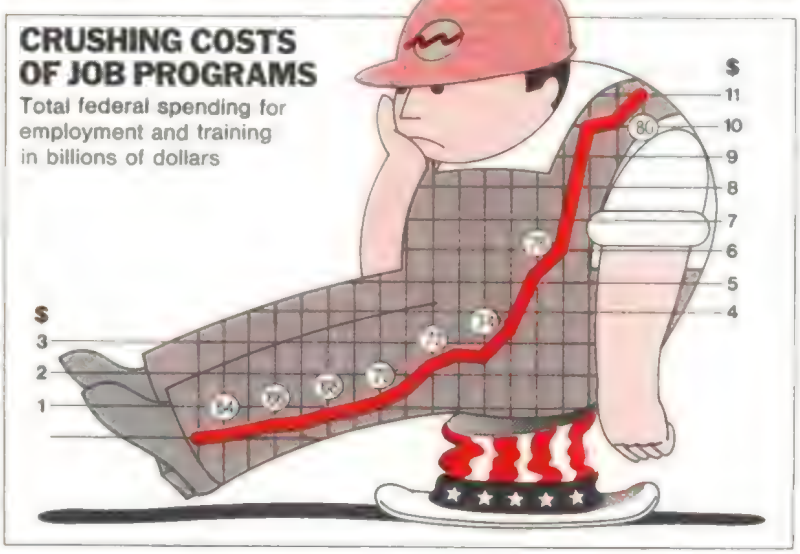
The most serious strain afflicting Fond du Lac is that of uncertainty. Rumors abound concerning when and whether Marine Mercury and the other plants will begin recalling workers. Marine Mercury, the city's biggest employer, will reopen this week after a two-week enforced "vacation." But plant executives concede that there may be more layoffs later.

The short-range prospects are very dark. In September and October, the federal and state unemployment compensation and extended benefits that bring an average laid-off industrial worker about $150 a week will run out for many of the unemployed. Says Don Bastion, vice president of the First Federal Savings and Loan: "After school starts, real distress could come quite suddenly."

Without an unexpected upswing in the economy, most of Fond du Lac's unemployed will be compelled in the fall to turn for help to the city's welfare system. "One of these days I am going to find people standing in a line that stretches down the block," says Mary Reinhold, the city welfare director. But Fond du Lac has a welfare budget of only $60,000, which would be exhausted in only one day if it tried to pick up state and federal compensation at the present level of joblessness. Sighs City Manager Myron Medin: "I don't know where the money will come from." Nor does anyone else.

expenses for everything from commuting to child care usually decline during periods of unemployment, workers can sometimes find themselves very nearly as well off, and occasionally even better off, without a job. When employed at U.S. Steel's South Works plant in Chicago, Stan Machusek, 25, earned about $250 for a four-day work week. Last May he was laid off. Now he has an income from benefits of $256 a week, which is 80% of the net pay he would receive for a full five-day week. Says Machusek: "It's like getting a long vacation."

Some 450,000 idle workers currently enjoy federal unemployment benefits that often result in higher incomes than when they were working. These people are covered by the Federal Government's Trade Adjustment Assistance program, which was first set up in 1962 as a way to compensate workers who lose their jobs as a result of increased foreign imports. Over the years Congress has substantially relaxed the qualifications for this form of assistance and boosted the size of aid until qualified workers can now draw as much as $269 per week for as long as 18 months. The money is in addition to regular unemployment and sub benefits.



Even as their jobs disappear in the old, established industries, some laid-off employees talk with calm confidence about being recalled to work in only a few weeks or months, well before the normal 26 weeks of unemployment benefits run out. When Keith Brown, 33, a purchasing agent for a division of the lumber giant Boise Cascade, in Chamblee, Ga., was let go from his $22,000-a-year position, the first thing he did was to take his family on a vacation to Florida's Gulf Coast. He assumed that when rehired he would not be eligible for a vacation.

For many workers, especially those with small companies in industries that are not strongly unionized, the loss of a job means hardship. Laid off in April from his job as a stock-room clerk for a car-parts distributor, Harold Pollard, 42, of Atlanta, became embroiled in a dispute with his employer over the terms of his dismissal. As a result, for the past four months he has not received any unemployment compensation, though he now expects his first check this week. Meanwhile, he and his wife have subsisted on her $100 per week income as a cleaning lady. They have fallen behind in mortgage payments on their $20,000 house in Atlanta's largely black southwest side, and are worrying about the unsettling prospect of foreclosure.

In many families in which the wife has gone to work to help establish a more comfortable living standard, the loss of one of the two salaries can be a heavy blow. Edward and Gail O'Brien, both 27, of Rochester, were forced to sell their three-bedroom house and move to a rented town house after Gail went through a succession of layoffs. Now the O'Briens and their ten-year-old daughter Stacey are struggling to keep up by means of Gail's $125 per week unemployment checks and Ed's $800 per month take-home pay as a production supervisor for a weather-stripping and auto-trim manufacturing company. Previously their joint income was about $35,000 per year. The biggest problem: $20,000 in consumer debts, accumulated in happier times while both held well-paying jobs. Says Ed plaintively: "We fell into the credit trap. We certainly won't do that again."

By far, the two groups that suffer the most when unemployment goes up are the nation's 25 million blacks and 12 million Hispanics. They traditionally have endured unemployment rates that are about twice the national average. In addition, their jobs have by and large been concentrated at the bottom end of the income ladder in labor-intensive industries such as textiles, the hotel and restaurant service trades and garment making. Those are usually among the first businesses to begin laying off workers during economic downturns.

In the nether world of the chronically unemployed minorities, almost every major city has a place where the day laborers gather before sunrise in hope of being tapped by a construction foreman or work boss for a day's worth of heavy lifting. When the economy slumps, so does the need for such men. But often it is the only work available.

One such laborer is Joe Gaines, 33, of Los Angeles. At about 6 on most mornings he can be found, in the company of dozens of other men, loitering under the 40-ft.-high neon signs of Lucy's Drive-In at the corner of Pico Boulevard and La Brea Avenue in Los Angeles' Miracle Mile district. Gaines is hoping for a job as a manual laborer, but if by 10 a.m. or so he has not found one, he heads for the beach. He is not lazy; the beach is merely, as he puts it, "the only cheap place around."

Many of the fields in which blacks and Hispanics have traditionally gained entry into the labor market have suffered devastating long-term employment losses, as automation and rising foreign competition have chipped away at domestic jobs. Says Bayard Rustin, chairman of the A. Philip Randolph Institute, an organization working to improve employment for blacks: "Twenty years ago blacks could get jobs putting televisions and radios together. Shoes and clothing used to be made by the under class. But these industries, and more like them, are being eliminated from the U.S."

With the nation's black and Hispanic populations increasing, on average, more than twice as fast as the white population, and the number of low-paying jobs open to them continuing to dwindle, enormous competition for jobs has developed at the low end of the employment scale. As Rustin points out, this competition simply intensifies during recessions, when overqualified laid-off people, such as engineers and electronics technicians, wind up becoming waiters and taxi drivers and snatching up the semiskilled and unskilled jobs.

Competition for jobs among blacks and Hispanic immigrants from Mexico or Cuba and black immigrants from elsewhere in the Caribbean has become especially acute. Says Wanda Frye, 36, a black divorcee with three children who was laid off in early June from her grueling job as a laborer in U.S. Steel's aging South Works plant: "Imported steel, imported cars and now imported people too! The foreigners are coming in and taking over jobs and using what we could be using. It's just not right."

Announcing

The new science magazine for smart people who aren't scientists.

Right now the greatest adventure in the history of mankind is taking place. You're living in an age of discovery like nothing the earth has ever seen before. And yet, if you're like most other non-scientists, you're missing out on the scientific action—no matter how educated, well-informed and curious you are.

That, precisely, is why Time Incorporated—publishers of TIME, LIFE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, MONEY, PEOPLE and FORTUNE—is bringing you a new kind of science magazine. It's called DISCOVER.

DISCOVER will make the whole fascinating world of science accessible to you in clear, understandable layman's language... and show it to you in stunning color photography.

DISCOVER will be real science, not fiction parading as fact. Astronomy, psychology, chemistry, biology, energy, climate, ecology.

Of course, DISCOVER will be more than pure science. It will be people, reviews, history, inventions, space travel, medical breakthroughs, and how they all affect you.

And DISCOVER will have tremendous immediacy and newsworthiness. Many of its pages will go to press only two weeks before you read them—that's significantly faster than most other science magazines.

For intellectually curious people, DISCOVER will be a bridge to the very heart of scientific adventure.

And right now, you are invited to become a Charter Subscriber and receive DISCOVER every month, beginning with the historic Vol. I, No. 1 issue.

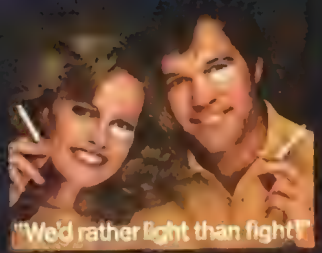
To subscribe, use the card, or call, toll-free, 800-621-8200 (in Illinois 800-972-8302). Do it now and be part of the greatest adventure of our time.

DISCOVER, Time & Life Building,
541 North Fairbanks Court,
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Only Tareyton has the best filter!

For a taste too good to be 5.

Why the best? Because Tareyton's unique charcoal filter means taste that's smooth. It means flavor that's distinctive. It means that no other cigarette is quite like Tareyton.



TAREYTON LIGHTS

5 mg. tar 0.4 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Adds Kelvin Fair, 19, a black Miamian who has almost given up his job search altogether and now spends his time watching daytime television and hanging around a neighborhood park: "Refugees come here and get jobs when I've been here all my life. It just doesn't seem fair."

The Hispanics see it differently. Jesus Alvarez, 38, a transportation supervisor from Havana, has been looking for a job in Miami for the past two months, but without success. Says he: "In this country I cannot complain, because I have come as a refugee and been accepted. But I'm 38 years old and have always worked. I feel bad. My spirits are low."

Bad as it is for nonwhites as a whole, unemployment is particularly severe for black youths, ages 16 to 24, who in city after city have jobless rates of 40%, 50% and even higher. The cost is not just in lost output to the economy but in social alienation, welfare dependency and ultimately crime and violence throughout urban America. This makes the problem the most expensive single aspect of the entire unemployment dilemma.

Former New York City Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy, now president of the Police Foundation, reports from his own experience in New York, Detroit, Syracuse and Washington that areas with high unemployment tend to have crime rates as many as 50 to 100 times higher than elsewhere in the same cities. Massachusetts Institute of Technology Economist Lester Thurow warns that the U.S. cannot "ignore the long-run consequences of having a generation of young people who have either dropped out of the economy or have not gained the work experience that leads to skills in later life."

Whether the person is a veteran automobile worker or an inner-city black youth, unemployment takes a heavy psychological toll. Jerroll Kuerzi, 53, the father of eight, was an industrial engineer at the recently closed Ford Motor plant in Mahwah, N.J. He had already felt the sting of economic upset twice in his life: as a six-year-old during the Great Depression, when his parents were forced to sell the family home; and in the 1958 recession, when he lost both his job with International Harvester and his home in Indianapolis. In June, economic downturn tripped Kuerzi a third time, when he was laid off from his $40,000 per year job.

Though he can count on a full year's severance salary from Ford, plus 23 weeks of unemployment insurance, the real shock is that a lifetime of skills and experience was ultimately unable to protect him from dismissal. Says he: "I really didn't think I'd be let go again. All I ever thought would happen was retirement at 60, and I wasn't looking forward to that."

Susan O'Brien, 35, of San Antonio, the divorced mother of a teen-age son, feels as if she is being hounded out of the mainstream of life. Seven months ago, she was laid off from her position as a quality control reviewer for the Texas Department of Human Resources, which administers the state's welfare programs. Says she: "When you lose your job your friends stop coming by, and when you keep getting turned down at interviews you begin to have doubts, to wonder whether there is something wrong with you." This month her unemployment benefit checks of $105 per week will be exhausted, her savings will have been used up, and Susan O'Brien will face the numbing and ironic prospect of perhaps having to go on welfare herself.

Yet despite the 8.2 million jobless in the U.S., the economy is already short of some workers, and a major economic problem of the late 1980s will be the paucity of skilled laborers. Aerospace firms in Southern California are looking for engineers, with some salaries starting at $36,000 a year. SCM Corp.'s Smith-Corona typewriter division in New York City needs toolmakers even though it has laid off assembly-line workers.

Later in the decade, firms may be bidding against each other to get good workers. The number of jobs in the 1980s is expected to grow only two-thirds as fast as in the 1970s. But because of the end of the brisk population growth of the baby-boom era, the numbers of new workers entering the labor force will increase very slowly. Though there are now an estimated 2.3 million more workers than jobs in the economy, projections by the Bureau of Labor Statistics show that by 1990, the gap could narrow to only 300,000 more workers than jobs.

A vital task of employment policy in the 1980s must be, therefore, to develop and promote programs that make sure the workers are there when needed, five or ten years hence. The Government cannot be counted on to do the job; its job-creating programs have mostly been failures. Instead, the challenge must be met by U.S. business. To a large degree, the present economic slump is a direct consequence of the failure of American companies to adapt to the changing nature of world business competition. Detroit automakers and Pittsburgh steelmen demand protection from Japanese and other foreign imports so that they can go right on making the same products that they have been making.

By contrast, fast-growing new businesses like microelectronics, data processing and telecommunications are already short of workers. As the economy becomes more and more "information oriented," the demand for secretaries, for example, continues to increase. Office construction is booming in cities from New England to the Sunbelt. Companies with strong positions in growth fields such as energy development and conservation, natural resources and aerospace, also have equally bright prospects.

There is no doubt that during the next few years American society will undergo severe strains because of unemployment. Yet the ability to adapt to economic change has always been the quintessential characteristic of the free-enterprise system. Any attempt by Government to protect jobs by, in effect, seeking to guarantee the maintenance of the status quo would be both foolhardy and doomed to failure.

Though the recession is now slowing, if not ending altogether, the sense of alienation among those who remain without work is bound to grow sharper than ever. Being unemployed during an economic downturn is clearly no longer the ordeal that it once was. Yet the cruelest lesson of the recession of 1980 may be that returning quickly to work is no longer certain. —*By Christopher Byron*

A Brooklyn employee training program teaches the jobless about heating and air conditioning

"Automation and foreign competition created a nether world of unemployed minorities."

Manhattan Towers for Sale

The Pan Am Building goes for a stunning $400 million

The rumors that real estate prices might have peaked received a setback last week, when Pan American World Airways announced that it was selling its octagonal Manhattan tower that looms over Park Avenue for $400 million. Completed in 1963, the 59-story aluminum and stainless steel–sheathed skyscraper leads directly into Grand Central Terminal and sits in the center of a midtown office construction boom. "To my knowledge," says John Robert White, chairman of Landauer Associates, Pan Am's real estate broker, "this is the largest price ever paid for a single urban building."

The Pan Am Building's buyer was Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., the nation's second biggest, which has lately been pouring large hunks of its $46 billion in assets into real estate deals around the country. In addition to acquiring the Pan Am Building, the insurance company is investing $245 million in Houston's Allied Bank Plaza and $110 million in Chicago's One South Wacker tower. Both are now under construction. Explains Metropolitan Chairman Richard Shinn: "We're looking for protection against inflation."

Large institutional investors, like pension funds and insurance companies, have recently been casting covetous glances at big-city office real estate because they see it as an often better investment than the stocks and bonds they hold. In January the Royal Dutch/Shell pension fund paid $136 million for the Celanese Building in New York City, and in February the Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association bought Manhattan's Seagram Building for $85 million. The Equitable Life Assurance Society two months ago acquired the AmeriFirst Building in Miami for $52 million, and the Prudential Insurance Co., often rumored to be a potential purchaser of New York City's World Trade Center, last week bought a 36-story Hyatt hotel in San Francisco.

Current office building owners are willing sellers. They are anxious to pull their profits out of the long-depressed, but now booming, downtown real estate market in order to direct corporate cash to other projects. Pan Am, for example, wants to retire some of the $1.1 billion in long-term debt that it has built up to pay for new fuel-efficient jets. Pan Am was also looking for cash because in the first half of the year it sustained an operating loss of $108.5 million. Pan Am Chairman William Seawell doubts that the company will taxi up to profits again before the second half of 1981. In addition to selling off its headquarters, Pan Am has canceled service to two dozen international cities, and management layoffs are imminent.

The airline had been studying the possibility of parting with its building since last February, but the deal was finally accomplished only last month during a secret two-tier bidding operation. Finalists were allowed to put in sealed bids after agreeing to the initial suggested price of $325 million. Among them: Metropolitan Life, the Trump Organization, a Manhattan developer, and Olympia & York, a Toronto real estate firm. The hopeful buyers or their emissaries all hand-carried their offers to the offices of Landauer Associates, which just happened to be conveniently located in the Pan Am Building.

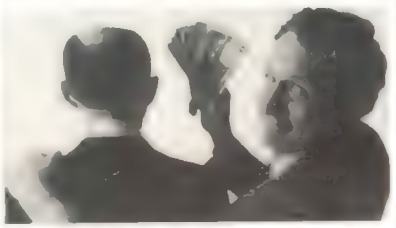
COLBURN—PHOTOREPORTERS

Metropolitan's huge new property

As part of its winning bid, Met Life agreed to let Pan Am keep its imprint on the building. The airline's name will continue to be on the face of the structure, and Pan Am will lease the 15% of the building that it presently occupies at about 30% below the current rate for prime New York office space. Says Losing Bidder Donald Trump: "The deal was extremely generous to Pan Am, but after ten or 15 years, it will probably turn out to be a good deal for Metropolitan." The insurance company is already happy with its proud tower. Says Metropolitan's Shinn: "In terms of prestige, location and quality of tenants, there is no more attractive building in the City of New York." ■

"This is the largest price ever paid."

BRING A FRIEND TO MANUFACTURERS HANOVER TRUST. OUR CASH OR GIFTS WILL BRING A SMILE TO YOUR FACE.



A New York ad encouraging bounty hunters

Bank Giveaways

When a buddy meets a buddy

Some deposit-starved banks have long tried attracting new business with gifts like toasters and TV sets. But the latest gimmick is an improbable appeal to human friendship. Banks in New York, Chicago and St. Paul are now making their pitch to the potential customer's pals. "Bring a friend," advertises New York's Manufacturers Hanover Trust. If someone deposits $75,000 for 2½ years, his pal will collect a sponsor's fee of $2,343.75. The First National Bank of Chicago pays a finder $25 for each $1,000 deposited by a buddy into a 30-month fixed-term account. Other banks reward friendly persuasion with grandfather clocks, microwave ovens and electric organs.

The bankers bearing gifts are trying to circumvent Government regulations that limit competition among financial institutions. The Federal Reserve's Regulation Q has long kept a lid on interest rates that banks or savings and loans can pay. Banks have sometimes attempted to get around that law by giving lavish gifts instead of paying interest. One New York bank, for example, offered an $84,000 Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow to anyone who would deposit $160,000 for eight years. But there were no takers.

Then clever moneymen discovered another loophole in the rules: give the gifts or bonuses to the depositor's friend. Gifts of cash generally have proven more popular than appliances and other goods, possibly because cash can be more easily divided.

Some bankers are unhappy with the buddy system, but most of them admit that it has been effective. Richard Hannafin, marketing director for the East New York Savings Bank, says that about 3,000 new accounts have been opened since the bank introduced gifts for friends. More important, he believes, the giveaways have been instrumental in dissuading old customers from pulling their money out of the banks.

The only loser in the deal appears to be the buddy depositor. Normally, he would earn much more interest if he placed the funds in a money-market fund rather than in a bank's passbook account or certificate of deposit. That should be enough to break up a friendship. ■

30-DAY SATISFACTION MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Buy a new 1980 Dodge, Plymouth or Chrysler for personal use. Drive it for 30 days or 1,000 miles, whichever comes first.

Then, if you're not happy with it, just bring it back in good condition with no metal damage. When the dealer gets clear title, you get your money back, excluding finance and insurance charges.

That's guaranteed satisfaction. You don't get that from any other car company.

Ask participating dealer for details. Refund value of trade-in may differ from trade-in allowance on retail sales contract.

We build and back our cars to guarantee your satisfaction.

When you buy a new car from The New Chrysler Corporation, there is no risk. If you're not happy, for any reason, we'll take the car back...and give you your money back. That's the most powerful guarantee in the business. And only Chrysler has it. Not Ford. Not GM. Not the Imports. Only Chrysler.

Our satisfaction guarantee works for you in other ways, too. It makes us, and our dealers, work harder to make sure you're satisfied. Everybody, from top management to the man on the line, is dedicated to improving our quality.

We have new training programs for our salesmen. They've been schooled in demonstrating every vehicle, so you know exactly what you're getting. And we have new training methods for our service managers, because a good product with poor service is not satisfaction. We want our service to be the best in the industry.

Last, but not least, you're the final judge of our product. If you don't like it, you'll never have to live with it.

If you're looking for guaranteed satisfaction when you buy a car, there's only one car company to look for. The New Chrysler Corporation.

For more information, call this toll-free number:

800-521-7270 or 7271.

In Michigan, 800-482-0415. Or ask your participating dealer for full details.

Dodge CHRYSLER Plymouth

The New Chrysler Corporation

People

Look! Up on the stage! It's Superman Chris Reeve, in *The Front Page*

And who, disguised as Clark Kent, mild-mannered reporter for a great metropolitan newspaper, fought a never-ending battle for truth, justice and the American Way? **Christopher Reeve,** of course. Faster than a speeding bullet. Reeve finished making *Superman II* and leaped to Williamstown, Mass., for a summer-stock revival of the 1928 classic, *The Front Page*. He may have ducked into a phone booth to change to period costume, but he has not left journalism. As Hildy Johnson, not-so-mild-mannered reporter for the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*, he fights a never-ending battle to prevent truth from getting in the way of a good story. "It's really just a coincidence that I am playing a lot of reporters," the newshound insisted before an opening-night performance that was—what else?—more powerful than a locomotive.

It started as a casual conversation between two neighbors in the country. The subject: whom to cast in *Ragtime*,

James Cagney does *Ragtime*

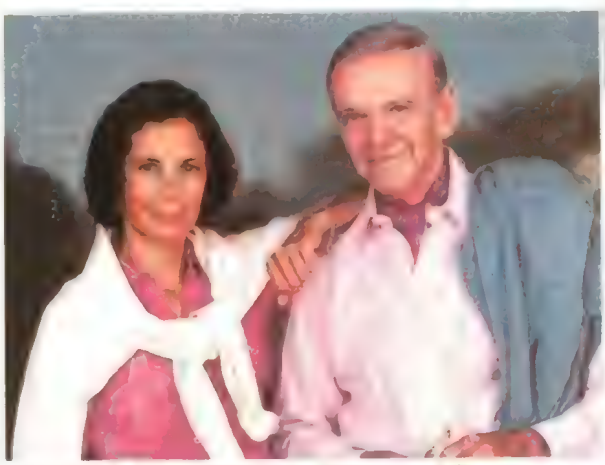
the film based on the 1975 **E.L. Doctorow** bestseller. "How about you, James?" said the movie's director, **Milos Forman,** to the owner of the 800-acre New York cattle farm near Forman's place in Warren, Conn. "Well," replied the farmer after considerable reflection, "let's do it." And so, 20 years after his "final" screen appearance in *One, Two, Three*, **James Cagney,** 81, was back before the cameras last week in Brooklyn, looking spry in the turn-of-the-century waxed mustache and muttonchops of New York City Police Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo. Said the old hardy hoofer: "The doctors said I should do something to keep me busy."

■

"We'll probably get flak for selling out," sighs **Deborah Harry,** the peroxided lead singer of Blondie. But given the mega-figure offer she got to model Murjani jeans, perhaps the iconoclastic fans of rock's new wave will understand why their darling became a tool of bourgeois fashion. Taping her second TV commercial for the hot-selling trousers, Blondie's blond took a philosophical view of her new ad venture. "I have been promoting the greatest American product, rock 'n' roll. Now," she explains, she is into "promoting another great American product, jeans." Into them very nicely. Never mind that Murjani's products are made in Hong Kong.

■

No one at New York's Saratoga race track made much of it at first, what with the fracas over the sudden withdrawal of Derby Winner Genuine Risk from the week's big race. But gradually word slipped out that another star was present. Riding an uninspiring gelding, Rubla Khan, in the third was none other than **Mrs. Fred Astaire,** back from a month's postnuptial vacation for what she says will be her final year in silks. "This is my favorite track," says the 35-year-old jockey, a.k.a. **Robyn Smith.** "It's the oldest in America. I was the first woman to ride here ten years ago." Smith will spend next spring on the race courses of Europe and then, reluctantly, hang up her spurs. "Fred," she explains, "thinks riding horses is dangerous. It isn't, but he is my No. 1 priority. I like to keep him happy." —*By Claudia Wallis*



Newlyweds Smith and Astaire before Robyn's day at the races

Blondie's Harry—selling out?

On the Record

Beverly Sills, on the transition from singing to running the New York City Opera company: "Now, instead of two vocal cords, I have to worry about 300."

Halston, fashion designer, on Chinese *couture:* "I think it's something when you can dress a whole nation in one thing."

Lin Murphy, mountain climber and IRS lawyer, on what she hopes to find at the top of treacherous Dhaulagiri in the Himalayas this month: "Something that's new and undiscovered. Something that's unregulated and isn't taxed."

America's Best

A roving publicist's pick

Boston Publicist C. Paul Luongo likes to describe himself as a "person of infinite taste." Leaving aside whether such a claim itself shows infinite taste, Luongo set out six years ago to prove it by tracking down the best goods and services offered in the U.S. The entries in his list book, *America's Best! 100* (Sterling; $9.95), range from airports (Tampa, of course) to zoos (San Diego, naturally). In between, he roves entertainingly, and often eruditely, through such recondite subjects as octopus-ink paintings, spumoni fudge and specialty cement. For the list mavin with less esoteric tastes, Luongo offers his verdicts on the best available wines, foods, hotels, shops and salmon waters, as well as just about everything else enlistable from banana ice cream to bouillabaisse, pizza to personal submarines, johnnycakes to jogging roller skates.

Few *connoisseurs en chips* would dispute Luongo's potato chip entry: Kitch'n Cook'd, made in minuscule quantities by Dewey Kobayashi on the Hawaiian island of Maui. (Luongo notes that the average American consumes 4 lbs. of chips a year.) Few connoisseurs of anything are competent to contest his claim that the best shoofly pie is made by Dutch Haven Amish Stuff Inc., in Soudersburg, Pa., or that the best dimensional paper sculptures are fashioned by an insomniac housewife in San Diego, Calif., or that the best herbal medicine man holds forth —between nonherbal snacks on Hostess Twinkies—in Glenwood, W. Va.

Luongo is on more demonstrably safe ground in naming Ocean Spray as the No. 1 purveyor of cranberries ("Brigitte Bardot reportedly bathes in them and considers them something of an aphrodisiac") and the Boeing 747 as the best jet (it is, Luongo points out, fast, safe and comfortable and guzzles the least fuel per passenger of any commercial aircraft). Similarly, he endorses the best lobster as coming from Maine, the best mushrooms as Pennsylvanian and the best mules as Missouri's. The best veal, according to Luongo, comes from Delt Blue Provimi Inc., in Watertown, Wis.; the best steaks from Murray's in Minneapolis (both are available by mail). The best jelly beans, as J.B. Addict Ronald Reagan may know, come from the Jelly Belly of South El Monte, Calif., in 32 flavors.

Some of Luongo's choices are more debatable. For the best appetizers, he picks the oysters Rockefeller served by Antoine's in New Orleans; they have sometimes proved a pallid parody of the original, which was reputedly invented at that watering hole. His candidate for best volcano, Kilauea on Hawaii Island, is surely a country mouse compared with Oregon's Mount St. Helens. Experts might challenge Luongo's contention that the best botanical garden is in St. Louis (New York City's in The Bronx is at least bigger); that the Beast at King's Island in Ohio is the wildest roller coaster (over Coney Island's Cyclone?); that the premier Cabernet Sauvignon wine comes from the Napa Valley's Heitz Cellars (some might award this prize to the Robert Mondavi reserve).

Whether right or wrong, however, Luongo put in painstaking research. He claims to have invested $250,000 and 150,000 miles of first-class air travel in his investigations. He does not nominate the best airline. ■

Author Luongo researching pizza in Boston

Top coaster: King's Island's the Beast

Jets, johnnycakes and jogging roller skates.

Odds & Trends

AN EARIE EXPERIENCE

As the movie title says, "Can't Stop the Music," at least on city streets. A cacophony of portable radios and tape players blares from every corner, park bench, bus and subway. But now Sony has come out with a sidewalk stereo that is not a noise polluter. About the size of a paperback book, the 14-oz. Walkman is a cassette player that can be hung from the neck, strapped to a belt or simply carried in a pocket. Attached is a headset with half-dollar-size earphones that provide true stereo sound. Best of all, the Walkman (just under $200) lets a pedestrian stroll to his own beat, whether Bach or disco, without inflicting it on others. Hear, hear

THE LADY VANISHES

A debutante just last summer, she had a nationwide coming-out party that cost close to $600,000. But alas, her two-bit shape did her in. The Susan B. Anthony dollar, heralded as a boon to bank tellers and store clerks, turned out to be a bane. Looking and feeling too much like a quarter, she may fare less well than the poker-chip-size Eisenhower dollar and the Jefferson $2 bill. Production of the nickel and copper-alloyed coin has been "temporarily postponed," says the U.S. Mint. Of the 846 million Susan B.s already minted, only 300 million are in circulation, with 30 million—a relative trickle—being added each month. The mint is thinking of changing Susan B.'s silvery color to bronze (95% copper, 3% silicon and 2% aluminum) in hopes that a facelift might change her fortunes.

Susan B. dollar

THE BLAST SUPPER

Not everyone in France has unquestioning faith in the country's nuclear deterrent, *La force de frappe*. Restaurateur Philippe Deur, 24, has converted the 17th century stone cellar of his establishment, Chéz Gregory, in Arcey not far from the Swiss border, into a bomb shelter that even the *Guide Michelin* might approve. Behind a 1½-ton steel and reinforced concrete door and enclosed within 4 ft.-thick walls, the room is equipped with a hand-cranked ventilator that sucks in outside air and could filter out radioactive dust. Most evenings, the fare includes steaks, omelets and salads. Come the holocaust, though, Deur's village clientele will be treated to a repast of freeze-dried *haricots verts*, vacuum-packed *charcuterie* and as much French wine as survives the first blast. The dining room ordinarily seats 30, but in a nuclear pinch the tables can be squeezed to accommodate 50.

Education

A few of the 1,200 collegians enrolled in the Wayne State program attending a lecture

Burning the Weekend Oil

Odd-hours classes for working students

James Caygill, public safety director in suburban Woodhaven, Mich., joined the Army right after high school. Later his hope of earning a college degree faded with the pressures of holding down a job and raising five children. True enough, he was free on Saturdays and Sundays, but he knew of no place that offered instruction at such times. Then in 1975 he heard about Weekend College, a pioneering effort of Wayne State University in nearby Detroit. Caygill enrolled, kept up a 3.65 average for five years and in June 1979 became one of 675 graduates who have been awarded a Bachelor of General Studies degree since the founding of the innovative school in 1973. Says Caygill: "It's an excellent opportunity for people who have to work."

A separate academic unit at the 34,337-student WSU, Weekend College has held classes in such places as police and union halls and local libraries in an effort to fit schooling to the schedule of people who work. Of the 1,200 current enrollees, more than 500 are auto company workers; the United Auto Workers union not only helped persuade Wayne State to create the college but also recruits many of its applicants. One typically enthusiastic student is Senior Bob Robertson, 36, a Ford engineer who took one college course per term at night school for 15 years before enrolling in Weekend College. Says Robertson, who will graduate this month: "During two years in this program, I have made more progress toward the degree than I had in the past 15."

Every weekend, students attend small, four-hour discussion groups that can take place in the morning, afternoon or evening. Twice each term they meet at WSU's downtown Detroit campus for larger conferences. Other instruction is accomplished through a series of some 800 "classes" that have been video-taped by college faculty. These are broadcast daily on public TV and commercial channels in 30-min. segments early in the morning, in the late afternoon and after midnight; the week's fare is then repeated on Sunday for makeup and review. The curriculum, taught by the 82-member faculty, includes courses in science, the humanities and the social sciences, as well as mandatory classes in writing and research projects. The program can be completed in four years, but most students take five. That is still much less than the ten to twelve years often required for standard adult-education programs.

WSU's weekenders must maintain the same minimum C average and pay the same tuition ($149 per quarter for freshmen and sophomores, $266.50 for juniors and seniors) required of regular students. But unlike the weekday program, Weekend College admits any high school graduate, regardless of his or her grades. The quarterly dropout rate is about 50%, double WSU's overall average, though many of those who leave do so because of job changes or marital problems and return later on. Laid-off autoworkers can receive unemployment benefits while enrolled in Weekend College, but are ineligible for such aid if they become full-time weekday students. Of those who earn degrees, 20% enter graduate school; 85% of those who apply for advanced study are accepted. Among them: one graduate accepted by Harvard Law School, two others by Harvard Divinity School.

Teachers say the weekend program gains from the maturity of the students. "I find adults enjoyable to teach," says David Levey, assistant professor in the social science department. "Young students tend to be very passive. Adults come back with questions, discussion and arguments." Adds an autoworker enrolled in Weekend College: "The professors are not quite as tempted to try to bull a student as they would be with a roomful of 18-year-olds."

Although courses are currently offered at some 70 locations in the Detroit area, the college is seeking to move most of its classes into regular school buildings. When a class is held in a union hall, the reasoning goes, some worker-students become reluctant to ask questions or risk answering sharp queries within hearing distance of their union officers.

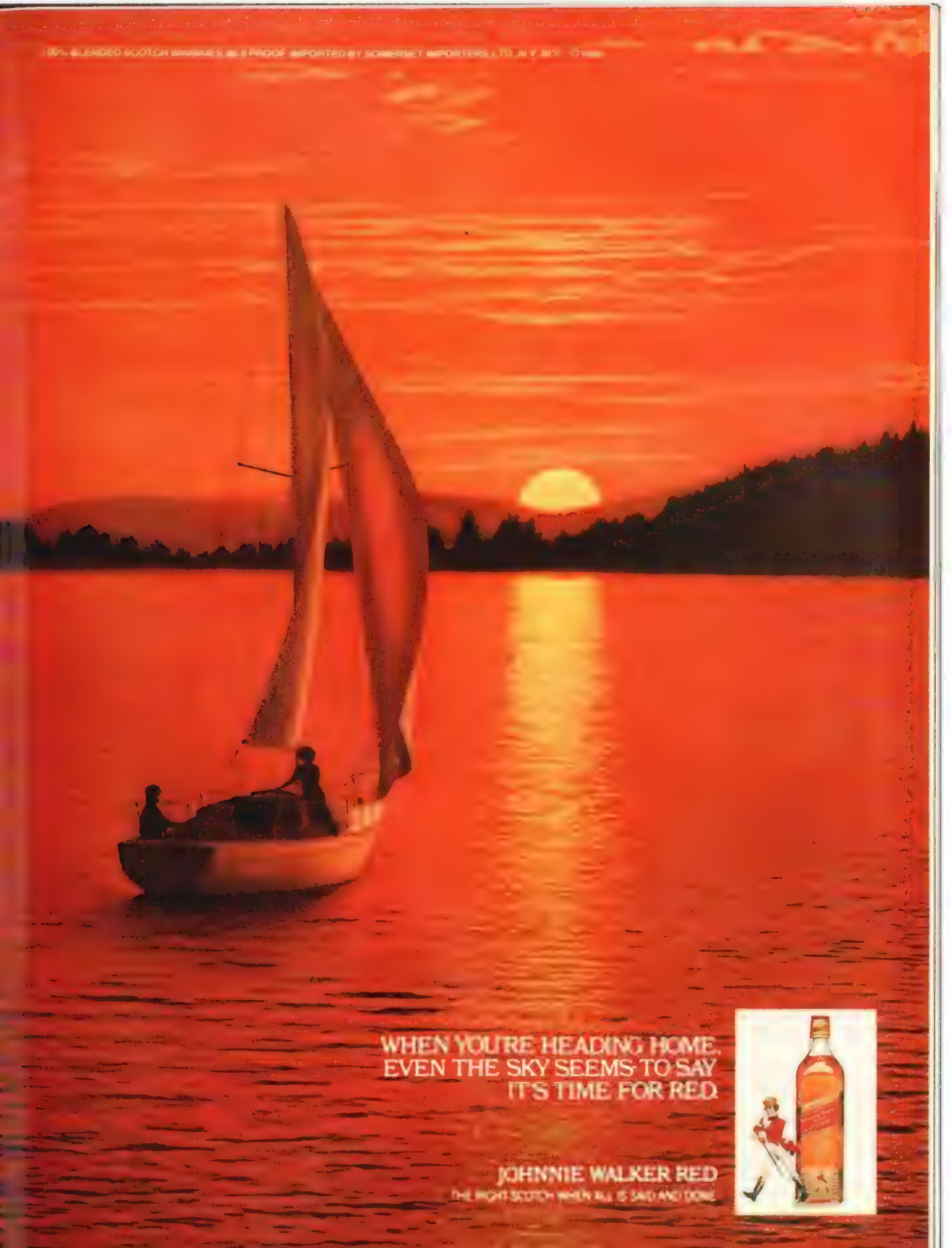
The founder of Weekend College, WSU Political Science Professor Otto Feinstein, 50, aims to promote the concept nationwide. Experiments with weekend colleges have already begun in New York, Minnesota and Kansas, with the help of grants of $380,000 from the Fund for the Improvement of Postsecondary Education and $400,000 from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Beginning this fall, weekend programs are scheduled to open in Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Florida, Ohio and Missouri, many of them using Wayne State's TV courses. The U.A.W. and other unions are working to spread the program. "By the fall of 1981, there will be 20 to 30 operating weekend college units," predicts Feinstein. "Once we reach that goal, the weekend college will become a regular part of the American higher education system." ■

Loyola Inc.

Kudos for campus finance

The Treasury does it. So do states and corporations. Now financially pinched private universities are catching on. Chicago's Roman Catholic Loyola University has become the first such institution to raise cash by issuing IOUs in the crackling-hot short-term money market. Needing building funds, Loyola issued a total of $53.5 million in tax-exempt corporate paper for terms ranging from 15 to 93 days at an average interest cost of 3.86%. Loyola intends to keep reissuing the paper until long-term interest rates (now as high as 9½% for 30 year tax-exempts) decline.

Besides gaining a lower price for its cash Loyola has won kudos. Standard & Poor's, the investment-rating firm, now appraises the short-term debt of nonprofit institutions. It gives the Loyola debt its top grade: A-1. ■


WHEN YOU'RE HEADING HOME,
EVEN THE SKY SEEMS TO SAY
IT'S TIME FOR RED.
JOHNNIE WALKER RED

INTRODUCING THE BEST THING TO HAPPEN TO DIESEL ENGINES IN OVER 40 YEARS.

Why buy a diesel car that's made too cheaply or priced too high? Now you can buy a six-cylinder diesel car or wagon that's a Volvo. Test drive one today at your nearby Volvo dealership.

VOLVO.

28 EPA est mpg **38** EPA est hwy

The Volvo 4-door GL diesel sedan and GL diesel wagon with manual transmission and overdrive. Use these numbers for comparisons. Actual mpg may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual hwy mpg will probably be lower than EPA hwy estimate.

VOLVO A car you can believe in.

© 1980 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION, INCORPORATED, WEST OF MISSISSIPPI, U.S.A.

Press

Open Up, It's the Police!

A search in Boise revives concerns about protecting sources

When the Supreme Court ruled in *Zurcher* vs. *Stanford Daily* two years ago that police had the right to make unannounced searches of newsrooms for information useful in criminal investigations, the outcry from journalists, publishers and civil libertarians across the country was deafening. Of several Burger Court decisions that have narrowed the free-press protections of the First Amendment, they believed that this one presented the greatest threat to a reporter's ability to protect confidential sources. But then, as news organizations braced for an anticipated wave of court-inspired raids, a curious thing happened: none occurred.

Until now. Sheriff's deputies in Boise, Idaho, armed with a search warrant, burst into television station KBCI's newsroom two weeks ago. They were looking for video-taped interviews with inmates at the Idaho state penitentiary conducted by Reporter Bob Loy during a prison riot last month. As a dismayed Loy and his colleagues watched helplessly, the police spent 90 min. rummaging through their files and desk drawers before locating the tapes they wanted. Last week KBCI filed a civil complaint against the state and the local prosecutor claiming infringement of their First Amendment rights. Only two months earlier, police in Flint, Mich., had raided a local printing firm looking for information related to an article in the Flint

Deputies rummaging in files at KBCI-TV

"I feel I've been completely compromised."

Voice criticizing the mayor. After two such incidents in so short a time, many journalists are worried that police in other cities will now start to launch their own raids.

The Boise swoop has produced particularly broad concern, perhaps because the police invaded a newsroom and not, as in Flint, a commercial print shop where no journalists work. "I feel I've been completely compromised," said Reporter Loy, who had talked his way into the Idaho prison as a member of a convict-approved "citizens committee." "These people asked me to go in because they knew I could be trusted." CBS News President Bill Leonard called the raid "unjustified." New York Attorney Floyd Abrams, who has argued several press freedom cases, said the Boise action was "particularly offensive" because the prosecutors did not seek a subpoena for the tapes.

Unlike a search warrant, which requires no advance notice, a subpoena can be challenged in court before it is carried out. Says Harvard Law Professor Arthur R. Miller: "The search warrant should be used only as a last resort, when every other avenue of investigation has been exhausted." This, Miller feels, would prevent prosecutors from "living off journalists in a parasitical manner" when the information sought may be available elsewhere. Says he: "The prosecution should not be allowed to go fishing."

In order to restrict those fishing trips, the House and Senate Judiciary committees have written bills that make the searches conducted under the Supreme Court's Stanford *Daily* decision illegal. The bills would make it necessary for police to subpoena material they think they need from reporters. "You know who's going to pass it for us?" asks Jack Landau, director of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press. "The cops in Flint and Boise. It ought to be called the Police Department Memorial Bill." ■

Theater

Treasure Chest

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE
Book by W.S. Gilbert
Music by Arthur Sullivan

Seadogs have invaded Central Park this summer, but have no fear. These are not predatory muggers, these swashbucklers who have stormed the stage of the New York Shakespeare Festival's Delacorte Theater, but gentlemen of merit, mirth and melody.

Sullivan's music is unsinkable, and Gilbert's witty, alliterative lyrics may have inspired the young Noël Coward. The mood of the evening is lighthearted, impish and spoofy. The pirate ship is out of a child's storybook dream, and so are the characters who people the stage.

As the "very model of a modern major general," George Rose is a Blimp without a bowler. And "in matters vegetable, animal and mineral," the polysyllables

Linda Ronstadt and Rex Smith in *Penzance*

Polysyllables hop about like trained fleas.

hop off his tongue like trained fleas. Kevin Kline's Pirate King is wondrously agile and regally ironic. He is a combustible actor who fires up a stage.

A minor to-do attended the announcement that Pop Goddess Linda Ronstadt would make her theatrical debut in *Penzance*. Ronstadt and Rock Singer Rex Smith play the young lovers. Neither needs to walk the plank, though each has a foot on it. As an actress, Ronstadt is high-school-class-play caliber, but she has a radiant, mesmerizing presence. The shimmering lyricism of her voice confers a haunting beauty on the songs, particularly *Poor Wand'ring One*. Smith has a narrow range, but his ardent though awkward bearing makes his love seem real.

Skillfully orchestrated choreography by Graciela Daniele turns London bobbies into Keystone Kops. Patricia McGourty adds festive costumes, and Director Wilford Leach a snappy tempo. Thank Producer Joseph Papp for another good reason to love New York. —*By T.E. Kalem*

The Democratic Convention begins next week in New York. And ABC News is there.

We will bring you all the news, direct from the convention floor; presented with the same lively innovation and impact, the same comprehensive coverage we brought to the Republican Convention a month ago.

Anchormen Frank Reynolds and Ted Koppel will take you step-by-step through convention week, bringing you all the excitement, drama and pageantry of the political process.

Special Convention Correspondent Barbara Walters will take you behind the scenes for the kind of interview that only she can do.

ABC News takes Democratic

And ABC's experienced team of political correspondents will be out in front, bringing you the stories as they break, from the convention floor or behind the scenes.

Stay with ABC News—from "Good Morning America" to "Nightline"—for incisive up-to-the-minute reports and different perspectives on the Democratic Convention.

The Democratic Convention

ABC NEWS

abc

See page 10 for the ABC Station in your city.

Standing next to slain man's motorcycle, Charles Veverka testifies in Florida trial

How Safe Is Immunity?

Federal panel indicts ex-officer despite deal with state

Florida prosecutors made Charles Veverka an offer he could not refuse: tell in court what he knew about the beating he and nine fellow Dade County police officers administered to black Businessman Arthur McDuffie, who later died, and his legal problems would be over. Veverka agreed, and the state granted him immunity. But last week a federal grand jury indicted Veverka on four counts of violating McDuffie's civil rights. It was the only indictment handed up so far by the jury. Said Veverka, who could face fines of $21,500 and up to 26 years in prison if convicted: "Because I told the truth, I'm the one getting screwed."

Veverka first went to state prosecutors in December, nine days after the incident. He admitted getting into a scuffle and punching McDuffie, who had been speeding on a motorcycle. He also said that after other officers arrived at the scene and joined in the beating, which he tried to stop, he helped cover up the incident and lied about it to the department's investigators. On Jan. 31 he returned and provided more details. It was only after that second session that Veverka was granted immunity in exchange for his agreement to testify in court. In May an all-white jury acquitted four officers of charges ranging from cover-up to murder. The verdict touched off three days of rioting in black neighborhoods of Miami, and the federal grand jury was convened to look into the situation.

Federal prosecutors may have built their case against Veverka in part on his admissions during the two pretrial interviews. Veverka's lawyers, Douglas Hartman and Denis Dean, are expected to argue that the grant of immunity was retroactive, thus shielding all their client's confessions from use by the Justice Department. Says Hartman: "It's a very sad day when the state takes a man, uses him to the hilt, and then the Feds come in and react to political pressure and indict him. We feel Veverka has been betrayed by the judicial system." Veverka thinks the message to police elsewhere will be clear: if you are tempted to come forward with the truth in a misconduct case, don't.

To some, the indictment smacks of double jeopardy. David Robinson, a professor at George Washington Law School, comments that the charges "seem to run counter to the policy of the double jeopardy clause" even if they do not precisely violate it. Says Robinson: "It's a nasty case any way you look at it." Actually, the clause, part of the Fifth Amendment, simply precludes Florida from trying one of the defendants a second time for the same incident, and strictly speaking, Veverka was never put on trial. Any one of the participants in the beating is fair game for federal prosecutors, who in recent years have pursued several civil rights cases against defendants who first fought state charges. So the only question in Veverka's case is whether such action constitutes, as Hartman puts it, a "reneging on the contract of immunity."

Veverka, 29, was fired from the force, tried unsuccessfully to get reinstated, and is now working as a security guard and trying to start a landscaping business. He says he and his family have been subjected to "harassment and abuse" because of his decision to testify against the other officers. Prior to his indictment, prosecutors proposed that he plead guilty to only one charge, with a maximum sentence of five years, but Veverka turned them down. This time, he says, he is making no deals. ■

Fatal Delay

Ex-Green Beret wins appeal

The former Green Beret physician told the jury that four drug-crazed intruders had slain his pregnant wife and two daughters in their Fort Bragg, N.C., duplex. But the combination of a blood-soaked pajama top and his vengeful father-in-law cast doubt on that story, and last year Jeffrey R. MacDonald, 36, began serving three life terms in a California prison. Now, as a result of a 2-to-1 decision last week by a U.S. appeals court in Richmond, MacDonald may become a free man once again. The reason: investigative delays violated his constitutional right to a speedy trial.

"Sheer bureaucratic indifference" and the Government's "callous and lackadaisical attitude" were to blame, said the court, which offered no views on the correctness of the murder verdict. Soon after the 1970 slayings, the Army abandoned its plans to prosecute, apparently because of a bungled investigation that spoiled key evidence. In 1972 the Justice Department took on the case, but committed a crucial error by taking more than two years to convene a grand jury to hear the evidence. The trial did not start until last July.

The strongest reaction to last week's ruling came from the father-in-law Alfred Kassab, retired vice president of a New Jersey egg retailing company. "It's ludicrous," he said. "Are we to let a triple murderer go loose just because he wasn't tried fast enough?" Kassab implied that he might have to "take justice into my own hands." Of his tenacity there can be little doubt: after initially rejecting the theory that his "all-American" son-in-law had committed the murders, Kassab soon changed his mind and financed an investigation that brought a reopening of the case. He chased leads, lobbied the Justice Department and visited all 535 members of Congress.

Dr. MacDonald

The latest turn of events thrilled MacDonald. Notified of the news by his attorney at 6:15 a.m., the doctor said he was rushing out to jog five miles. Unless released on bail, however, he must remain in jail, pending any appeal the Justice Department may decide to seek. MacDonald knows only too well that judicial relief can be short-lived. Once before, the Richmond-based court threw out the Government's case on the same speedy trial grounds. But the Supreme Court heard an appeal and MacDonald lost. ■

VIRGINIA SLIMS *Lights*

When he offers you a low tar cigarette, tell him you've got one of your own.

Only 9 mg tar

In the crush-proof purse pack.

9 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Jacket: Bogo'dor

COVER STORY

TV's *Dallas*: Whodunit?

Sinning and winning, J.R.'s clan is now the first family of soap

As he lay crumpled on the floor of his office, with two bullets in his stomach, his thoughts pinwheeled off into fantasies of his real and idealized past. His first word had been "Mammon." As a child he had torn the wings off flies and sold the insects' bodies to science. In high school he had peddled exam answers to his fellow students, then told his teacher that they were cheating. In college he had impregnated an entire sorority and used the offspring to stock a black-market adoption agency.

No wonder he proved such a success when his daddy brought him into the family business: skewering the town's most powerful men out of millions while he was seducing their wives. All in all, a cause for celebration. Then why, he wondered as he started to slide from consciousness, was his last image that of his sainted daddy shaking his head in grim disappointment?

Fade to black

The human oil slick: Larry Hagman as J.R. Ewing

Why do 300 million viewers love to hate this man?

Until Friday, Sept. 19, that is. On that night—God and the striking Screen Actors Guild willing—the critically wounded body of John Ross Ewing Jr. will be sped to Dallas Memorial Hospital, and viewers will be given their first clues to a solution of the mystery: Who shot J.R.? Never in the history of cliffhanging narrative have so many people waited and speculated on the resolution of a plot twist. At last count, 300 million souls in 57 countries shared this benign obsession. When the Ewing family saga begins its new season, the number is sure to be swollen by millions more who will have succumbed to the summerlong blitz of news features, promotions and gossip. Competing networks are advised to broadcast test patterns.

Since its debut in April 1978, *Dallas*' Nielsen rating has almost doubled, until it is now the top-rated dramatic show on U.S. television. The March 21 *Dallas*, which ended with the shooting of J.R., was the year's most watched series episode. The show's huge, steady audience (40 million a week in the U.S.) helped CBS vault back into its familiar position as the top prime-time network after ABC's three-year interregnum.

Most hit shows live off habit; *Dallas* arouses demonstrative loyalty. Millions of *Dallas* T shirts, bumper stickers and buttons are festooning torsos, fenders and lapels. Half a dozen "J.R." novelty records are heading for the charts. Society matrons are planning *Dallas* costume parties for the night the program returns. Politicians have climbed on the bandwagon too. Jimmy Carter, at a Dallas fund raiser, confessed with a grin: "I came to Dallas to find out confidentially who shot J.R. If any of you could let me know that, I could finance the whole campaign this fall." Perhaps not: at the Republican Convention, Reaganites distributed buttons that read A DEMOCRAT SHOT J.R.

Gradually and purposefully, like J.R. slithering toward a voluptuous Texas belle, *Dallas* has ascended the international ratings until it rivals *The Muppet Show* as the world's most popular TV series. In Johannesburg, where *Dallas* is No. 1 in the ratings, Cabinet ministers refuse speaking engagements on Tuesday nights, knowing their constituency will be at home with

Intensive care in the Dallas Memorial emergency ward

Who pulled the trigger? How will J.R. take his revenge?

Larry Hagman: *Vita Celebratio Est*

In his acting debut, Larry Hagman had only one line. It never got out. Instead, the actor stared dumbly at the audience. If he has been tongue-tied in the 40 years since that grade-school pageant, the occasion has gone unrecorded. Today Hagman likes to talk the way Texans like to spend. Except on Sundays, when there is a rule of silence at his Malibu spread. "You've got to have a day of rest somewhere along the line," he explains. "Every major religion has one."

But then Hagman crowds at least a week into the other six days. He is famous for leading full-dress parades down the beach, with as many as 400 people in tow, and he may decide—today, tomorrow or perhaps ten minutes from now—that it is time to put on his Indian headdress and call the rest of the Malibu tribe to a war dance. He has been known to show up at the supermarket in a gorilla suit. Why? Why not? "I guess I'm a ham," he says. However he costumes himself, he knows that he can always cool off by jumping into the lavish Jacuzzi bath and forget everything but his motto, floating on a banner overhead: *Vita Celebratio Est* (Life Is a Celebration).

So it has been for most of his 48 years. Larry's father Ben Hagman was a wheeling-dealing Texas lawyer, J.R. Ewing without the meanness. His mother is Mary Martin, who is, along with Ethel Merman, doyenne of Broadway musicals. The Hagmans divorced when Larry was five, and for much of his childhood he shuttled between boarding schools and theater wings. When Martin went on the road with *Annie Get Your Gun* in 1947, Larry, then 15, decided to go home to Weatherford, Texas, to live with his father. One summer Ben was running for state senator, and his son drove him all over his district. "I met all the dudes down there," he recalls. "Oil, cattle, politics, everything. Let me tell you, my character is milk toast compared with some of those people. Fratricide, patricide, brothers and sisters shooting each other; it was unbelievable!"

After appearing in some tent-show musicals, Larry joined his mother in the London production of *South Pacific*. A European tour in the Air Force followed. Along the way, Larry met Maj (pronounced My), a Swedish designer then living in England. "She thought I was the crassest jerk she had ever met in her life," he says. But Hagman, who had a little of J.R.'s way with women even then, wisely let a little time pass, then asked her out—on his Vespa scooter. They celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary last December in the company of their two children, Heidi, now 22, and Preston, now 18.

A son of Texas with the state flag in Malibu

The star and wife Maj cavorting in their giant Jacuzzi bath

After the Air Force, Hagman tried his luck off-Broadway, then did a two-year stint on *The Edge of Night*. There were several modest roles in movies, including one memorable semivillain in *The Group*. But Hagman's most important part before *Dallas* was in the airhead sitcom *I Dream of Jeannie*. For Hagman it was the big break. He worked constantly, rewriting scripts, fighting to get the best possible performers. "I was driven, compulsive," he remembers. "I yelled at people. Finally I couldn't take it any more. I started to vomit, and it was as if my body were exploding and everything inside were trying to get out, including my brain." Two and a half years with a shrink put his cerebrum where it belonged, and even when *Jeannie* folded, he kept busy with TV pilots and movies. In the lean years that followed he still earned more than $150,000, enough, as his mother says, to allow him to be "a grand pasha" around the house.

Hagman was shown the first script of *Dallas* in early 1978: it was love-hate at first sight. "There wasn't one redeeming person in it. Even the mother was bad. I was tired of shows in which everybody was so nice and warm and cuddly to each other. I wanted to see some ass kickers." That was incentive enough for Hagman to make J.R. into the most unusual bad guy in the history of TV villainy. Like all those dudes he met when he was with his daddy, he speaks softest when he is at his meanest and smiles before he pounces; the more devious he gets, the more sincere he seems to be.

That canny balancing act has made Hagman indispensable to the show. He knows it, of course, and, embittered by the fact that he does not get one penny from the *Jeannie* reruns, the star refused to return to work unless he got a larger share of the *Dallas* gusher. It was a tactic J.R. would appreciate, and, naturally, it worked: Hagman now makes an estimated $50,000 to $75,000 a show, or between $1.1 million and $1.65 million a year—not counting residuals yet to come from eventual syndication. "But you're already a rich man," he was advised before negotiations. "Not as rich as I'm gonna be," he countered. J.R. would like that too.

the Ewings. In Hong Kong, *Dallas* is a hit with both the local population and the American businessmen stationed there; expatriates who return briefly to the States have been known to call their wives with news of episodes aired in the U.S. but not yet shown in the crown colony. In Australia, Network 10 quickly ran out of its supply of I HATE J.R. badges and when it announced that it hoped to bring Larry Hagman—J.R. himself—to the country, the switchboard was swamped with requests for his private phone number. Citizens of such troubled Middle East nations as Lebanon and Jordan find the show a welcome diversion, a fantasy land where oil-rich Americans have fun making themselves miserable. And in Turkey, the head of the Muslim fundamentalist National Salvation Party presented a 16-page ultimatum that included "the elimination of *Dallas* from television programs" because it is "degrading and aims at destroying Turkish family life."

The British are supposed to be above such nonsense. After all, their prime-time soaps (such as *The Forsyte Saga, Poldark* and *Upstairs, Downstairs*) are to the American brand what Yardley is to Lifebuoy. But after a slow start, *Dallas* grew from a guilty secret to a national craze. When the BBC broadcast last season's final episode, normally congested roads were clear and pubs empty as 30 million Britons (more than half of the U.K.'s population) stayed home to watch J.R. get his. On the news program that night, the BBC replayed the shooting as a news event, and a few days later offered a weekend for two in Dallas to the person who supplied the wittiest explanation for the crime.* (This summer the network is also providing a crash course in Ewingology: a rerun of all 54 shows, one a night.) British bookmakers seized on the golden opportunity. William Hill's set odds on the assailant's identity. (The favorite, at 6-4: Dusty Farlow, the "deceased" lover of J.R.'s wife. Others: J.R.'s mistress, 4-1; his banker, 4-1; his mother, 8-1.) Hagman, vacationing in England, was offered what looked like a sure thing: £100,000 if, as he stepped on the plane taking him home, he would reveal the culprit. Hagman blurted out the truth: he did not know who shot J.R., nor did any member of the cast.

It hardly matters. The *Dallas* phenomenon stems from something more complex than an interest in whodunit. If J.R. Ewing had not committed himself to a life of stylish wickedness—and if the part did not fit Hagman like an iron whip in a velvet glove—few viewers would care that he was near death or trouble themselves to ponder the assailant's identity. If the scheming scion of Ewing Oil were not surrounded by a nest of relatives, all pursuing their venal and venereal desires through a plot delirious in its complexity, he would be perceived as a cartoon villain among prime time's standard retinue of sanctified simps. If *Dallas* did not offer the rarest of series commodities—narrative surprise and character change—the attempt on J.R.'s life would be no more than a gimmick, instead of the logical climax to a season of devilish intrigue.

Dallas does well what American commercial television does best: present the viewer with a family of characters so appealing in their hopes, their failings, their resilience that they will be invited back into the living room week after week. The Ewings may be scoundrels and wastrels, but they are good company. Socially they carry themselves with the ease of Middle American nobility. Only at the end of each visit, with kisses and thank-yous all around, do you notice that they have made off with the silverware and your teen-age daughter.

In many TV series, characters behave the same way from first episode to last; that is their appeal. *Dallas* is different. It makes a pact with the viewer: tune in every week and get a jolt. *Dallas* offers adventure. In most series, characters refine themselves ever so slightly as time goes by, like an outdoor sculpture retouched by nature; the Ewings redefine themselves almost every week. Missing one episode means not only losing track of the plot, but finding that someone has acquired new alliances and enemies. It's flourish or perish with each week's trauma.

In short, punchy scenes, *Dallas* tells viewers that the rich really are different: they sin more spectacularly and suffer in style. The program's high-gloss handsomeness brings a touch of class to the ruck of commercial series TV. The Ewing home at Southfork Ranch, where eight members of one of Texas' wealthiest families contrive to live under one roof, resembles a formicary of Neiman-Marcus showrooms. Every taste and no taste is represented here: satin pillowcases, china dogs, replicas of Steuben vases, gilt-framed imitations of Frederic Remington, bedroom closets that look like mink cemeteries. The budget for a typical *Dallas* episode approaches $700,000, one of the highest in TV, but all the money is on the screen.

Beneath the glamorous settings and soap-opera situations—and inextricable from them—is a solid, suggestive foundation of conflicting themes and characters. David Jacobs, 40, who created the show and wrote many of its early episodes, struck a rich vein of dramatic possibilities with one basic opposition: the Old West *vs.* the New West. *Dallas* expresses this opposition in countless configurations: cattle and oil, country and city, the land and the machine, tradition and innovation, family and business, the Ewing ranch in rural Braddock and the Ewing Oil office building in downtown Dallas.

One brief shining moment: J.R. finally embraces his son

Why did this scene bring 10,000 letters to the Dallas *office?*

The opposition is not a simple matter of Good (noble conservatism) *vs.* Evil (predatory pragmatism) because one factor is dependent on the other. The Ewing Oil empire supports the ranch home; the business keeps the family together. J.R. may behave like a raffish amalgam of Machiavelli and the Marquis de Sade, but if he is evil, he is a strong, necessary evil for the weaker family members. His ruthless devotion to expanding the Ewing empire almost justifies his weakness for the three Bs: booze, bribes and broads. Oil work and no play would make J.R. a dull boy—and would have scuttled *Dallas* long ago.

If this makes the program sound like the subject for a doctorate in contemporary mythology, so be it. But Jacobs refuses to fish for a subtext. "*Dallas* makes no demands on the system," he says. "It is not about capitalism, Big Oil, the rich and the poor, abuse of power or any other social issues. The people are driven by very big emotions, and they're miserable."

True. No *Dallas* watcher is likely to make the connection between a Ewing Oil business meeting and the current price of a gallon of gas. Southfork is a ranch out of time, and the Ewing Oil headquarters is a castle in the air—almost literally. The stock shot of the office tower shows a fleecy cloud reflected on the building's façade with the surreal clarity of a painting by Ma-

*The winner, from 10,000 entrants: Leonora Gallantry, a widow from Crew, Cheshire. In her scenario, J.R. planned the whole thing to escape his personal and financial problems. On his "deathbed" he signed a paper committing his wife to a sanitarium.

gritte. Dallas realty; *Dallas* fantasy. The plot is a Rube Goldberg machine of the seven deadly sins, but performed and acted absolutely straight. This gives the viewer options. He can live and die with the Ewings; he can see the show as a satire of Neanderthal capitalism; or he can appreciate *Dallas* as the most adroitly plotted multigenerational saga since the Corleones moved into the olive oil business.

In 1977 *Dallas* was only a wicked gleam in David Jacobs' eye. Jacobs, a balding, cherubic man who was then story editor of ABC's *Family*, had the idea for an hourlong series, "a sort of American *Scenes from a Marriage*." Richard Burger, then head of dramatic development at CBS, suggested that Jacobs "try something rich and Southwestern instead of middle-class and Californian." Recalls Jacobs: "I went home and wrote a letter to myself about this terribly good-looking, semitrashy lady who marries into a rich Texas family." Jacobs envisioned this character, Pamela Barnes Ewing, taking on heroic proportions, shaking off her shady past and winning the respect of the family.

But the Ewings, even in embryo, had already begun to dominate the lives of those around them. Says Jacobs: "Then I had to write a family. Before I had even got to the script, we had complicated things too much. We had created a ranch hand who had brought her out to the barbecue where she met Bobby [her future husband]. We had decided that the family's father was once partner with her father. And so on. There were just too many people in it to concentrate solely on her."

GATZ—BLACK STAR

Home sweet home: Southfork Ranch, base of the Ewing clan

Why do eight members of a wealthy family live under one roof?

Dallas was not conceived as a serial, for reasons that are largely economic. TV production companies make little or no money from the network run of their programs; the profits come later, when the shows are syndicated to local stations. (Last year one New York station paid an estimated $56,000 for each episode of *Three's Company*.) In the off-prime-time hours when syndicated shows are aired, the viewing patterns are too random for commitment to a daily dose of fast-paced story. The failure in syndication of *Peyton Place* underlined the difficulties in making money from prime-time serials. So Lee Rich, president of Lorimar Productions, the company that produces *Dallas*, is careful to call the show a "semiserial" and to ensure that each episode features one self-contained story.

Even at the beginning, however, Jacobs' family plot was too intricate to be compressed into detachable episodes. The partnership between two wildcatting oilmen—Jock Ewing (Jim Davis) and Digger Barnes (David Wayne, and later Keenan Wynn)—had dissolved when Jock ended up with the lion's share of profits from their wells and wooed away Digger's true love, Ellie Southworth (Barbara Bel Geddes). Forty years later Ewing Oil had grown into an empire, and Jock and Ellie had produced three sons: J.R., who took his father's place as company president and married a former Miss Texas, Sue Ellen Shepard (Linda Gray); Gary (David Ackroyd), who bolted the Ewing spread, leaving behind his horny teen-age daughter Lucy (Charlene Tilton); and Bobby (Patrick Duffy), who has wed Barnes' daughter Pamela (Victoria Principal). Pamela's loyalties are tested by the continuing family feud, carried on now by J.R. and Pamela's half-brother Cliff (Ken Kercheval), who has vowed to dispatch the Ewing empire with extreme prejudice.

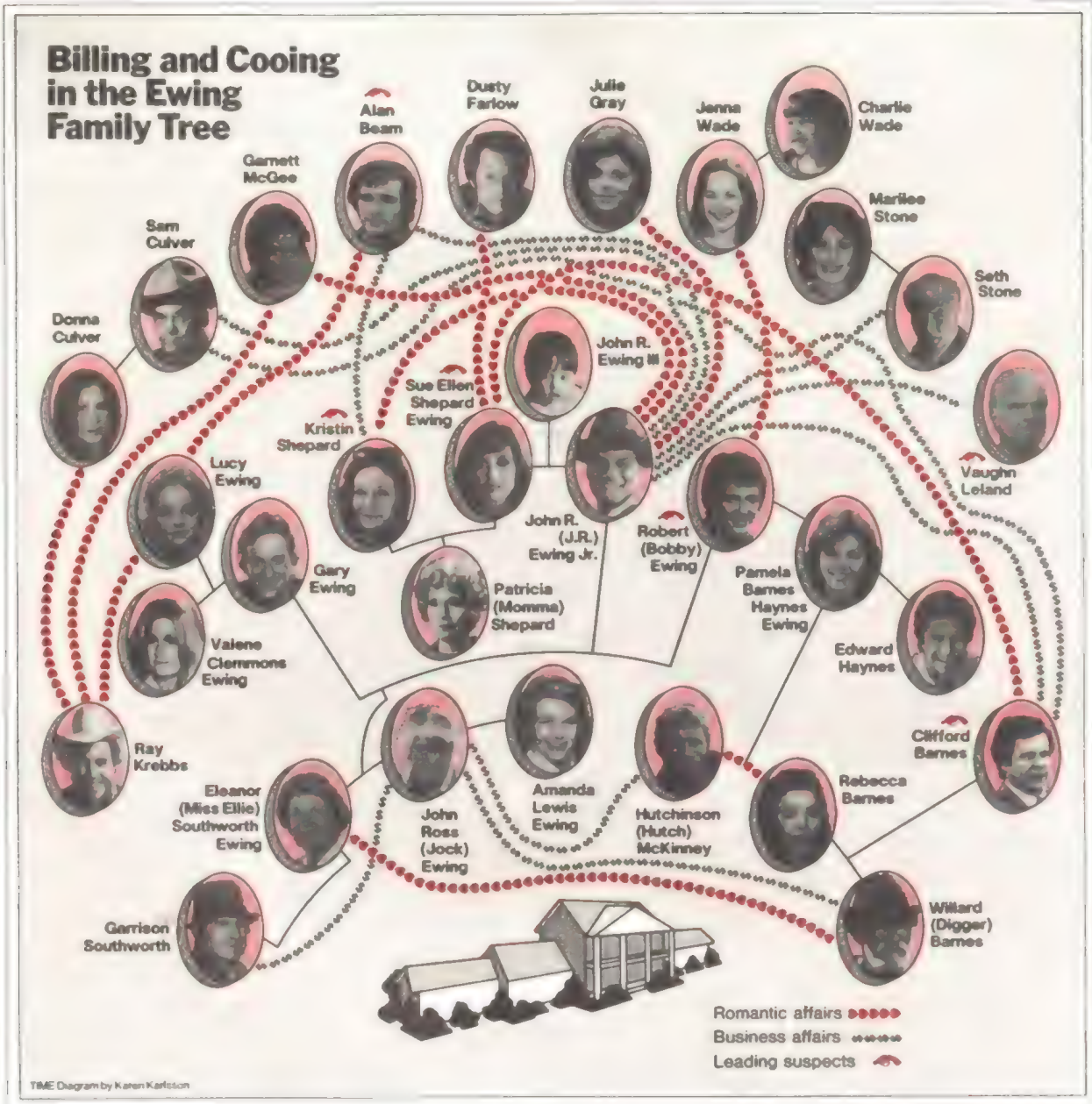
These plot permutations have a biblical resonance: Cain and Abel, Abraham and Isaac, Noah and his sons, Sodom and Gomorrah. No wonder then that *Dallas*, like most soap operas, has a "bible," a synopsis of each character and his or her development through a year's worth of episodes. The *Dallas* bible is assembled each spring by Executive Producer Philip Capice, Producer Leonard Katzman, Executive Story Editor Arthur Bernard Lewis and Story Editors Camille Marchetta and Rena Down. (After the first five shows, Jacobs left and now supervises the *Dallas* spin-off, *Knots Landing*.) "We spend six weeks or so doing a long-range seasonal bible," Capice explains. "Then we break that down episode by episode. We spend hours going over each script in all its variations. You must develop a story line so that when the main story peaks, another variation takes over. And there is usually an interrelationship between the main story and the variations."

Holding the power of life or death, love and guilt over three dozen characters has its pleasure; it is also a grind. Says Katzman: "We have this wonderful group of people whose lives can go anywhere. But when you have all the story lines to plot out, it is very depressing. You may plot the season and then look at a character and say, 'Wait, he has nothing to do in Episode 10.' And at some point all the story lines have to come together."

Often enough, the story lines come together in an apt, compact resolution to a wondrously complex plot. Toward the end of the past season, for example, the twine of stories looked hopelessly snarled. Cliff Barnes, now taking his revenge as an assistant district attorney, had Jock indicted for the murder, 28 years earlier, of Southfork Ranch Hand Hutch McKinney. But *voilà!* Digger Barnes, on his deathbed, confessed to Miss Ellie that *he* had shot Hutch for planning to run off with Digger's wife Rebecca, who was carrying Hutch's child—Pamela!

A series like *Dallas* demands a certain kind of actor. It needs an ensemble of performers; the story is the star. Only team players need apply. Luckily, the actors wear their roles like alter egos. Jim Davis, 63, a veteran of hundreds of westerns, drawls modestly, "I'm Jock Ewing without the money." (He may be a bit too modest: each principal actor reportedly earns more than $250,000 a year from the show.) Ken Kercheval, 45, whose Cliff Barnes is obsessed with ruining J.R., says of the murder attempt, "Actually, I hope it is me. I'd be an instant hero around the country." Victoria Principal, 30, had to adapt to the shifting of focus from Pamela to J.R., and she seems well adjusted. She calls Pamela "a little Statue of Liberty. When you have utter evil on one side, you can't have mediocre good on the other." Principal, who is herself statuesque enough to have posed for a rearmed *Venus de Milo*, has been criticized by discriminating voyeurs for changing Pamela from a sexpot to a Gucci Two-Shoes; she replies, "I didn't want to upstage my own performance." Charlene Tilton, 20, plays Lucy, the Ewing niece, as if she were really the love child of Mae West. The British press has a nickname for this tiny terror of Southfork: "the Poison Dwarf." When asked her response to those who call *Dallas* classy trash, she laughs with wide, wicked eyes: "Honey, they can call it whatever they want! We're No. 1!"

The *Dallas* cast works well together: everyone knows his lines, enjoys his work, respects his fellow actors. Irving J. Moore, who has directed 17 episodes of *Dallas*, says, "You can get a lot



more done on a loose set than you can on a tight one," and the *Dallas* set is as loose as J.R.'s moral code. Hagman and Patrick Duffy serve as chief pranksters. Hagman will often go cross-eyed in closeups, and has been known to come to work wearing a fire hat with a revolving red light. Duffy's character, Bobby Ewing, functions primarily as a Boy Scout manual with muscles, picking up after everyone else's mess. One day, the script called for him to discover the pregnant, drunken Sue Ellen passed out in her station wagon on the side of a road. He was to pick her up and carry her to his car. But on the set, Duffy stood over Linda Gray and shouted, "This is a job for Superman!" He ripped off his clothes to reveal a full Superman costume. He lifted Gray and raised one arm to the sky as if to fly. Three times he tried to get off the ground, then shrugged and said quietly, "Aw hell, we'll walk."

In the beginning, Sue Ellen was a non-character. As Gray, 36, tells it, "I was lovingly referred to by Lenny Katzman as 'the brunet on the couch.' I could have been J.R.'s masseuse. I decided that any woman stupid enough to marry J.R. had to have a lot of things wrong with her. I have always acted with my eyes, so when it came time for closeups of each family member, I thought, 'I'm going to give them a look to kill.' Venom came out. When they saw the closeups, a phone call came, saying, 'Do something with that part.' "

Sue Ellen festered into a major *femme maudite*, an alcoholic adulteress who both loves and hates her baby. Gray blossomed in the role, bringing it passion, grandeur and a touch of raunch. Through her soft, melodious voice, her carriage and her steely blue eyes, she suggested Sue Ellen's lifetime of good breeding and rude awakening, the lady whom J.R. forced to become a tramp. Says Gray: "I love the great broads of the world. I love Bette Davis and Katharine Hepburn. I love crying and letting the mascara run. I keep saying to the scriptwriters, 'Whatever you do, don't make her nice!' I've read the first four scripts of the next season, and I'm thrilled. The conflict continues."

At the hub of virtually every conflict in *Dallas* is that hu-

man oil slick, J.R.: seducer of sisters-in-law, bankrupter of bank executives, agent of miscarriages, avenging devil of politicians, mortgager of his parents' home, suavely sadistic husband—and secretly loving father. (When J.R., after 17 episodes of malign neglect, finally embraced his infant son, viewers responded with nearly 10,000 letters—half saying "Thank God!," the other half saying "Don't ruin it by reforming him.") Hagman developed a touch for light comedy on TV in the '60s sitcom *I Dream of Jeannie*. He plays the villainy *sotto voce* and the humor—the infectious delight J.R. brings to the business of malevolent one-upmanship—*fortissimo*. He struts, whinnies, talks out loud to himself; he has a grand time being bad. His soft, smooth, surprisingly characterless face expresses J.R.'s childishness; but those huge blue eyes testify to ages of suffering given and received. He is the man we love to hate. J.R. and Hagman deserve the country's gratitude for lighting up Friday nights with that barracuda smile.

J.R.'s shooting was a contract job. *Dallas'* second full season was to have ended with the revelation of Pamela's true father, but CBS requested two more episodes. Leonard Katzman recalls: "We were sitting around, and Phil Capice says, 'Let's have J.R. get his.' We didn't know who shot him. We said the hell with it, let's shoot him and figure out who did it later. Then we started eliminating and eliminating until we found the person we wanted."

An early scenario was this: Sue Ellen decides to kill herself by dissolving sleeping pills in a glass of water. As she heads to the baby's room to say goodbye to her son, J.R. comes in drunk and gulps down the water. Sue Ellen sees this but does not stop him. She just goes in and rocks the baby. "It was interesting, but it wasn't as stylish as establishing five or six suspects," says Capice. "It didn't afford us an opportunity to bring four or five story lines together. The shooting was a way to tie up plot threads. We established a motive in each of the plot lines."

The last shot: a critically wounded J.R. lies on his office floor

Will anyone reveal the most tantalizing secret since Deep Throat?

In last season's final episode, six characters voiced threats against J.R.: Sue Ellen, whom J.R. was about to commit to a sanitarium; Kristin Shepard (Mary Crosby), Sue Ellen's vixen sister, who had bedded and then blackmailed J.R. only to be charged with prostitution; Alan Beam (Randolph Powell), an unscrupulous lawyer whom J.R. used and then threatened with a bogus rape indictment; Vaughn Leland (Dennis Patrick), J.R.'s banker, who was ruined when he bought into a Ewing double-deal; Bobby Ewing, whom J.R.'s dastardly business ethics finally drove from Southfork; and Cliff Barnes, who swore on his daddy's grave that he would avenge the family honor and "stop J.R. for good."

The plotting here is elegant. The motives all touch on *Dallas'* pervasive themes: sex (Sue Ellen and Kristin), money (Alan Beam and Vaughn Leland) and family (Bobby and Cliff). For the mystery's solution to be equally impeccable, the culprit must come from inside the family. This would permit many of the new episodes to revolve around the altered relationships of the assailant and the other Ewings, especially J.R., who could be expected to devise an ingenious form of revenge. But Capice suggests otherwise: "The ripple effect from the revelation will be minimal. We'll move on to other things quite quickly."

Even this could be one more false trail. Capice is not likely to reveal the most tantalizing secret since the identity of Deep Throat. Neither are the approximately 15 others in the know: *Dallas'* producers and story editors, the major writers and directors, the show's chief publicists and a few Lorimar and CBS executives. All principals swear they have not even told their spouses. The actors will not know until the crucial scene is shot—a date propitiously delayed by the Screen Actors Guild strike. The first two shows will be littered with red herrings, but only one version of the "revelation" will be shot.

Throughout the summer, momentum has been building for an answer to the mystery. Nowhere was the Mo bigger than in Dallas itself, where the cast and crew shot location footage before the Screen Actors Guild strike shut down the set. (If the strike lasts much longer, the *Dallas* season premiere may be postponed; Lorimar has filmed pieces of a dozen episodes, but not all of any one.) For six weeks, thousands of *Dallas* addicts turned the actual Southfork Ranch into a Texas tourist attraction second only to the Alamo. The neighbors threatened to sue, but Southfork Owner Joe Rand Duncan, a wealthy land developer, was delighted with the publicity: he plans to sell clumps of the hallowed turf for $15 to $25 per sq. ft.

Of the events of the coming season, this much is known (readers who wish to defer these surprises until they are revealed on-screen are advised to proceed directly to the next paragraph): the Ewing family is intact. Both Sue Ellen and Cliff will be arrested and released. While J.R. recuperates, Bobby will assume the presidency of Ewing Oil and become obsessed with power, thus putting a severe strain on his marriage. Pamela will find her mother, a mysterious rich lady, and Ray Krebbs (Steve Kanaly), the Southfork Ranch foreman, will find his father. Cliff will establish a new political power base from which to harass the Ewings. Lucy will get married. As for the hundred other plot contortions the Ewings will endure, no one who knows is telling. All in good time, *Dallas* fans will learn the answers to the eternal child's question: Daddy, what happens next?

It is a question that seems burned into the genetic code of the race. It has goaded authors from Homer to Shakespeare to Dickens to Margaret Mitchell to spin out cliffhangers about powerful, tragic families. Who could blame 40 million Americans for taking their pleasures with TV's best and baddest? Come Friday nights this fall, the country will become one huge eavesdropping family, as the denizens of *Dallas* provide 25 more gilded, high-gloss mirror images of domestic America. For if the show's spectacular success proves anything, it is that when the chemistry is right, oil and soap *do* mix.

He lay on a stretcher in the ambulance heading toward Dallas Memorial, his mind struggling back to consciousness. They could shoot down ole J.R., but they couldn't keep him down. Already his ambition leaped to newer, more dizzying heights. The country needed a strong leader—why not a nearly martyred oil tycoon? As President, he'd send Bobby to beat some sense into that Ayatullah fella. Spread some Bs around the Kremlin; no way those old Russkies could resist the sight of Pam in a bathing suit. Inflation, recession, civil unrest? No problem at all in a Ewing dictatorship—at least not for Miss Ellie's oldest boy.

As he slid again toward oblivion, a flash of pain jolted his memory back to the Ewing office and eerily illuminated that figure moving toward him in the darkness, eyes and gun blazing bright with vengeance. Of course! It was so obvious. Who else could it have been but . . .

Fade to black.

—By Richard Corliss.

Reported by James Willwerth/Los Angeles

Bold Dissonance at Santa Fe

Triple bill reveals Schoenberg's recalcitrant beauties

In 1931 Composer Arnold Schoenberg spent a few months in Barcelona. It seemed only natural for a colleague to suggest that a composition by the revolutionary Viennese master should be played at a local concert. Schoenberg reacted with mock alarm. "I have made many friends here who have never heard my works but who play tennis with me," he said. "What will they think of me when they hear my horrible dissonances?"

Schoenberg's dissonances have long since become the common currency of 20th century music. No other composer of his time except Stravinsky has proved as influential, and even Stravinsky came around at the end of his life to his rival's method of composition. Yet today, nearly 30 years after Schoenberg's death, the question of what ordinary concertgoers will think of him remains unsettled. The music, like the man, is complex, uncompromising, obstinately single-minded in its innovative rigor. Audiences have felt, as many critics have, that Schoenberg put truth before beauty. They have often found him easier to take at second or third hand, as refracted through the more immediately appealing work of Student Alban Berg, for instance, or any of dozens of lesser figures.

For an opera company to present a triple bill like Santa Fe's current "A Schoenberg Evening" is thus fairly bold, even when the company has a distinguished history of staging new and venturesome works. Judging from the progressively thinning house on opening night, Santa Fe's gamble may not be paying off at the box office. But to listeners willing to endure a little heavy harmonic weather, the evening not only confirms Schoenberg's truth but reveals some of his recalcitrant beauties.

Oddly, the work that is relatively the most familiar, and historically the most significant, turns out to be the most disappointing. *Erwartung* (Expectation) is a half-hour Expressionist phantasmagoria in which a woman wanders a forest at night, yearning for a lover who has left her (or whom she may have killed), then finds his corpse (or imagines she has found it). The score, composed in 1909, broke down harmony until it had no real key, fragmented melody into an apparently unrelated succession of motifs and dissolved all structure by avoiding repetitions. It was as though Schoenberg felt a need to reduce and purify all the musical elements before seeking some new form that they could take.

Erwartung's nightmare ambiguities can have a haunting power. The Santa Fe production makes them rather tame,

Shade sings over lover's corpse in *Erwartung*

except in the astringent sonorities arising from the orchestra pit. Soprano Nancy Shade, as the woman, has command of Schoenberg's difficult idiom, but her voice lacks the dramatic weight for a role that, as Musicologist Wilfrid Mellers describes it, is essentially "Isolde in nervous disintegration."

Die Jakobsleiter (Jacob's Ladder) is a portion of a grandiose, uncompleted oratorio. A chorus of souls in limbo shuffles about the stage, awaiting reincarnation. Their doubts and frustrations are chastened by the Archangel Gabriel, effectively sung by Bass-Baritone William Dooley. The music, first sketched around World War I and completed later, has more late-romantic intelligibility than *Erwartung*, but it is so somber and static that one eventually wants to cry out with the chorus: "Is it really to go on like this forever?" Yet there is a moving finale. Soprano Janet Northway, as a soul who is dying into a new life, slowly ascends a series of platforms, singing an eerily ecstatic duet with a tape recording of her own voice

The surprise of the evening is *Von Heute auf Morgen* (From Today Until Tomorrow), a one-act comic opera being given its U.S. stage premiere. Schoenberg had consolidated his epochal twelve-tone system by 1923, supplanting the traditional seven-note scale with all twelve chromatic tones, which, in various intricate arrangements, became a new basis for melody and harmony. *Von Heute*, composed in 1929, qualifies as the first twelve-tone opera. It shows off the range of effects that are possible within such a seemingly rigid system: singable lines, comic punctuation in the orchestra, a brief pastiche of Italian lyricism, even a gloriously jangling doorbell.

The libretto concerns a husband who becomes enamored of a swinging, unmarried friend of his wife's. Domesticity triumphs when the wife changes costumes, wigs and personalities to deflate the husband's romantic notions. Director Bliss Hebert wittily stages the action with an array of modish accouterments undreamed of by Schoenberg, including Visa cards and telephones with TV monitors; Maxine Willi Klein's sleek set looks like a sci-fi *Better Homes and Gardens;* and the cast, especially Soprano Mary Shearer as the wife, delivers a slyly spirited performance. Slight as it is, this is the kind of production that Schoenberg's reputation could use more of. Even the sort of people who only played tennis with him could warm to it. —*By Christopher Porterfield*

Amid accouterments undreamed of by the composer, domesticity triumphs in *Von Heute*

Singable lines, comic punctuation, Italian lyricism and a gloriously jangling doorbell.

Fitz Hugh Lane's *Schooners Before Approaching Storm* made sky a "chief organ of sentiment"

The Unedited Manuscript of God

NATURE AND CULTURE *by Barbara Novak; Oxford; 323 pages; $35*

"In the beginning all the world was America." John Locke's 300-year-old phrase still keeps its haunting simplicity. For generations, America meant the part of the earth that was not corrupt, not worn by labor, tainted by inequality or poisoned by greed. This myth of paradise-on-the-frontier pervaded 18th century ideas about America and, by the mid-19th, had become one of the chief regulating ideas of America's discourse about itself: "That unfallen, western world," as Melville wrote in *Moby Dick*, "which to the eyes of the old trappers and hunters revived the glories of those primeval times when Adam walked majestic as a god." It deeply affected painting as well as literature, and those influences are the subject of Art Historian Barbara Novak's remarkable book. "Meditation on nature in the nineteenth century," she points out, "was a recognized avenue to the center of being ... 'Looking' became an act of devotion." Thus American landscape and its contents, the effects of light, weather, distance and time, were seen as the unedited manuscript of God. He had written his designs in great detail, and left his hierophants—scientist and painter—to decipher and interpret them. "The noblest ministry of nature," claimed Ralph Waldo Emerson, in the tone of transcendentalist piety whose echo is still heard among American environmentalists, "is to stand as the apparition of God." Not since the Middle Ages, when every animal or plant could be taken to symbolize some aspect of God's plan, had a landscape been as widely moralized as America's wilderness. Novak persuasively argues that the powers of artists as diverse as Frederic Edwin Church, Albert

Durand's *Early Morning at Cold Spring, N.Y.*

To be taken as seriously as Poe or Melville.

Bierstadt, Martin Johnson Heade, Thomas Cole or John F. Kensett did not simply arise from their formal talents as painters. They were reinforced by a social agreement about the meanings of art and landscape in the last age of faith, when there still appeared to be a seamless, didactic relationship between nature and man. The medium of this relationship was religious experience. Here, art preached while remaining whole as art; and the result was a fervid intensity, within the image of American space, that could never quite be recaptured—despite the efforts of "transcendentalist" American abstract painters like Mark Rothko to revive it a century later.

It is a big, not to say epic subject, and Novak approaches it with an admirable blend of ambition, élan and hard research. Ten years in the writing, laced with a wide but unpedantic range of quotation and allusion, *Nature and Culture* sets the paintings in full light against a panoramic ground of ideas. Her earlier book, *American Painting in the 19th Century*, established Novak as one of the chief historians of 19th century American painting, and it is partly due to her efforts that the period was resurrected at all: 20 years ago, few scholars thought of it as anything but a bombastic or provincial version of European Romantic sublimities; the idea that anyone would pay $2.5 million for Church's *The Icebergs* (as a Texan did last year) would have seemed a lunatic fancy. Novak is not one of that vanishing line of critics who tend to treat the history of art simply as the history of pictorial form. Instead, she disentangles and shows the content behind the forms: the iconography that links painting to the culture of its time. Central to her text is the conviction that the finest American landscapes of the half-century between 1825 and 1875 ought to be taken as seriously in every way as the writings of Poe, Melville or Thoreau, that their authors brought the same optimistic energy to inspecting the world as Victorian botanists, geologists and zoologists

How was the vision realized? In two basic ways. The first was theatrical, replete with grand effects and young-nation braggadocio. This was the high declamatory style whose masters were

Excerpt

"Once ... landscape had become a repository of national pride, the cultivation of the landscape experience (even by challenging it through risk and danger) was one of the key preoccupations of the age. Critics admonished their readers to experience nature fully, since only the man practiced in reading nature's text could appreciate paintings dealing with that experience. The nature experience was considered a crucial amenity for the moral man, and, as we have seen, was readily accepted by society as a religious alternative. Elevated by such moral projections, it was easy for landscape to assume the mantle of history painting. But there is a certain irony in the democratization of the elitist Grand Style as it was transformed into landscape art. The most ennobling of experiences very readily became the most widely disseminated form of popular entertainment."

NATIONAL
TASTE TEST
WINNER
TRIUMPH
FILTER
Tar. 0.4 mg Nic
only
3 mg tar

TRIUMPH® BEATS MERIT!

Triumph, at less than half the tar, preferred over Merit.

In rating overall product preference, more smokers independently chose Triumph over Merit. In fact, an amazing 60% said 3 mg Triumph tastes as good or better than 8 mg Merit.

Results showed that Triumph was also preferred over
• 14 mg Winston Lights • 12 mg Marlboro Lights
• 11 mg Vantage.

Now, test for yourself. Compare Triumph with any other so-called "low tar" or "light" cigarette. You'll taste why we named it Triumph. Also available in Menthol.

National Taste Test results available free on request.
Write: National Taste Test, P.O. Box 2733, Hillside, New Jersey 07205

Taste the UMPH! in Triumph at only 3 mg tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

©Lorillard, U.S.A., 1980

3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980.

Some Americans go through life without discovering Bombay.

Pity.

They assume one great imported English gin is like another.

Really now.

According to many discerning gin drinkers, Bombay is a gin without peer. A gentle gin, made from a recipe that goes back to 1761 (even before that little fracas) and from a unique method of unhurried distillation we have been in no hurry to change to this day.

A suggestion – have your next drink made with Bombay. Taste the difference. If your verdict is favorable, think of the nice life you have ahead of you.

Bombay
The gentle gin.

Ltd., N.Y. 86 Proof.

Books

Bierstadt and Church. Novak rightly compares Church to the great naturalist Alexander von Humboldt, "merging exploration, exoticism, baroque energy, and pragmatic observation infused with flashes of transcendence." Toiling across the Andean Cordilleras and North American crags, Church brought back the data to create whole Last Judgments enacted by sky, light, vapor and rocks. In this way, she argues, Church was the "paradigm of the artist who becomes the public voice of a culture, summarizing its beliefs, embodying its ideas, and confirming its assumptions."

In fact, no artist in Europe—not even Turner—had become a public voice by painting landscapes. That role was kept for figure painters. Only in America, where nature *was* culture, could landscape painting become so direct a form of social discourse. The figure of the explorer or frontiersman merged with the image of the painter, Natty Bumppo with his watercolor kit, boldly opening himself (and so, vicariously, his audience) to unimagined and grandiose experiences. In due course this atmosphere of effort and risk would give a permanent tinge to later American fantasies about the "heroic" avant-garde, and place special stress on the artist as psychic explorer of inner nature.

The second approach was quieter: meditation instead of opera. American luminism—typified by the flat, light-filled, glassily tight seascapes of Fitz Hugh Lane or Martin Johnson Heade—was reverence in paint. Instead of the baroque roilings of Church's skies, luminism presented a small, highly focused world whose spirituality depended on motionlessness, a parallel to Emerson's transcendentalist belief that "a light shines through us upon things and makes us aware that we are nothing." No American art has a more hushed, angelic quality than the best of luminism. Novak discusses European antecedents and parallels in detail, but one is left convinced that luminism, despite its connections to European art history, was one of the first major inventions of American visual culture.

This sense of the sacredness of nature could not last. The mid-19th century brought a crisis in the moral aspect of science, in America as elsewhere; the idea of a providentially created universe, overseen by a benevolent and purposeful God, began to crumble under the tremendous delayed impact of Darwin. The vision of a still, explicit world, irradiated by divine light, became hard to maintain; light itself turned secular. The grand opera house of American nature was deprived of its impresario. By 1890, deeply felt pieties were coarsening into nationalism, while, on the physical plane, the image of the undefiled wilderness was eroded every day by westward expansion. For a time, as Novak shows, art could maintain the fiction that nothing had really changed, and artists continued to produce their sublimities "without much *recognition* either of nature's negative aspects or of the destructive potential of the 'culture' symbolized by the action of the axe, the locomotive, and the figure of man himself." The promise of a union between man and nature under the eye of God, as absolute as it was innocent, had vanished, to survive only as obsessive nostalgia and myth. It would be hard to imagine a more richly argued, sympathetic account of that myth and its extrusion into art than Barbara Novak's. Hers is not just an art book, it bears on some of the deepest fantasies of American culture as a whole. *—By Robert Hughes*

Out of Africa

A SOLDIER'S EMBRACE
by Nadine Gordimer
Viking; 144 pages; $8.95

After a cease-fire in some unnamed southern African nation, the wife of a liberal lawyer finds herself in the midst of a crowd. She throws one arm around a young white mercenary, the other around a black soldier, and kisses them. Like the protagonist in the title story of this new collection, Nadine Gordimer has been caught by historical confrontations and gone on to embrace them. For more than 25 years, the native South African has been writing abidingly clear-eyed, humane fiction that comprehends both sides, but never evades the profound issues of racism.

Her Africa is a vast territory of ambiguities and paradoxes. In *A Hunting Accident*, an educated young black man, who combines a "cajoling African laugh" with

Nadine Gordimer
Abidingly clear-eyed and humane.

TRIUMPH®
BEATS VANTAGE!

Triumph, at less than one-third the tar, preferred over Vantage.

In rating overall product preference, almost twice as many smokers independently chose Triumph over Vantage. In fact, an amazing 62% said 3 mg Triumph tastes as good or better than 11 mg Vantage.

Results showed that Triumph was also preferred over •14 mg Winston Lights •12 mg Marlboro Lights •8 mg Merit.

Now, test for yourself. Compare Triumph with any other so-called "low tar" or "light" cigarette. You'll taste why we named it Triumph.

National Taste Test results available free on request.
Write: National Taste Test, P.O. Box 2733, Hillside, New Jersey 07205.

Taste the UMPH! in Triumph at only 3 mg tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

©Lorillard, U.S.A., 1980

3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980.

The 1980 Silver Anniversary Thunderbird

The Proudest Bird of All

The Silver Anniversary Thunderbird grows naturally out of twenty-five years of triumphant Thunderbirds.

In honor of that occasion, we have produced the Silver Anniversary Thunderbird. It is, in a word, a knockout.

Both the inside and the outside are all silver. A silver bird representing the ultimate in Thunderbird's sophisticated automotive design.

Many Thunderbird options are standard. AM-FM stereo, air conditioning, power windows, power brakes, power seats, white sidewalls, power antenna and speed control.

Other options standard on the Silver Anniversary Thunderbird are: owner's nameplate, digital speedometer, keyless entry system.

Like all 1980 Thunderbirds, it was conceived and produced in a new contemporary size. This size and the new automatic overdrive transmission which is standard on this car, optional on other Thunderbirds, result in excellent ratings of 17 EPA est. MPG—**29** est. hwy. MPG.*

If you're looking for a car that expresses you, consider joining the many who find Thunderbird an expression of their individuality. The **Silver Anniversary Thunderbird.**

Road Test awards Thunderbird "best domestic car for 1980."

*Compare this to other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual hwy. mileage will be lower than estimates. Calif. ratings lower.

THUNDERBIRD

FORD DIVISION

a "ruthless Cambridge accent," takes visiting friends on a hunt. He is after protected eland, but settles for a herd of hartebeest. One of the animals, shot messily, dies as the hunters stand over it, giving a last cry, "the familiar and gentle, pitiful moo of any clumsy dairy mother." A photographer shoots the final flicker of its life with a closeup lens; later everyone dines on roast flesh. "Should have been hung first," the African host remarks, "but here, with us, nobody wants to wait."

In one love story, a lonely Austrian geologist befriends a shy colored girl, a checker in the local supermarket. She brings him groceries, sews on buttons, sleeps with him. He improves her English, teaches her to type, buys her a wristwatch. Two solitudes inarticulately touch. The police break in on them one evening; they are examined to see if they have broken the law against carnal intercourse between races. At their trial they are let off for want of hard evidence. Neither will repeat the mistake.

In a related tale, the childhood friendship between a rich farmer's son and a black girl survives into adolescence. They become lovers; she has a baby, floss-haired and hazel-eyed. The young father, ashamed and afraid, kills it, but at his trial he is acquitted—again, for lack of evidence. The boy's father tells the press, "I will try and carry on as best I can to hold up my head in the district." It is still a society more troubled by miscegenation than murder.

When a responsible African attempts to play by white rules, tragic misunderstanding seems inevitable. A chief finds that his village has become a refuge for rebels. He travels to an army post to report these strangers; he wants them arrested to save his people from breaking federal law. But by the time he returns home, the army, acting on his information, has obliterated the village. The chief hangs himself.

In all 13 stories, Gordimer marks details with a keen, sympathetic intelligence —the way "beaded water looked oyster-shell blue" on a wading black girl's legs; a scared Swedish girl taking the hand, "cold and tough as the feel of a tortoise's foot, of the old gun-bearer who had never before been touched by a white woman"; the way a servant's "manner towards white people was based on the personality of the white person she worked for."

The author is above all a psychologist, and many of her stories bypass the racial issue—though that dark ground bass can be felt even when it is not heard. She is sensitive to unconscious communication between people—a man and his about-to-be-discarded mistress, a chief and his mother ("As often when people who share the same blood share the same thought, for a moment mother and son looked exactly alike, he old-womanish, she mannish"). Her metaphors are a form of insight: her mother is recalled as both ruler and prisoner of her children, like the helpless termite queen dug out from under the parlor floorboards. In a tiny story more meditation than narrative, Gordimer finds an enduring metaphor for the society caged by repressive laws—the zoo lion whose deep panting and anguished groan she hears at night, "as close as if he's out on the freeway now, bewildered, finding his way, turning his splendid head at last to claim what he's never seen, the country where he's king."

—By Eve Auchincloss

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Consenting Adults or The Duchess Will Be Furious, *Peter De Vries* • Joshua Then and Now, *Mordecai Richler* • Music for Chameleons, *Truman Capote* Rough Strife, *Lynne Sharon Schwartz* • The Magic Labyrinth, *Philip José Farmer* • The Second Coming, *Walker Percy* • The Transit of Venus, *Shirley Hazzard*

NONFICTION: A. E. Housman: The Scholar-Poet, *Richard Perceval Graves* • China Men, *Maxine Hong Kingston* • Heartsounds, *Martha Weinman Lear* • Kipling, Auden & Co., *Randall Jarrell* • Laughing in the Hills, *Bill Barich* • Philosophy and Public Policy, *Sidney Hook* War Within and Without, *Anne Morrow Lindbergh*

Best Sellers

FICTION

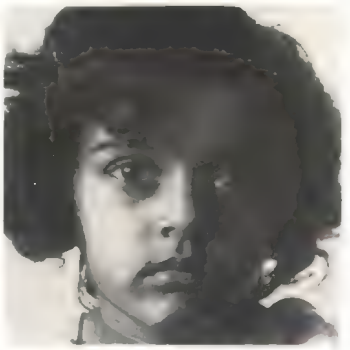
1. Rage of Angels, *Sheldon (1 last week)*
2. The Spike, *De Borchgrave & Moss (4)*
3. The Bourne Identity, *Ludlum (3)*
4. Random Winds, *Plain (2)*
5. Princess Daisy, *Krantz (5)*
6. Sins of the Fathers, *Howatch (7)*
7. The Ninja, *Lustbader (6)*
8. Murder in the White House, *Truman*
9. The Wounded Land, *Donaldson*
10. Green Monday, *Thomas*

NONFICTION

1. Free to Choose, *Milton & Rose Friedman (2)*
2. Thy Neighbor's Wife, *Talese (1)*
3. Nothing Down, *Allen (4)*
4. How to Get Pregnant, *Silber (10)*
5. The Real War, *Nixon (3)*
6. How You Can Become Financially Independent by Investing in Real Estate, *Lowry (9)*
7. Shelley, *Winters (8)*
8. Men in Love, *Friday (6)*
9. Craig Claiborne's Gourmet Diet, *Claiborne with Franey (7)*
10. Psychology of Romantic Love, *Branden*

Computed by TIME from more than 1,000 participating bookstores.

MIRACLES FOR SALE.



2¢ worth of vitamin A can save this child from going blind.

And you thought there was no such thing as miracles.

Please give.

Helen Keller Centennial Fund
Box 777
New York, N.Y. 10011

Prepared as a public service by D'Arcy-MacManus & Masius/deGarmo

TIME to tell us you're moving?

If you're planning on changing your address, please give us 4 weeks advance notice. Simply send us the mailing label on the front of this magazine for your old address, write in your new address below and mail. Or if you prefer

call toll-free
800-621-8200*

Mail this coupon along with your mailing label to TIME, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611

☐ Change of address

Mr / Ms

(please print)

Address Apt. No

City State/Province Zip/Post Code

YOU CAN ALSO USE OUR TOLL-FREE NUMBER TO: Renew your subscription. Enter a new subscription. To order gift subscriptions. To have your name removed from our mailing list.

*In Illinois call 800 972 8302

T51017

"I believe an annual checkup is important to my health. I feel the same way about vitamins."

Regular medical checkups are important to maintain good health and avoid serious illness. But, you shouldn't stop there.

There are other ways to help you stay healthy. Proper nutrition, for example – including vitamins and minerals, because they help convert food to energy and support body metabolism.

When a person is ill, some vitamin needs may actually increase. Infections, even mild ones can result in the loss of a number of vitamins and minerals. Also, certain medicines may interfere with the body's use of vitamins. And, since illness is often accompanied by poor appetite, vitamin levels may be lowered.

So, along with regular medical checkups and good health habits, it's important to get enough vitamins. Eat a balanced diet and look for fortified foods when you shop. Just to be sure, you can take a vitamin supplement every day.

Vitamin Communications, Hoffmann-La Roche Inc., Nutley, New Jersey 07110.

ROCHE **Good nutrition for a healthier life.**

Fasten Yourself Securely. Keep Eyes Forward. Do Not Look Back.

The future. It isn't what it used to be. It seems to arrive so much sooner nowadays, too.

Marketing a product in today's world, today's economy, takes courage. And stamina and dedication and planning. But most important—it takes new ideas.

New ideas can take a company almost anywhere. And we provide our clients, large and small, with a constant supply of new ideas to fuel their growth. Ideas for marketing new products and services. New advertising campaigns. New merchandising concepts. New approaches to distribution. New ways to sell things, new ways to say things, that set our clients apart from their competition... and increase sales.

Increased sales are only part of the picture. Good advertising campaigns create a "halo" effect. The sales troops get more aggressive. Employee morale goes up. People in the industry take notice.

We're proud of our clients. They're proud of us. We challenge them. We help establish goals and objectives. We give direction based on our knowledge of their industry and the many resources we have available to us. We bring a fresh, enthusiastic view to their situation... with new ideas that can make every ad dollar spend like two.

We've built a successful, full service agency on new ideas. These ideas come from our full understanding of our clients, their products and needs.

Our thinking has attracted many different kinds of companies: nationally known companies and brands, regional chains, local businesses, and larger retailers.

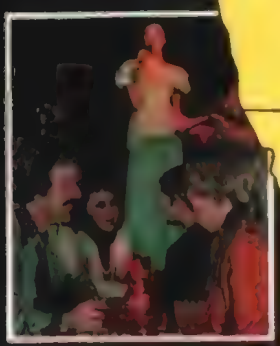
All of this is part of a larger story we'd like to share with you. But, of course, where you go from here is now up to you. Unless you call. Then it's up to us, too.

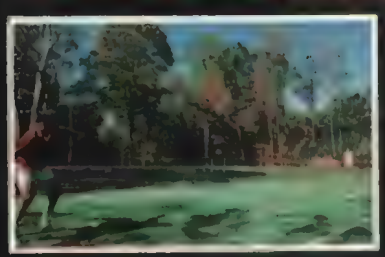
Abell-Rifkin Advertising Inc.
233 East Erie
Chicago, Illinois
312/280-8888

In the Midwest and throughout the USA . . .

Planning a family vacation? Or maybe you're looking for a meeting site to offer outstanding conference facilities and resort amenities! There are more than 200 Hiltons in the USA! All are ready to serve up the things that make your trip memorable . . . whether it's for pleasure . . . or business with pleasure. Hilton features large pools, exciting entertainment and dining, comfortable rooms, and meeting accommodations that best suit your requirements. And when you visit a Hilton, chances are you'll find golf, tennis, sightseeing attractions, and the amenities that make Hilton most desirable . . . right at your doorstep.

ILLINOIS
Aurora
Hilton Inn
Chicago
Arlington Park Hilton
Conrad Hilton
Hyde Park Hilton
Naperville Hilton
North Shore Hilton (Skokie)
O'Hare Hilton
Palmer House
Peoria
Peoria Hilton
Springfield
Springfield Hilton
INDIANA
Fort Wayne
Airport Hilton Inn
Indianapolis
Airport Hilton Inn
Indianapolis Hilton
IOWA
Des Moines
Airport Hilton Inn
Hilton West
Sioux City
Sioux City Hilton
KENTUCKY
Lexington
Hilton Inn
Louisville
Hilton Inn (Jeffersonville, IN)
MISSOURI
Columbia
Hilton Inn
Kansas City
Airport Hilton Plaza Inn
Hilton Plaza Inn
St. Louis
Airport Hilton Inn
Bel Air Hilton
Springfield
Hilton Inn of the Ozarks





there's no place like Hilton

Call Hilton Reservation Service in your city . . . and we'll offer the outstanding hospitality that makes Hilton better.

CHI/12

Go ahead.
You deserve
a Bohemia.
Bohemia
IMPORTED
Bohemia
BRAND
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY
CERVECERIA CUAUHTEMOC S.A. MONTERREY, MEXICO
MARCA REGISTRADA
From Mexico's First Family of Beers.®
©1980 Cibco Importing Company, Inc., The Woodlands, Texas 77380

HOW TO LOOK LIKE A FAT CAT IN A LEAN YEAR

During the last recession, when fear ran rampant, certain advertisers made what seemed to be a bold—even foolhardy—move, by blossoming into 4-color ads in magazines like Time, Newsweek, Sports Illustrated U.S. News & World Report

Madness? On the contrary These advertisers had discovered a whole new kind of media buy Media Networks

Media Networks (affectionately known to its clients as MNI) binds your ad into compatible groups or "networks" of national upscale magazines, zip-coded to reach into the homes of your target audiences anywhere, from a state to a certain side of town

Because you can't get much more precise than that, MNI eliminates the waste usually built into a media buy Instead of using your money to talk to the indifferent along with the interested, you're now addressing the heart and soul of your business

The obvious benefit of all this is that you can now afford to repeat your ad. And repeat your ad. And repeat your ad

And the obvious benefit of that is that by talking to the right people the right number of times, you're achieving precisely the kind of impact that's outlandishly expensive anywhere else

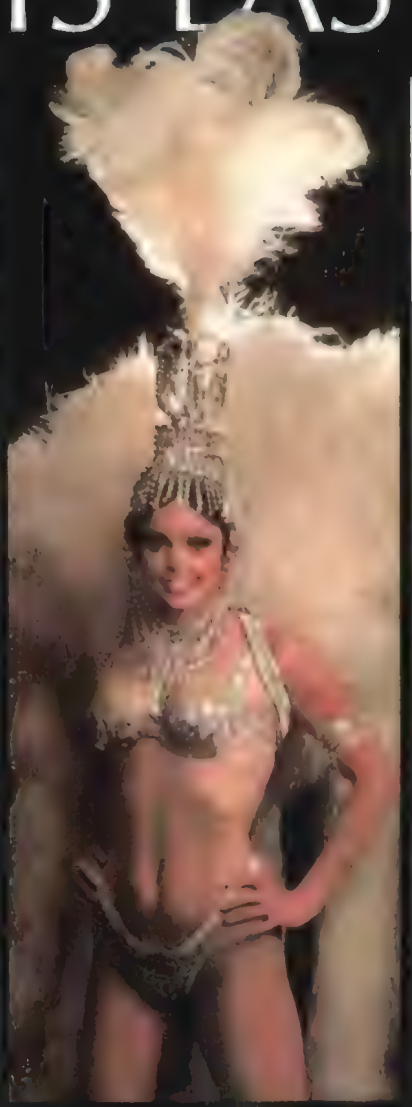
Yet, at the same time as you're unleashing this media blitz through MNI, you're making the most prudent, almost guarded, use of your budget

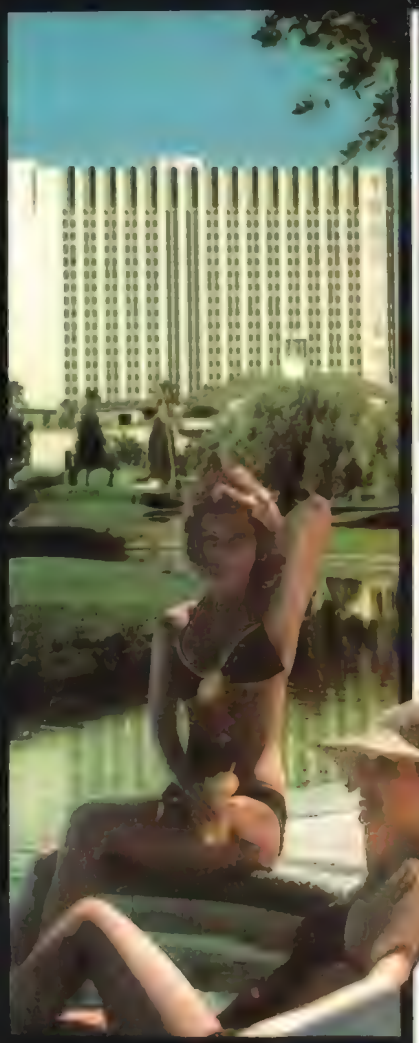
Enough generalities. For a lengthy conversation about how to tailor MNI to your specific needs call Ney Raahauge at (312) 828-9810.

MNI

© 1980 Media Networks, Inc. 645 Third Ave. New York, NY 10016

RAMADA PRESENTS LAS VEGAS.





Now you can stay at a Ramada Resort and Casino in the world's most exciting city. Ramada takes pride in announcing its ownership of the new Tropicana Hotel, American home of the Folies Bergere.

The new Tropicana, symbol of luxury and entertainment in Las Vegas, with two great show-rooms, five specialty restaurants and 1,100 magnificent rooms. Call toll free for reservations (800) 228-2828 or call your travel agent.

TROPICANA

A Ramada Resort and Casino

And you thought you couldn't be in two different places at the same time

But you can with the Hitachi VT-7500A portable video system. While you were enjoying your trip, your Hitachi VT-7500A was home recording up to six hours of viewing pleasure on a single T-120 tape — as many as five of your favorite TV programs within a one week period.

Or, you could have taken the lightweight, portable and easy-to-operate video camera along with you to record those special moments. So that when you came home, you could have turned your trip into a TV special for all your friends to enjoy.

VK-C770
Portable video camera with 6X zoom lens

Up to 6 Hours of Recording

Easy-to-use Computer Timer (5 Programs in 1 Week)

Triple Speed Playback for Program Search

VT-7500A PORTABLE VTR

HITACHI
When a company cares, it shows

Hitachi Sales Corporation of America: 401 West Artesia Blvd. Compton, California 90220 Tel. (213) 537-8383

Medicine

The Quest for a Magic Bullet

A new technique that could help the body to defend itself

When it is invaded by a foreign substance—a virus or bacterium, say, or even the cells from a donated kidney or blood transfusion—the healthy body quickly mobilizes the immune system for a counterattack. Among the forces sent into combat are antibodies, tiny molecular missiles that attach themselves to the intruder's surface and help destroy the invader. They are highly efficient and selective; each antibody is so exquisitely designed that it matches up precisely with only one site on the invader or antigen, almost as if it were a key fitting into a lock.

Because antibodies can seek out even minute amounts of a foreign substance, they are an extremely valuable medical tool. Doctors can use them to match donor and recipients for everything from blood transfusions to kidney and heart transplants; if antibodies from the potential recipient "recognize" anything in the donated tissue as "foreign," the chances are that the transplant will be rejected. In the future, doctors foresee many other uses for antibodies as well, possibly including a cancer therapy.

But such promising applications have encountered a major block: human antibodies, obtained from the blood, can be collected only in tiny quantities. Now that task may become easier. At an immunology conference in Paris, two Stanford University researchers announced that they had produced human antibodies by ingenious alternative means: tiny cells especially bred to act as miniature antibody factories.

The technique builds on pioneering work with mice done five years ago by César Milstein and Georges Köhler in Britain. By injecting foreign substances into the animals, they stimulated the production of antibodies against the invaders. Then they removed the animals' spleens, a major site for antibody production, and mixed the organ's antibody-producing cells with cancer cells. The result: hybrid cells, dubbed hybridomas, that inherited from the spleen the ability to produce antibodies and from the malignant cells the ability to replicate themselves indefinitely. These hybridomas produce identical copies of themselves—clones—and thus serve as minifactories for the manufacture of what researchers call monoclonal antibodies.

MICKEY PFLEGER

Stanford Researchers Kaplan and Olsson explain their work

When the invasion comes, the body unleashes missiles.

Unfortunately, anything produced by mouse cells is foreign to humans and likely to trigger an immune reaction. So Stanford's Drs. Lennart Olsson and Henry Kaplan set out to create human hybridomas. They took spleen cells from victims of Hodgkin's disease, a form of cancer in which the spleen is usually removed during treatment. The cells had already been exposed to the chemical dinitrochlorobenzene and were making antibodies. These cells were then fused with cancerous bone-marrow cells, yielding hybrid cells that could churn out the antibody.

Kaplan acknowledges that this antibody "is of no earthly good to anybody," but the technique employed to create it may open many important avenues of research. Use of monoclonal antibodies could, for instance, help doctors monitor elusive changes on the surfaces of cells and help explain the development of such suspected immunity-related diseases as arthritis, juvenile diabetes, multiple sclerosis and cancer. Finally, if specific surface characteristics of cells are found to be associated with only certain types of cancer, radioactively tagged antibodies could be sent to find the cells in any part of the body. It might even be possible to link cell-killing drugs to them, thus finally creating a "magic bullet" that would home in on malignant cells and spare normal ones. ■

Milestones

DIED. Bobby Van, 47, lithe, light-footed dancer, comedian and actor in films, on television, and on Broadway, where he starred in the 1971 revival of *No, No, Nanette* with Ruby Keeler; of cancer; in Los Angeles. The son of vaudevillians, he started as a bandleader and trumpet player at Catskills resorts. One weekend he was asked to fill in for a missing act. "I adlibbed some jokes," he recalled, "and when they ran out, I danced. After that Pop threw away my trumpet."

DIED. Haydeé Santamaría Cuadrado, 53, one of two women who took part in the July 26, 1953, attack on the Moncada barracks in Santiago de Cuba that launched Fidel Castro's revolution; by her own hand; in Havana. She survived seven months of imprisonment after the abortive raid and eventually joined Castro's guerrillas in the Sierra Maestra until their victory in 1959.

DIED. Kenneth Tynan, 53, English drama critic and writer, whose astringently elegant, epigrammatic prose stirred controversy and swayed opinions on both sides of the Atlantic; of emphysema; in Santa Monica, Calif. He cut a precocious figure at Oxford, and by age 27 was drama critic of the London *Observer*. Admitting that his aim was to "rouse tempers, goad, lacerate, raise whirlwinds," he championed new playwrights (Osborne, Wesker) whose work undermined drawing-room gentility and reinforced "the umbilical connection between what was happening on the stage and what was happening in the world." For ten years, starting in 1963, Tynan served as literary manager of Britain's National Theater under Director Laurence Olivier. He "devised" the 1969 *Oh! Calcutta!*, a series of skits devoted to simulated sex and unsimulated nudity. Having written about topics from bullfighting to ballet and from Charlie Chaplin to Truman Capote, he recently published *Show People*, which profiled several personalities (among them: Ralph Richardson, Johnny Carson) whom he would invite to "an ideal dinner party."

DIED. Allen Clayton Hoskins, 59, black child actor who, as the pigtailed, resourceful Farina, made 105 "Our Gang" comedies in nine years, more than anyone else in the long-running (1922-44) series; of cancer; in Oakland, Calif.

DIED. William J. Baroody, 64, the director from 1962 until 1978 of the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research, a respected conservative think tank; of a heart attack; in Alexandria, Va. He built the small, business-oriented lobbying firm into a credible counterpart of the liberal Brookings Institution, largely by attracting well-known scholars and political figures to its ranks.

Target: Masters and Johnson

Researchers cast new doubts on their methods and results

The publication in 1970 of *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, by Dr. William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson, was one of those events that transform the clinical landscape. Afterward sex therapy seemed a brave new world, and Masters and Johnson were its gurus. Already known for their significant findings about the physiological processes involved in sex, the pair devoted the book to the therapies they had developed at their St. Louis clinic for such problems as frigidity, impotence and premature ejaculation. Over a period of 16 years, they reported, they treated 790 cases, mostly involving married couples; in each case they conducted intensive sessions for a few weeks, then followed up with consultations for five years. They laid claim to a remarkable success rate: only 20% of their patients, they said, failed to respond.

Last year Masters and Johnson published *Homosexuality in Perspective*, describing a similar program for homosexuals; this time, they said, only 28% of their patients resisted a conversion to heterosexuality.

The Masters and Johnson record in sex therapy was unparalleled, even unique, and therein lay the catch. Other sex therapists have since been unable to match their success rate and consequently have been growing increasingly skeptical of the reliability of their findings. Now two California psychologists, Bernie Zilbergeld and Michael Evans, in the current issue of *Psychology Today*, have written the sharpest, most substantial attack yet. "Masters and Johnson's research is so flawed by methodological errors and slipshod reporting that it fails to meet customary standards—and their own—for evaluation research," say Zilbergeld and Evans. "This raises serious questions about the effectiveness of the ten-year-old discipline they created."

The key to evaluating any research —"the only impeccable yardstick," as Masters and Johnson themselves put it —is the ability of other researchers to duplicate the results using the same techniques. But, say Zilbergeld and Evans, it is impossible to tell from Masters and Johnson's own account precisely what they did and how they did it. Among many unanswered questions, according to the two psychologists: How did Masters and Johnson define success and failure in sex therapy? Who decided if treatment had succeeded? By what criteria?

Many of Masters and Johnson's patients tended to be highly motivated and prescreened through referrals by psychiatrists and psychologists; hence they were probably likely to respond to treatment. Zilbergeld and Evans fault Masters and Johnson for not being more candid about the special nature of their sample. Masters and Johnson never divulged how many applicants they considered and how many they rejected, nor how many were accepted and then later quit or were asked to leave. Similarly, in their study of homosexuality, Masters and Johnson used a Kinsey-developed system of seven categories of sexual preference. Of their 67 patients, 82% fell under the heading of bisexuals, or "flawed" heterosexuals. This calls into question their claim to have turned true homosexuals to heterosexuality, say Zilbergeld and Evans.

HALSTEAD—GAMMA/LIAISON

The pioneer sex therapists

Failing "the only impeccable yardstick"?

Masters and Johnson turned down an offer to respond in print to the *Psychology Today* article. "We don't do that sort of thing," says Virginia Johnson. She concedes that she and her collaborator-husband may have been hasty in publishing *Human Sexual Inadequacy* before there was "time painstakingly to process and computerize our findings." But she maintains that the data that their critics find missing are waiting in St. Louis. Says she: "Anyone who wishes to understand them had jolly well better come, because we're not going to publish prematurely again."

"Masters and Johnson were pioneers," says Psychologist Peter A. Wish, executive director of the New England Institute of Family Relations in Framingham, Mass., "and when people pioneer, they can't have all the answers." Dr. Carol Nadelson, professor of psychiatry at Tufts–New England Medical Center, agrees that "their research methodology raises some questions," but she cautions that "one could get sticky about methodology and never get anything done."

Still, therapists are encountering more tricky cases in which sexual difficulties are tied to psychological problems, as opposed to Masters and Johnson's emphasis on sex as a behavioral "natural function." Says Kevin Gordon of the Human Sexuality Program at the University of California at San Francisco: "The symptoms are part of larger issues—like anger in a marriage. It's all very complicated."

Such therapists would gratefully take guidance from Masters and Johnson's research; but while less harshly critical than Zilbergeld and Evans, they are frustrated by what they consider the inadequacy of Masters and Johnson's direction. "I would like to see the data," says Psychologist F. Paul Pearsall, on the staff of the Institute for Sex Research in Bloomington, Ind. "Until we can replicate their work, we will remain either awed, envious or suspicious of its validity." ■

Cosmo Poll

That girl tells positively all

I may be old-fashioned, but drugs, pornography and even pecan-ripple ice cream don't turn on my love lights. I like sexy talk, music and a drink. If a man undresses me, all the better. Still, I can be aggressive sometimes, and I've seduced at least one man in my life. It shouldn't be surprising that I want to make love more often.

Keeping one's love life under control is not always so easy. Nearly a quarter of the women like me have had abortions. Maybe that's because the same number don't use any form of birth control. But I do. Roger likes me because of that. Roger is my eighth lover, which is average for a single woman living alone. He is married, but I can cope with that, especially since one out of every two women like me have had similar affairs. And most have enjoyed the experience, even though 45% say they wouldn't do it again.

How do I know all this? Because I and 106,000 women like me (we're mostly single working women between the ages of 18 and 35) responded to a sex poll in my favorite magazine. The results will be out next month, and then we'll know positively everything about ourselves.

Well, I've got to run. This working girl is going to skip lunch and use the hour to make love to Roger. Some 55% of us say we indulge in such sex breaks. I love that survey. I guess you could say I'm that median *Cosmopolitan* girl. ■

Gilbey's idea of a Bloody Mary:

Taste the gin, too.

Gilbey's Gin is made with a unique idea in mind. The taste of the gin is important and should not be hidden by the mixer. So when you drink a Gilbey's Bloody Mary, you'll taste the gin, too.

Another idea for a Bloody Mary:
Mix with Holland House Smooth and Spicy Bloody Mary Cocktail Mix.

The Frosty Bottle with the diamond label is an official trademark registered with the U.S. Patent & Trademark Office. Distilled London Dry Gin. 80 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd. Distr. by Nat'l Dist. Products Co. NYC

In either length—King or 100's:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar compared with U.S. Gov't. figures for brands that call themselves low in tar:

	tar mg./cig.	nicotine mg./cig.
Carlton Box (lowest of all brands)	**less than 0.01**	**0.002**
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton 100's Box	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton 100's Soft Pack	**less than 6**	**0.5**
Kent	11	0.9
Kent 100's	14	1.0
Merit	8	0.6
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
Winston Lights	14	1.1
Winston Lights 100's	13	1.0

Carlton Menthol.

King & 100's

The lighter menthols.

King—Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic. 100's—Only 5 mg. tar, 0.4 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine; 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Soft Pack: Less than 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine; 100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.